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May 7, 1927

Collier's

THE NA[illegible]EEKLY

Read

"TWIN WIVES"

By **Arthur Somers Roche**

MAY 7, 1927

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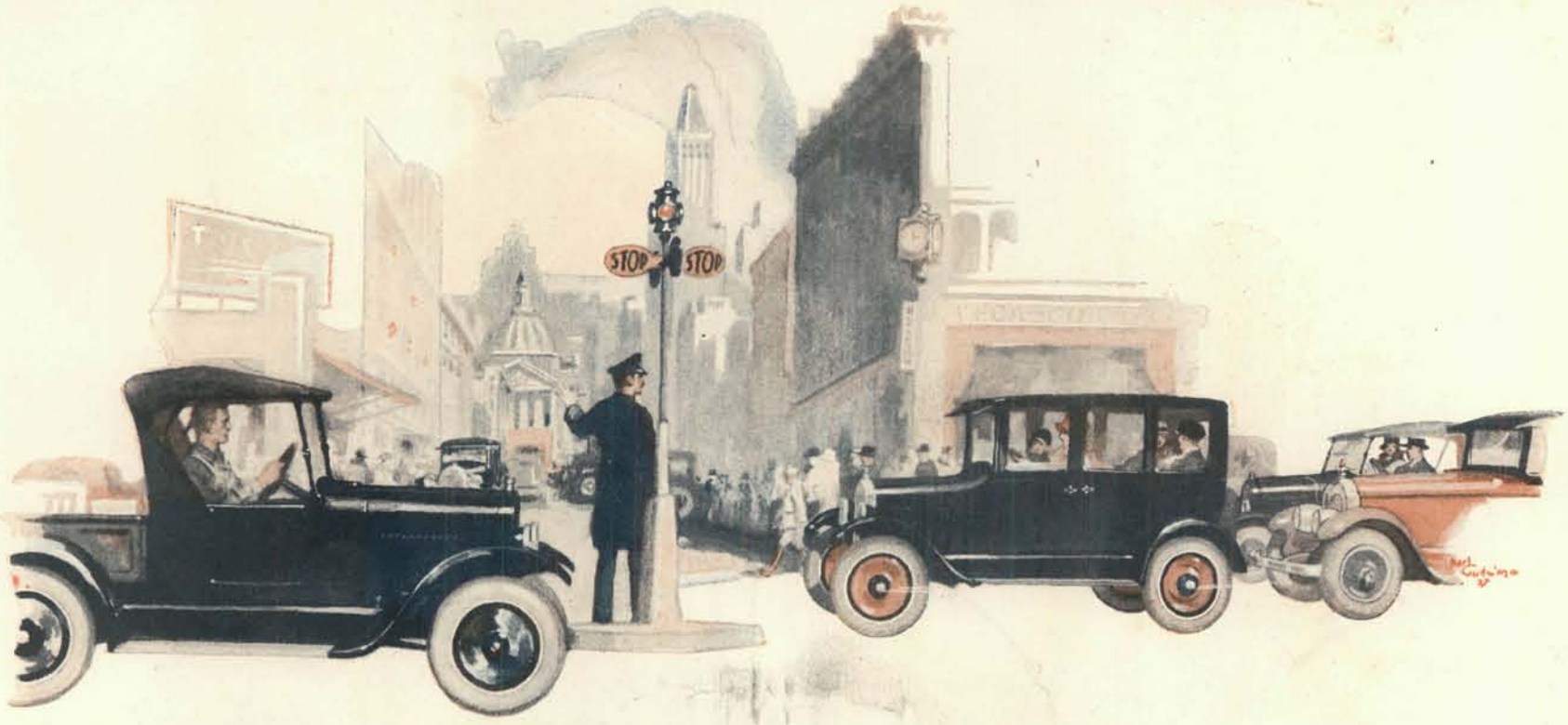
Why Ford owners have welcomed the

new Mobiloil "E"

The lower cost of smooth starts



Check over your operating bills for a few years back. What items occur most frequently? You probably remember them: Transmission bands replaced, carbon removed, valves ground—all directly caused by poor lubricating oil.

Ford owners have welcomed the new Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" because it brings remarkable freedom from these troubles. Chief among these benefits is the new smoothness you notice in starting and stopping your Ford.

Your transmission bands are kept soft and pliable at all times. They last longer. They work more efficiently, more smoothly. You need new bands at less frequent intervals.

And with less carbon forming in your engine you have fewer bills for carbon removals. Your spark plugs and valves stay clean for longer periods. This means fuller power and lower gasoline consumption.

Today's Mobiloil "E" shows other remarkable economies. Less engine wear. Fewer engine repairs. More power. A sweeter-running car.

Four quarts prove it

Four quarts, a Ford crankcase full of Mobiloil "E," will start you toward new savings in Ford upkeep.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil "E" *for* Fords

One less carbon job or one less band replacement will come close to covering the cost of a year's supply of this remarkable oil.

With Mobiloil "E" in your crankcase you are sure of an engineering margin of safety in your Ford motor. The body and character of this oil have been proved ideal for Ford temperature conditions, the Ford clutch, and the Ford lubricating system.

The next time you drain out your old oil, pour in four quarts of Mobiloil "E." Your dealer probably has it in bulk or if not, you can secure a 1-gallon sealed can of the genuine Mobiloil "E." If you keep your Ford at home, you will find it most convenient to buy Mobiloil "E" in a 5-gallon can (with Tipper box) or a 10-gallon steel drum.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

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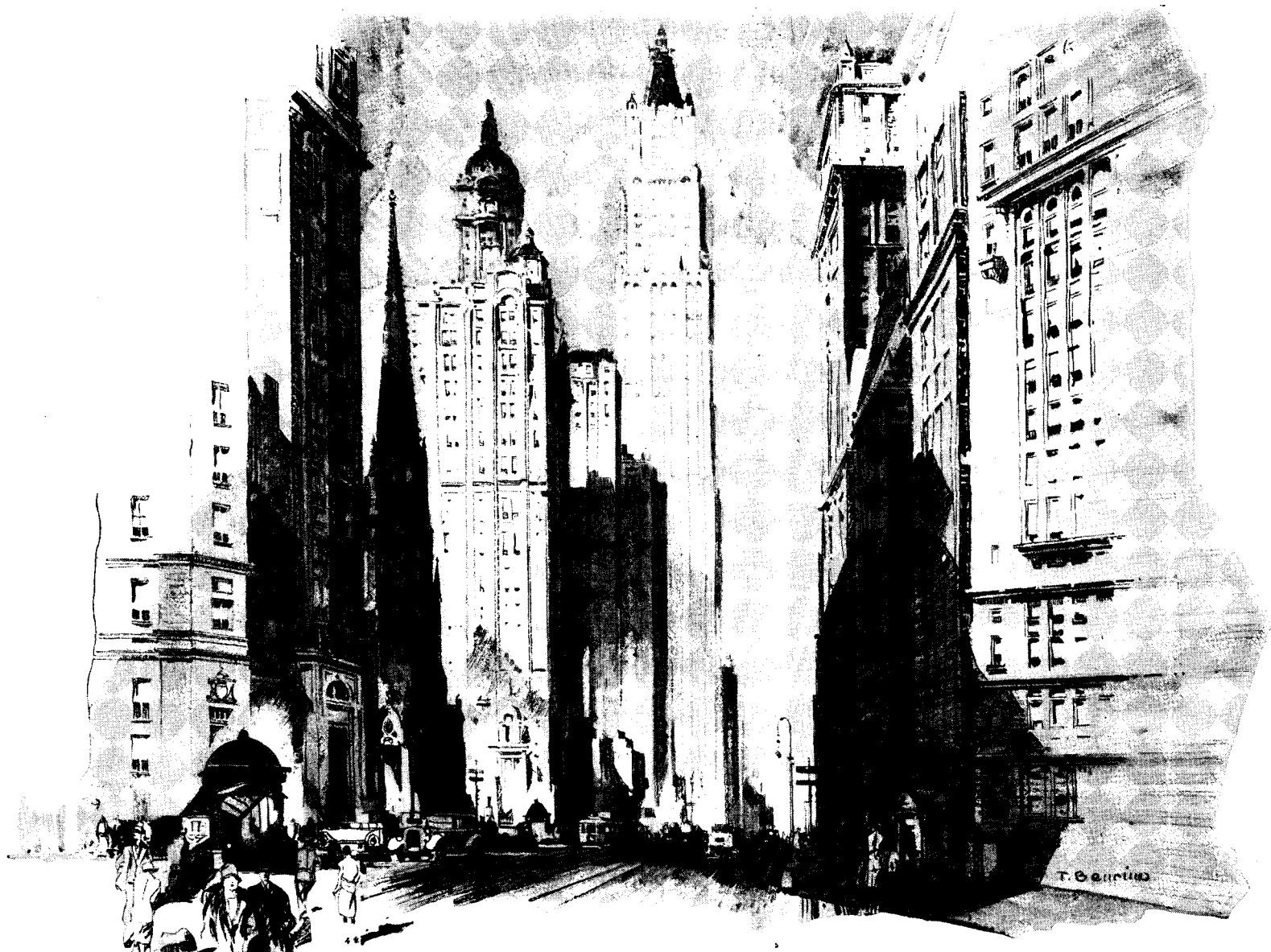

The Great Impulse is Dependable Power

Thirty thousand motorized plants and factories—districts with 352,000 workers to the square mile, producing everything from battleships to buttons, from chemicals to clothing.

Five billion dollars worth of goods made in a year. The world's richest cargoes loaded and unloaded by motors. Everywhere motors—in single lofts, in skyscrapers, in many-storied factories. That's New York. Every modern city is dependent upon electric power for its very existence, and G-E Motorized Power is adaptable wherever power and motion are required.

There are thousands of different kinds of G-E Motors and applications—from one two-hundredth to 9,000 h.p.—the variety needed by motorized New York and other cities.

And the quality and service built into and around G-E Motors assure the dependability that will meet all these needs.

New York manufactures a greater volume of goods than any other city in the world.

"Built in" or connected to all types of industrial machines, building services, elevators, or household appliances, G-E Motorized Power aided New York in becoming the greatest industrial city, the largest population center, and the commercial and financial leader of cities. Without motorized power the New York of today would not exist.

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Motorized Power
—fitted to every need

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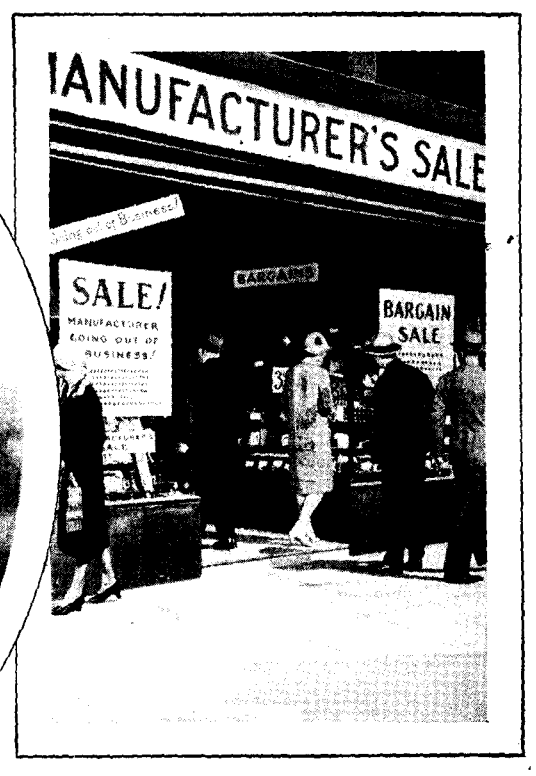
Some move to other fields

Friends induce others to trade elsewhere



Price inducements lure away a few

What becomes of lost customers?

Price inducements, death, and the moving-van account for only 13%. The balance .....?

WHERE do customers go? Where have any hundred gone that once traded with any merchant?

Nine now buy elsewhere, tempted by price inducements. Three have moved to parts unknown. Death occasionally claims one.

But the biggest customer defection—around 87%—is made up of folks who have drifted away because of fancied grievances, because friends influenced them to shop elsewhere, and because of store indifference towards them.

These figures compiled from statistics available to retail trade can probably be applied with fair accuracy to the manufacturer whose business is nation wide.

Such a loss of trade is more than an ordinary loss. It is really a preventable waste. For these people still have good money to spend, only they are now spending it with someone else.

New customers are good to get. Old customers are even better to keep. And good printing will help you hold them and cultivate their friendship.

They won't come in and shake your hand every time they pass. But they will gladly take your printed message from the postman every time he calls. Customers, after all, are human beings. Human beings often forget, sometimes are fickle, and occasionally acquire fancied grievances.

A well-printed folder thanking them for their patronage is balm to feelings that may have been unknowingly slighted.

An interesting folder about your new merchandise and your new departments will make your customer more likely to bring his friends to you than to follow his friends elsewhere.

And a newsy, informative envelope enclosure has taken many a mind off a bill or statement and focused it on buying new and desirable merchandise.

Keep in touch with your customers by keeping in touch with a good printer. Let him add his skill to your plans to produce direct advertising that will bring new faces to your door and keep old customers contented.

87% *of lost customers drift away because of fancied grievances, because friends induce them to buy elsewhere, because of store indifference towards them. These figures, compiled from statistics available on retail trade, can be applied with fair accuracy to the manufacturer whose business is nation-wide. Better paper, better printing will tie your customers closer to you.*

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

The use of direct advertising for every form of selling has been studied by S. D. Warren Company for many years. What we have found out about the profitable use of booklets, folders, broadsides is discussed and illustrated in a series of books. Some of these books are now ready for mailing; others will be published from time to time during 1927. Ask the paper merchant near you who handles Warren's Standard Printing Papers to put you on the mailing list for these books. Or, if you prefer, write to us direct. S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS
Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

better paper ~ better printing

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Twin Wives

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

When the curtain rose Eleanor's apprehension had become strangely magnified

"And so they were married" —but were they?

TESSIE CURWOOD shook her opulent blond curls. The string of uncut emeralds about her fleshy throat suggested something more than mere solvency. Upon one substantial shoulder glittered a circle of diamonds; one arm—the arm with which she gestured more frequently—was a solid mass of gems for five inches above the wrist. Kaffirs had sweated, armed camps had been maintained at Kimberley, Orientals had chaffered, great liners had been greeted by scores of detectives, strikes had been quelled, investors had been bilked, affairs of state had been made subservient to the machinations of stock gamblers, and all that Tessie Curwood should advertise the cost of her winning.

Stripped, begauded and painted, too fat, too coquettish, she made eyes now at Dean Carey. That affluent bosom rose and fell with counterfeit emotion. She made Eleanor Sanver think of a fat-breasted but barren pigeon, perched upon a cornice, promising seductions that would never be fulfilled.

Sterile! Of wit, of understanding, of the gentler things of the heart, and of those children whom her luxurious body should have borne—barren! How did Rannie Curwood endure her, with her affectation of a lisp, her selfishness, her aimlessness? Good old Rannie, who sat inconspicuously back in the box, and whose eyes flickered with pride at the mouthings and gesturings of the woman whom he had five years ago tremblingly led to the altar. Didn't Rannie know how utterly worthless Tessie was? Didn't he realize that the only place he occupied in Tessie's life was that of the provider of emeralds, of yachts, and of Palm Beach villas?

WAS that everything that a man required of a woman? When the first flush of passion had ebbed, was a man satisfied with a sign-post pointing at his material success? Didn't he want children and sympathy and someone who sometimes shared and did not always take?

Right now the papers were filled with Rannie. True, they spoke harshly of Tessie's husband; said that he was responsible for certain turmoils in Latin America; but at least there was something big about Rannie's ruthless financial forays into far-off lands. No mere captain of industry, Rannie, but a field marshal.

And Tessie Curwood, married to a man who was, for all his good humor, a feudal baron reborn, was content to play a minor part in Curwood's life.

Eleanor, leaning back in the comfort of the upholstered chair, cynically

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appraised Mrs. Curwood. Five years ago she had been slim and graceful, and the shallowness of her blue eyes had not been so obvious. Apparently she had been in love with Randolph Curwood, and people who knew her had felt that his fifteen years' seniority would tend to balance her flightiness. But she had never comprehended her husband, never known what he was all about. She flaunted a beauty already slightly shop-worn before every attractive man. Lord, if her coquetries had meaning, were anything more than the preening of a bird, Eleanor would appreciate and condone. But Tessie would not permit a man even to touch her hand. She simply cheapened Rannie by the implication of promises which she didn't even make.

Even now, with Eleanor's marriage scheduled for tomorrow, Tessie was adopting that proprietary manner toward Dean that she used whenever she met an attractive man. Not that she was doing anything really harmful. It was simply that Tessie seemed always to subordinate her marriage to something trivial. Eleanor wasn't jealous. Dean adored her; of that there could be not even a doubt inspired by modesty. She was, she assured herself, appraising Tessie not as an individual but a type. Marriage should be so important; the union of a man and a woman should be something more than the joining of them together by church and state. It should be a merging, an enveloping, an inextricable mingling of two identities so that they became one. Neither should ever give the other cause to blush in shame or even faint embarrassment.

"Tessie'll steal your young man," chuckled Rannie.

She made a properly inane reply and sat farther back in her chair. She shrugged faintly. What a lot of pity she'd wasted on Rannie! Evidently he didn't think he had been cheated, defrauded; he rightfully considered himself a hugely successful business man who always knew what he wanted and got it. Perhaps men didn't want much from their wives. Perhaps this spiritual blending for which she craved was impossible to mortals. And yet, for her at least, nothing else could be endurable.

SHE leaned forward slightly now, appraising Dean with the same cool detachment with which she had measured and weighed Tessie.

Good-looking; no doubt of that: the widely spaced gray eyes; the determined brows; the unruly brown hair; the strong, prominent nose; the thin ascetic lips that could surprisingly twist in a whimsical grin; the firm chin; these above a tall, athletic body distinguished him in any gathering. Gentle, courageous, well-mannered, thoughtful—he was all of these. And as to his brilliance of intellect there could be no question. A success at the bar, he had made a record for himself as assistant district attorney. He had resigned to accept the chair of international law at a local university.

He had taken this measure to remove himself from the turmoil of city politics. For he was inevitably the next gubernatorial candidate of his party, and the party leaders wished to produce him suddenly from cloistered retirement. Shrewd men of affairs such as Rannie had told her that there was no doubt as to Dean's nomination and election. He was only thirty-two. In a few years, after a couple of terms at Albany, there would come a residence in Washington, where Dean would serve in the Senate, and after that—who knew?

She felt a tingling of elation. To take part in great affairs, to be the wife of a man who was rich—though that didn't matter much; her father had been the Rannie Curwood of the last generation—who would inevitably be distinguished, and whose distinction would be of affairs, not mere trading, was a prospect that blinded her now as it had blinded her a hundred times before.

But through the blindness came, as they had come as often as the blindness had overtaken her, letters of light which formed the warning, "But you don't love him."

Her father patted her hand. "Nervous, Eleanor?"

She squeezed his fingers reassuringly. What a darling old daddy! Between him and her existed more than the bond of blood; there were spiritual ties along which, like the current along telegraph wires, ran intercommunication. He knew when she was distraught. And yet she could always lie to him, and because he loved her he would believe her and refuse credence to the unspoken truth.

"Why, of course not," she replied.

He nodded toward Dean.

"If I'd picked him myself, I couldn't approve more highly."

AS THOUGH he heard their whispers, Carey glanced past the nodding, smiling face of Tessie Curwood. Into his gray eyes came that light of love which seemed to melt his austere reserve, denying utterly the thin asceticism of his lips. Eleanor smiled gently at him. She tried to bring to her glance a fervor to match his own.

"Everything forgotten?" her father whispered.

She gave to him a bland smile that would have deceived herself had she been able to see it.

"Don't be silly," she chided.

Once again he patted her hand, the spoken lie having convinced him against the evidence of senses beyond the recognized five.

She shut her eyes. The rustle and bustle and nervous coughing of the expectant audience were unheard by her. Memory lifted her from the right-hand stage box of New York's newest theatre and made a mock of time and space. Her lips burned from kisses that were only less eager than the kisses she gave in return. Young arms crushed her; she felt the tumultuous beating of a heart whose throbbing almost matched the crashing of her own. She heard whispers of love undying which were drowned by her own protestations.

If he had only been worthy! If he had been able to match her sacrifice with an equal abnegation! But he hadn't. He'd been afraid of her father's rage and his own poverty. And the vows had been disclaimed and the embraces renounced, and wise young love had listened to the cautious advice of folly.

And her blessed old daddy thought that she had forgotten Phil. Her fingers twisted a wispy bit of handkerchief until it was pencil-like. Forgotten? She could never forget. Devil take the cynics who jeered at young love, who quoted Shakespeare, who seemed to think, as did the Curwoods, that love had nothing to do with the realities of life. Or perhaps she was unjust; perhaps people like the Curwoods didn't think this way. Perhaps love never entered their lives, and so they were satisfied with the quick-dying flames of passion.

Forgotten? When she went to Dean's arms it would be the clasp of Phil that she would feel; when Dean's lips pressed hers she would be kissing the mouth of Phil.

What a rotter she was! And yet she had been partly honest. She had told Dean that she didn't love him as he had a right to expect that his wife would love him. She had confessed to him that once she had cared for a man and that she could never hope to care in the same way again.

She opened her eyes and looked at Dean. The lights in the theatre had been turned down now, the footlights had been switched on, and the curtain was rising. Nevertheless she could see Dean's clean-cut profile, and a smile of pitying affection flickered on her lips.

What dear blunderers decent, fine men were so apt to be. Her daddy, who, for all his spiritual nearness, could not understand; Dean, who for all his professional and political sagacity, could repeat to her the old, old formula, "when you belong to me I'll make you love me."

No intuition warned dear Dean that the loveless bride nearly always remains the loveless wife, that the silver of affection such as she possessed for Dean could never be transmuted into the gold of love. Not that she wouldn't try; not that she hadn't tried. But all the effort in the world cannot produce love. Not all the worthiness in the world can induce more than affectionate respect.

Oh, she'd be a good sportswoman. She would pretend that this affection of hers had become passionate love. She would be tender and faithful, would bear him children, would repay with all the currency she had the debt created by his love. But it would all be counterfeit currency.

Nevertheless she would not fail to profess that the coin was truly minted. The honest coin of her love had been offered to one too weak to hold such heavy metal. Nowhere in the world would she find a man who would better fill the place of second choice to Phil than Dean. And perhaps—this was the impelling reason—marriage to Dean might ease the dreadful ache that she had endured for four years. Dean loved her so devotedly that his ardor might prove an unguent to her bruised heart. She couldn't marry for love; she might as well marry for those other reasons which seem to inspire most matches. And, anyway, why thrash the matter out again in her harassed mind? Whether or not her motives were ignobly unjust to Dean no longer mattered. She had yielded to two years of persistent courtship. The engagement had been announced; the marriage was set for tomorrow.

It was too late to withdraw now. Up to a month ago the engagement might have been dissolved. But to permit any momentary hysteria to defer the ceremony now would be an irrecoverable blow to Dean. The press would gossip,

As the doctor departed to fetch a nurse, Eleanor fell on her knees beside the bed

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the public would speculate, and the politicians would purse their lips. Dean's political career—next to herself the most precious thing in his life—might be ruined. A man who had already achieved much in public life could live down a scandal worse than being jilted at the altar, but such a thing might mar permanently a career just at its beginning.

She shook her head impatiently. Why speculate on such absurdities? She was going to marry Dean in the morning; she was going to try to forget Phil; she was going to be a loyal wife. That was that. Now she would pay attention to the play.

Zogbaum had opened his newest theatre amid a blare of publicity such as had accompanied no previous opening in the history of the American theatre. Persons of prominence had deferred their winter trips to the Riviera, to Egypt or to Florida in order that they might make the petty boast that they had seen the curtain rise upon Zogbaum's première.

From the opening scene it was obvious that the producer had outdone his most lavish previous spectacle. The most magnificent scenic effects, the most tuneful music that a popular composer could summon from his facile brain, the merriest comedians and—above all—the most beautiful girls.

New York had become calm of pulse to Zogbaum's chorus girls. It expected much and was accustomed to receiving its expectations in brimming measure. But tonight even the most thrill-hardened gasped at the array of beauty that Zogbaum spilled wastefully upon the stage.

"Not too much admiration, Carey," chuckled Rannie Curwood. "You're going to be married tomorrow, and you'd better reserve that eager eye for Eleanor. Anyway, peaches as they are, there isn't one in the bunch that touches tomorrow's Mrs. Carey."

DEAN turned and looked at his fiancée.

"Such a statement is so superfluous that no answer is required. Nevertheless," he went on with that judicial impartiality which always tickled Eleanor, "there's a girl at the end of the line who is almost as pretty as you are, Eleanor."

The only flaw in Dean's character was that in an effort to be judicial he frequently forgot his sense of humor. Still, it was a trait that made Eleanor feel almost maternally toward him.

She stared at the girl designated by Dean. She *was* pretty; more than that, she had that indefinable air which is mistakenly taken as an indication of breeding, but which really is an indication of character. But still more than this she had: were it not for the fact that her hair was blond, while Eleanor's was black, they might have been, these two—one of whom was a chorus girl and the other was to be the most fashionable bride of a season—twin sisters.

Eleanor wondered that the others didn't see this amazing resemblance.

"She looks exactly like me," she said.

But the others, oddly, didn't agree with her. She laughed off her statement with an affectation of a pout.

"She's prettier than I am, and you're all impolite enough not to admit we're alike."

But the others had already forgotten the chorus girl in their delight at a comedian's antics. Strange, she told herself, that the others couldn't see the likeness. Strange, that her acceptance of it should be accompanied by a queer apprehension.

She hardly saw the scenes—the performance was that glorified vaudeville which is termed a revue—in which the girl who resembled her took no part. It was rather uncanny, this seeing oneself in a rôle entirely foreign to one's character, inclination and upbringing. For, whether or not the others saw the similarity, Eleanor Sanver became more impressed with it at each reappearance of the chorus girl.

It was more, she told herself, than a physical likeness. The girl's movements, the way she used her hands, the set of her head upon her neck—all these things conspired to add to the eeriness of the likeness.

"Sure nothing is on your mind?" asked her father.

She smiled at him.

"Not a thing in the world, Daddy Tom," she assured him.

Then impishly she nodded toward the chorus girl, who was now close to their box. Then she looked at her father, raised her eyebrows questioningly, and pursed her lips in unuttered implication.

Tom Sanver grinned delightedly. One of those rare creatures, a one-woman man, he had been faithful to Eleanor's mother throughout their brief married life and steadfastly loyal to her memory since her death. But he rejoiced in flattering insinuations that his career had been cast among the ladies. His denials of such innuendos were always feeble and accompanied by a show of mock embarrassment, as now, when he pretended to be flustered.

"Eleanor, you're a bad girl," he chuckled.

"Why not? I have a b-a-d daddy," she retorted. "She even has your trick of glancing sidewise."

The descent of the curtain on the first act and the entrance into their box of acquaintances, friends and sycophants anxious to pay court to an active financier, a retired magnate, a rising politician, an established hostess, and the season's reigning beauty, cut short the exchange between father and daughter.

WHEN the curtain rose again that vague apprehension, which had suddenly intruded into Eleanor's mind at first sight of the girl, had become strangely magnified, so that she did not care to comment further on the likeness.

Now what on earth was the matter with her? she asked herself. Suppose the girl looked as much like herself as one new penny looked like another? There was nothing in this to cause a sane person uneasiness, nothing to make a normal person feel that something untoward was in the wind. Moreover, she was quite alone in her recognition of the resemblance. This in itself proved that she was in a highly nervous condition. Probably all girls who (*Continued on page 32*)

"I promise you this: the minute you leave me I'll tear the bandage off my arm." "I'm married, Phil," she pleaded. "That's why I want to die," he told her

Illustrated by JULES GOTLIEB

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Are we all Liars?

An interview

Perjury, bribery, social corruption and vile liquor flow together from the bootlegger's stores. What do we have jails for?

"I WONDER if we are degenerating into a nation of liars. Within the past two years I have disposed of more than 1,500 cases involving liquor violations in the federal courts of the Eastern District of North Carolina and in the Southern District of New York—New York City.

"Thousands of citizens from every walk of life have appeared before me and given testimony under oath.

"I believe that seven of every ten defendants who testified perjured themselves, and I believe the same ratio holds with regard to their witnesses.

"Not only does the manufacturer, the vender and runner of illicit liquor lie shamelessly to protect himself, his friends volunteer in court to sustain him in his reprehensible methods of escape."

The speaker was Federal Judge Isaac M. Meekins of Elizabeth City, North Carolina. He had just disposed of one of the greatest rum-conspiracy cases ever turned up by the United States Government and was sitting in his chambers in the United States Court building on Broadway and Park Row, New York City, discouraged and heartsick.

He had sentenced the leaders of the conspiracy to various terms in federal prison. Defenders of Volsteadism throughout the country were about to deluge him with letters and telegrams of congratulation, saying: "Give us more judges like Meekins and the Volstead Act can be enforced."

"Never in this world will more judges like me, no matter how hard they try, solve the problem that confronts us with regard to the enforcement of the Volstead Act—it will take more than judges to do that," he declared sadly after having sentenced those convicted in the great rum-conspiracy case.

"The United States," says Judge Meekins, who has followed the ramifications of the illicit liquor business from the very backwoods of rural North Carolina to the teeming docks and warehouses of the country's great metropolis, "is involved in the greatest war, foreign or domestic, in its history, and I am convinced that we are facing defeat in this war if we do not assume the offensive without further quibbling and delay.

War to the Death

"IN MY OPINION there are only two ways in which we can possibly win the war for law enforcement. The first one is to prosecute the war with vigorous determination to win it; the other way is the way of strategy.

"In order to win through a vigorous offensive it is necessary first for the people of the United States to make up their minds that they WANT to win the war. Then they should demand that their Congress appropriate sufficient funds, no matter how great the strain upon the national resources of the country, to provide the means to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. A mere gesture toward enforcement means complete failure.

"The present breakdown which I feel has come upon the country with regard to enforcement of the Volstead Act is due largely to the fact that when the prohibition people engineered the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment they fell asleep immediately thereafter. They seemed to be unmindful that in order to enforce such sudden and revolutionary legislation there had to be back of it a sound and militant public sentiment, ever alert.

"My fear is that the supreme matter has been neglected too long now, and because of the neglect the minority, with regard to Volsteadism in the United States, has become so powerful from the standpoint of influence, to say nothing about numbers, that it has become difficult to obtain from the Congress sufficient appropriations to carry forward a militant public sentiment for enforcement, assuming that the same could be aroused. Therefore, failing to hurl a driving offensive against the enemies of the Eighteenth Amendment, we must inevitably turn to the way of strategy, as I shall point out to you in a moment.

"There sprang up in the United States, almost overnight, immediately after the passage of the Volstead Act, a crime syndicate that not only has thousands of men and women within its organization, and millions of capital at its command, but has the approval and moral support of millions of influential men and women outside of its organization.

"The odds now appear in favor of the syndicate. It is war to the death, and the syndicate asks no quarter and takes no prisoners.

"Moreover, the syndicate declared war upon law enforcement and immediately assumed the offensive. The United States did not declare war on the bootleggers, but the bootleggers on the United States. Think of it!

And We Stand to Lose

"IT IS war to the death, and I fear, as the situation now appears, that we stand to lose the fight. Volsteadism is not being enforced and the question is, can it be? Certainly not, through present methods."

A great international rum syndicate had operated for six years without molestation. Its ocean-going steamers brought great cargoes of intoxicating liquors from foreign ports to the United States. Its motor tank trucks, painted to look like oil tanks, distributed this liquor into the interior of the country.

Its activities became so extensive and so brazen in time that it actually landed a $2,250,000 cargo of liquor, consisting of 45,000 cases of Scotch whisky, 15,000 gallons of alcohol in tanks built specially for its ocean-going steamers, champagne, liquors, etc., in Edgewater, a small New Jersey town, from which the syndicate, by public ferry across the Hudson River, distributed its cargo to its various storage plants in New York City.

In order successfully to carry out the conspiracy the conspirators found it necessary to take a British customs officer prisoner, confine him on their ocean-going steamer, bring him from the Bahama Islands to Edgewater, N. J., detain him at Edgewater under guard until the $2,250,000 cargo was safely distributed, send him under guard to Miami and then take him by plane back to Nassau. During all this time the prisoner was advised that his guard was instructed to shoot to kill if he attempted escape.

Federal prohibition officers stepped in too late to seize the $2,250,000 cargo of booze, but they rounded up thirty or more of the conspirators, including the mayor, chief of police and two police detectives of Edgewater, a United States customs officer, and a New York City police-boat patrolman.

The rich backers of the conspiracy had a conference. They decided to turn state's evidence and thereby destroy their co-conspirators, including the local officials of the small New Jersey town (less than 4,000 inhabitants), among whom they had distributed, according to their own confessions, which no one denied at the trial, approximately $100,000 in bribes.

It had become a fixed policy of the federal courts of New York City that rum runners and bootleggers who turned state's evidence should be only nominally punished. Imprisonment of such turncoats was not even thought of, but the congestion of the dockets of the federal courts in New York City became so acute in time that the Department of Justice reached down into the South and brought Judge Isaac M. Meekins, of the Eastern District of North Carolina, to New York City to help try rum cases.

Now, in North Carolina old-fashioned ideas of justice prevail. Judge Meekins threw a bomb into the United States District Attorney's office of New York City by sentencing the turncoats to federal prison.

Let the Republic Beware

THE district attorney's office raved. How could the government hope to secure convictions in liquor cases if it did not grant immunity to those who turned state's evidence?

"And what does it advantage the government in its prosecution of the liquor traffic," said the judge from North Carolina, "if it sends to prison a little offender, who has been led into mischief by the man higher up, and lets the higher-up man go scot-free?"

Judge Meekins, during his little more than two years on the federal bench, has tried more than 2,000 rum cases in his own district in eastern North Carolina and in New York City. Probably no federal judge in America has had more experience with the rum-selling business or is in better position to observe its extensive ramifications. His courage and forceful methods of dealing with offenders against Volsteadism have raised high the hopes of Anti-Saloon Leaguers and friends of the Volstead Act generally.

But Judge Meekins has no delusions—no fancies flying with painted wings that dazzle and mislead.

"We are involved in the greatest war, foreign or domestic, in our history, and we are outmaneuvered to date by a national syndicate, with powerful in-

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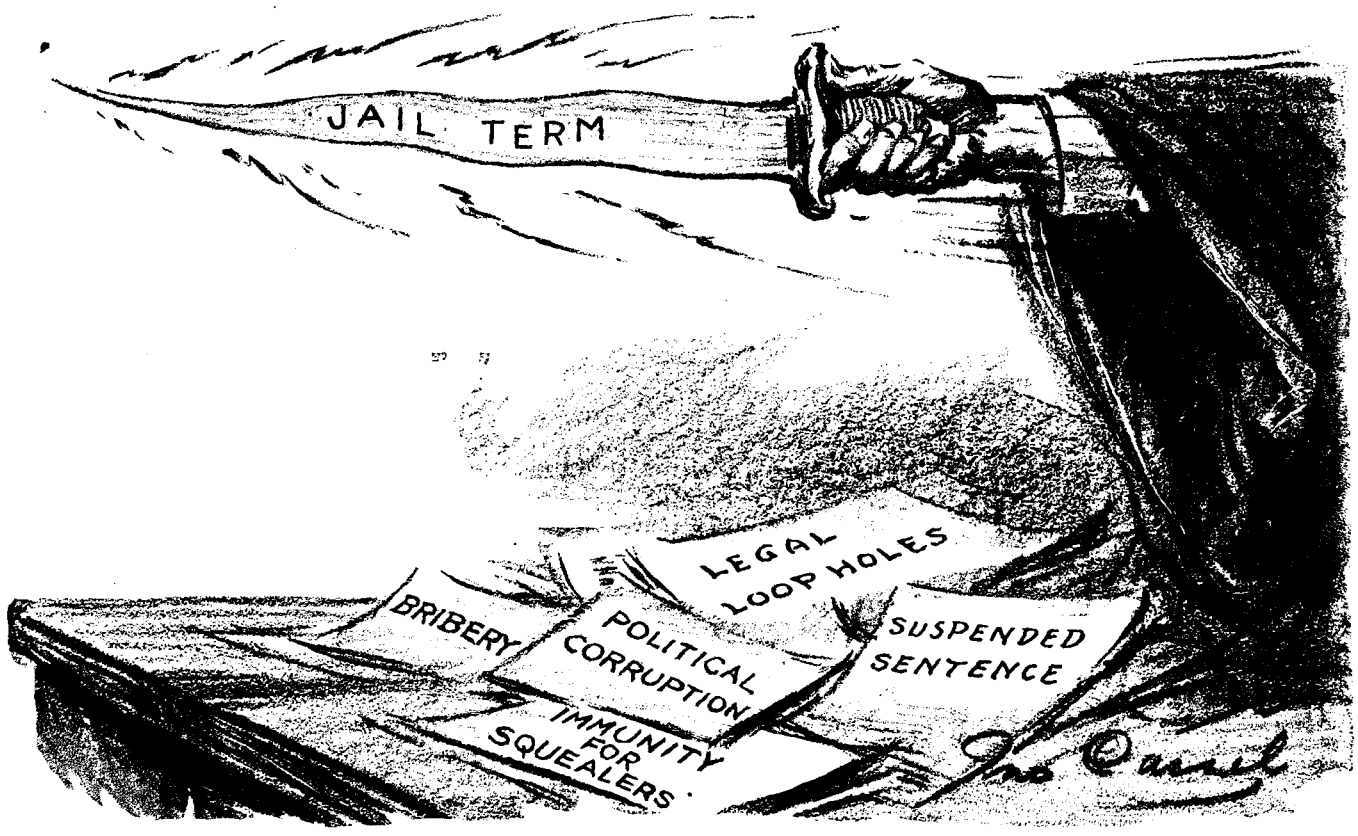
with JUDGE ISAAC M. MEEKINS

By W. O. SAUNDERS



ternational allies, that is so organized, so strong and so sinister that the Republic itself would do well to take inventory," declares Judge Meekins thoughtfully.

"In this war," says the judge from North Carolina, "the attendant advantages of the syndicate are numerous. Let me give you some of them:

6,000 Old Cases—in One City

"THE bootlegger has no qualms about committing perjury. Not only has he become an arrant liar himself, but everywhere his friends lie for him, and his friends include a powerful minority of influential citizens in every community. If not the best, it is a fact that they are generally citizens of admitted high business and professional standing who have the means to command what they want, including their ever-present supply of contraband liquor.

"An illustration: A great business and professional man, well known in Wall Street, said to me within the week, 'I know a wholesale liquor dealer in Canada who sells real liquor at reasonable prices. He came to see me recently and suggested that I get a dozen or more friends to go in with me and order a carload of real liquor to be distributed among us.

"'I told my Canadian friend that we would rather pay the profit to the bootlegger, so that in case of exposure the bootlegger, and not we, would go to jail. I sent for my bootlegger and introduced him to the Canadian wholesaler. Now, I am getting real liquor — at bootlegging prices, to be sure—but it is real liquor, and I stand no chance of going to jail.'

C. Smith Gardner

"The ruthless disregard of truth on the part of millions of our citizens, with respect to Volsteadism, cannot be confined to Volsteadism alone, and there's the rub. It leads ultimately to but one thing—destruction of all law and order. Obviously enough, the man who violates one law with impunity (the prohibition law, if you please) soon finds it easy and becomes more and more inclined to violate another law — any law that causes him to deny his desires or even gives him annoyance.

"The courts are deluged with liquor litigation to such an extent that civil litigation is, in effect, sidetracked and a complete choke-down of our civil court machinery is imminent. Moreover, criminal business of the greatest importance to the country is also sidetracked by reason of the deluge of liquor cases. Ask any district federal judge you meet and he will frankly and freely tell you his dockets are swamped with liquor cases and his court is reduced to the level of a police court. All of the judges deplore the conditions and many threaten to resign because of them.

"Again an illustration: The other day I attended a farewell luncheon given to the head of the criminal division of the United States District Attorney's office for the Southern District of New York. The retiring head said in the course of his remarks, 'There are more than 6,000 old cases stored away in the attic of the old Federal Building on Park Row serenely sleeping under Time's blanket of oblivion. Many of the defendants are scattered to the four corners of the earth, some are dead, and God alone knows where we may find the witnesses.' Think of it! 6,000 old cases and new ones multiplying every day by $2\times5\times10$.

"The Bootlegger Syndicate knows all about the congestion of the dockets and is making the most of it. The syndicate knows that the district attorneys throughout the country are anxious to dispatch business and as a means to that end accept pleas on condition.

"Let me make clear what I mean. A district attorney came before me recently with pleas of guilty from six defendants charged with the operation of stills in tenement houses. The district attorney recommended a small fine for each of the six defendants who had pleaded guilty.

"When I pronounced sentence of four months in jail on the first one the district attorney threw up his hands and said, 'We shall never be able to get any more submissions if Your Honor declines to follow my recommendation that the defendants be fined.'

"I pointed out to him that there was no advantage, so far as I could see, accruing to the government simply to get submissions; that to place fines on such defendants was merely a method of licensing the manufacture and sale of liquor, and through such administration of the law offenders against the Volstead Act would be encouraged rather than restrained. The reply of the district attorney was a complacent finality to the effect that by the plan suggested his records would show more convictions and more business finished.

Violation Aggravated by Defiance

"IT OCCURRED to me, if it did not to him, that the American people are more interested in law enforcement than in the records of any district attorney's office.

"There is an ever-growing disinclination on the part of judges to sentence men to prison and deprive them of their citizenship for mere statutory violations along with criminals guilty of moral turpitude, ranging from rank fraud and gross embezzlement to heinous homicide.

"It has been immoral to steal since the first man who accumulated property objected to another's taking the same by stealth or by force. In other words, it is wrong to steal even if there were no statute dealing with larceny, whereas there is no moral turpitude per se in the manufacture of liquor. The wrong lies in the fact that such an enterprise is in violation of the Constitution of the United States and the laws based thereupon. The wrong is emphasized in that violators of the Volstead Act do not merely violate the law but, what is worse, they defy the law.

"Bootleggers know that official graft is a means to their ends. They know that graft is offered and accepted in the high and low stations, including all the intervening points, and out of the huge profits of their business they make the most of what they know.

"Failing to reach the judiciary with their bribes, the machinery of their organization ferrets out every friend of the judge (*Continued on page 46*)

"GIVE us more judges like Meekins and the Volstead Act can be enforced," say the Drys.

"It will take more than judges to do that," declares the jurist.

Judge Meekins, on the federal bench in his own district of eastern North Carolina and in New York City, has tried more than 2,000 liquor cases. He sees two ways to put the bootlegger out of business: first, whole-hearted and complete national enforcement. If (second) we won't do that, he suggests that the government itself manufacture and distribute liquor.

With characteristic courage and vigor Judge Meekins here discusses the prohibition situation—not as he would like to have it, but as he finds it.

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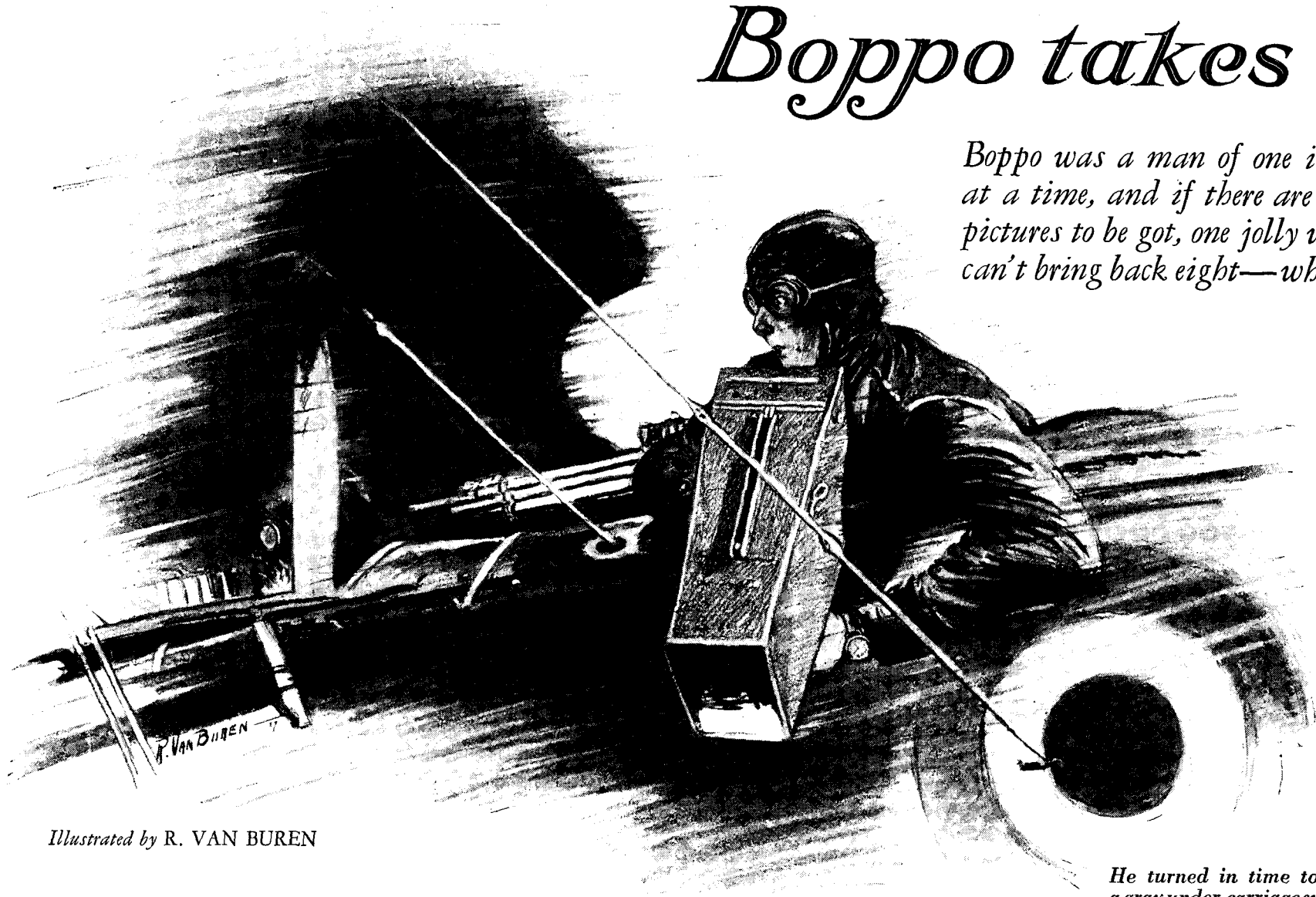
Boppo takes a

Boppo was a man of one idea at a time, and if there are ten pictures to be got, one jolly well can't bring back eight—what?



Illustrated by R. VAN BUREN

He turned in time to see a gray under-carriage sweep above him. There were two black crosses on the wings

THE war was in a frightful condition that particular morning. First of all, Intelligence had lost his laundry and was still wearing last week's shirt and collar. Secondly, Division had a frightfully bad cold and could hardly talk. Thirdly, G. O. 3's morning coffee cup had had a tiny crack in its handle—a crack which had widened and given way just as said third aide-to-the-general raised the cup to his lips. And as if all this were not enough, the Le Catelet photographs, area B6, Troop concentration-enemy-unknown-but-suspected, were not yet delivered.

Runners shivered to the very hobnails of their issue boots. Junior officers turned white to their lips and stood trembling in awed silence, heels clamped together. A sergeant major fainted. The motor-bike men in the courtyard below throttled their engines and leaned forward on their handle bars, heads bowed in silent prayer. Meanwhile an empire rocked to its foundations and a general swore.

Intelligence wanted to have all the pilots of No. 106 Tronus Squadron, R. F. C., shot. G. O. 3 wanted to add the mess sergeant to the list. Intelligence scratched, and G. O. 3 wiped at the coffee stains on his tunic and breeches. Meanwhile Division blew his very red, very sore proboscis and delivered himself:

"Mush hab phobograbs. Ged theb! Ged artibbery officer who knowds the area. Tell him to ged thosb phobograbs or he'll cook in oil!"

Five minutes later two grim motor bikes started for the front with two very rude notes on two very crisp and insolent messages and signals forms.

The officer commanding B Battery read his and said something. And, not being satisfied with the rendition, he changed the verbs about and said it again. Then he kicked over the deal table in his dugout and took the name of the Lord in vain. After that he called the battery officers together. There were two left, owing to the exigencies of the climate. They both had colds and dirty shirts, but they had not spilled their coffee over their tunics because they had drunk it from a bottle. The O. C. looked at them.

"Who wants to get killed in exchange for a bath and a decent meal?"

"I SAY," said the taller one, "not a bad idea that, what? Mean to say—chap's practically useless without a bath. Do we get it first or afterward?"

The O. C. squinted at him.

"Know anything about flying?"

"Loads—absolutely loads. Did it once before, y'know—up near stupid old Cambrai—all that sort of silly thing."

"You're the man, then—and may the gods of high places walk with you, my boy, and not on crutches. Report to the O. C. One Six Tronus Squadron. There's a motor bike waiting down at No. 4 Dump to take you."

"Right-o—I say—*warm* bath—what? Shan't jolly well be killed for cold bath. Not right, y'know—all that sort of thing—stupid." Lieutenant George Stanley ("Boppo") St. Anselme Stokes-Mowbray, M. C., R. F. A., scratched the crown of his head in indecision.

"A *warm* bath," lied the O. C., "with soap and a towel—and perhaps even a haircut if the squadron has a barber."

"Jolly," said George Stanley. "I'm off. Half a mo' till I pack m' clean undies. Cheer-o."

Now Hank Curtis, of C Flight, One Six Tronus Squadron, was a Canadian and had his own ideas on how a war should be run. He grunted, snubbed out his cigarette and put the butt carefully into a tin can for further reference. He picked up the other rude note, the one that had come to him, and read it again. Then he looked at George Stanley, who stood on the other side of the squadron office table.

"So," he drawled. "You are the man who is about to win the war, are yuh?"

George Stanley scratched the crown of his head and shifted his weight to the other foot.

"Hardly that, Old Onion," he said pleasantly. "Hardly that."

"Thanks," said Curtis. "I was worried for a moment." He rubbed his chin. "I suppose you know what this is all about, don't you?"

"Jolly awful row—not? I mean to say—pictures—all that. Not taken and what not. Staff starting no end of a strafe—kicking things about, what?"

"I suppose," said Curtis, "that you think you're talking English."

George Stanley thought about it for a moment. And then: "English? Oh, quite. Englishman m'self—all that, y'know."

"Nobody'd know it," said Curtis. "Now, then—let's start again. There's a place called Le Catelet. G. H. 2 wants pictures of it. The Hun don't want those pictures taken. He's got Archie batteries and combat patrols working double shifts to see that those pictures *ain't* taken, get me? We've lost two pilots and two observers trying to get 'em during the last five days. You've been sent along as a last hope because you know the area and because I'm just plain S. O. L.—I've been elected to fly you out. Get it?"

"Yes, indeed," said Boppo. "*Rather.*"

"WELL, that's a point in your favor." Curtis picked up the tin can and groped around in it among the stubs and lit another. "The point is, can you *take* pictures?" he shot through the smoke.

"Oh, rather," said George Stanley. "Peek through a hole, yank the gadget—result: picture."

Curtis frowned. "Yes—but what I want to know is will there be anything on the film afterward?"

"Haven't the foggiest," said George Stanley. "Have to come back while some photography johnny develops it."

Curtis raised his eyes to heaven and slapped the palms of his hands on the table. He stood up. "Well," he said, "you talk just like a qualified observer. Only thing *I* hope is that you're a dashed sight dumber than a regular observer. We may get the pictures then." He pinched his lower lip together with his thumb and forefinger. "Listen," he said. "You've been sent to me—why I don't know. Perhaps you do, but more likely you don't either. Listen. G. H. Q. wants pictures of battery and troop concentration behind Le Catelet, understand? Eight men have been sent over in the last two days to get them. Four didn't come back. The others came back without the pictures because their ruddy observers were too scared or too dumb to get them, see? If those pictures aren't delivered tonight, there'll be a war on that is a war. Now, then, I'm going to take you over every one of the pin points twice, and you're going to get photographs of 'em, see?"

"Absolutely," said George Stanley. He smiled. "Peek through the hole, pull gadget—boppo—picture."

"Yeah?" grunted Curtis. "The guy I took over yesterday said the same thing, but when I got him up he acted like he thought I was running a taxicab service for his especial health. Can you use a Lewis gun?"

"Absolutely: peek through ring sight—wait a bit—pull silly trigger—boppo—six hundred shots—not?"

Curtis looked long and hard into

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bird's-eye view

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

George Stanley's eyes. "My Gawd!" he said, and then he turned away abruptly. "Pin points are on that map—get 'em," he said, "and may Wing Headquarters hit the sky!" And he banged out of the squadron office.

Vaguely George Stanley felt that something was wrong. He scratched the crown of his head with his middle finger. Curtis was no end annoyed over something. Hopping off the deep end and all that over the silly pictures. Too bad. George Stanley shook his head, shrugged and picked up the map. He looked closely at the marked pin points behind Le Catelet and suddenly he sniffed suspiciously. "Ha!" he said. "Ha! Remember *that* place! Awful whiffs—dead horses—what not."

Out on the tarmac Curtis' antiquated Armstrong-Whitworth was ticking over blithely, warming up, when George Stanley came out with his map. Curtis stood smoking the last of his cigarettes and staring up into the air.

"I say," said George Stanley pleasantly. "Jolly fine day for flying, what?"

"Wait'll you see where we're going," grunted Curtis. "Now, then, we'll have an escort which'll lose us, as usual, as soon as we reach the line, so don't count on 'em. Keep your gun ready and watch our tail. Archie batteries are thick where we're going, but leave 'em and watch out for Huns, see? I'll take care of the batteries." He flipped his cigarette to the ground and walked toward the machine. The Photography Sergeant saluted:

"Camera's all set, sir. Ready to push the first film in."

"Thanks awfully," said George Stanley. "Decent of you."

He put his foot into the stirrup and climbed into the rear cockpit. He stood up for a moment and revolved the mounting yoke, then he drew the gun down, clamped on an ammunition drum and snapped his safety belt. He peeked at the camera, touched it tentatively with one finger, looked at the finger curiously as if he had never seen it before and sat down on the tiny seat.

THE engine snorted and groaned quickly on a rising scale until it roared like a threshing machine. Then slowly the throttle came back. Curtis waved for the chocks to be pulled from in front of the wheels. Two mechanics yanked quickly on the ropes, and they came away. Curtis looked around from the forward cockpit, caught the wind direction from a whipping cone on the hangar roof and taxied out into the middle of the 'drome. Slowly he turned in a wide circle and eased the throttle full on again.

The Ack W. jumped in amazement, wobbled and started forward on the run like a wheezy fat man trying to catch a train. The tail skid left the ground, touched once and stayed up. Curtis waited another moment and then eased back gently on the stick. The line of hangars was just in front of him. He lowered the stick a fraction and whipped it back for the zoom. The Ack W. bucked like a mule, and soared straight upward for a brief second. In a flash of streaked brown, George Stanley saw the hangar roofs under the lower wing. Almost immediately they swept up beside him as the plane banked and started for the escort 'drome. Then they sank away behind.

"Priceless," said George Stanley to himself. He reached into the pocket of his flying coat and pulled out a bar of milk chocolate. It was soft and soggy from the warmth of his body. He took off his glove and stuffed it into his belt. He unwrapped the outer covering of the chocolate and with his forefinger spooned a gob of it into his mouth. He thought about it idly for a moment, moved his tongue against it, grinned and spooned up another gob. He was eating the last soggy bit when he looked up and saw a pair of wheels and the white light fan of a propeller not quite thirty feet over his head.

IT WAS one of the escorting Sopwith pups. There were four more behind it and much higher. Slowly it dropped back and rose to meet them. George Stanley squinted overside at the desolate brown face of the ground below. White veils of torn vapor were drawn over it like shreds of cotton gauze. He stared through the rents at the clustered pock marks in the earth. A zigzag network of scars slipped out from under the trailing edge of the lower wing. George Stanley pulled out his map and flattened it on the tiny shelf in the cockpit. Again he looked over the side. The scars were drawing together into a white, smudgy thumb print.

" 'Ullo—what-ho?" said George Stanley. "Sugar factory, not?" He looked down again and again ran his finger across the map. He sniffed reminiscently and shook his head. "Awful whiffs." Presently he looked up. The escorting flight was far above. He saw Curtis' shoulders twist in the forward cockpit as he raised one hand and pointed downward to the right. George Stanley squinted overside and saw through the cloud wisps a dull leaden ribbon of water. He nodded.

Curtis shook his head and pointed upward. George Stanley saw a torn scroll of smoke unfurl and rip to shreds overhead. Shrapnel. Curtis' hand was on the throttle. It came back suddenly, and the silence pounded upon George Stanley's ear drums. The nose dipped and the wires screamed to the rush of wind. Again the motor roared full on, and three clustered smoke scrolls appeared above, one slightly higher than the other two.

"Pawnbroker," murmured George Stanley. He looked backward. There were only three of the escorting pups in sight. He wondered what had become of the other two.

Again he looked down through the wispy vapor, following with his eyes the leaden ribbon of the canal. To the southward it ran through a pulpish canker growth of ruins. He located the black stain on his map and squinted at the cross wires in the brass tube of the camera sight. There, ahead, was the first pin point. Curtis was almost on it. A moment more and George Stanley saw it on the cross wires. He pulled the shutter release and pushed in the changer handle until the exposure indicator showed a 1. Five times he did it on the first five points before anything happened. As he turned to his map to check the sixth pin point, a black shadow swept across the cockpit. He looked up hurriedly to see one of the escorting pups dive across him, twist up and over in a quick Immelmann turn and zoom at the tail of a banking Hun. The crosses on the Hun's lower wing flashed in the sun as he slid away. There were two more about it, diving and banking with the other two pups. Suddenly the fabric ruffled on the Ack W.'s lower (*Continued on page 38*)

"Who wants to get killed in exchange for a bath and a decent meal?"

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Art for Business

THERE was a time when the top-notch illustrator turned up his nose at what he called "commercial art." Nowadays the editorial pages have to watch their step to keep up with the advertising sections. Here are a few proofs of that statement.

Karl La Roche

At the left: Clarence Underwood's folk are the people you meet constantly in the flesh. That's one reason why they have so wide an appeal. His daughter, by the way, posed for many of his advertising pictures—and it won't be difficult for you to pick her out of the pleasing pair below

Avonde

Henry Raleigh began as a newspaper artist but it didn't take him long to find his métier in the romantic, colorful work which, first applied to illustrating and then to advertising, won him fame and attracted widespread favorable attention

And, at the left: Tom Webb, portrait painter, delights in creating such charming studies as the beach couple below who are calculated to win favor for any product. The slender Mons. Webb takes time from his palette to do a bit of skillful fencing frequently

Walter Biggs, left, who's equally well-known as a magazine illustrator and advertising artist, rejoices that the latter field no longer imposes restrictions on the artist by demanding pictures of products and little else. The field is as wide and as pleasant as illustrating, he's found. Mrs. Biggs is also an artist

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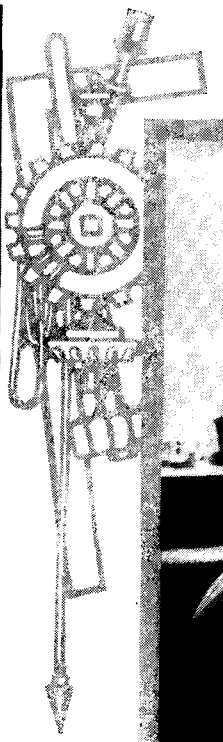
Sake

Here's McClelland Barclay, who knows a "figger" when he sees one and is kept busy putting 'em on canvas for the commercial benefit of some busy manufacturers. He's one of those who believe that advertising holds that which is most typical of American art — although he does some entrancing magazine covers now and then

Although he's only thirty-two, now, John Lagatta has been doing magazine illustrating and advertising for seventeen years. He's vice president of the Society of Illustrators. His bathing and trim-ankled lassies have done much to keep the nation out in the open air



Small wonder Dorothy Hope Smith's advertising children are so appealing. Why shouldn't they be, with a little model always within call? She has a youngster of her own, now four years old

N. Lazarnick

Floyd Davis looks on critically while Mrs. Davis, who is also an artist, works at the board. Davis' men and women are as well-known as prohibition. And public opinion of his work is not so much in doubt as the popularity of Mr. Volstead's masterpiece. He, too, is a magazine illustrator—Davis, not Volstead

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What I learned from Suzanne

Miss Browne (left) learned all the secrets of Mlle. Lenglen's tennis life—almost

Fotograms

Lenglen is a great tennis player because she learned to concentrate —on the right thing

By MARY K. BROWNE

I COULD not win even one of the nearly forty matches that I played with Suzanne Lenglen in our tour of the United States, Canada and Cuba. I won two sets in two different matches, and many times was within one point of winning another, but I just couldn't make that point.

Suzanne is the most marvelous player in the world. My best game—my greatest heights—could not match her poorest. There were times when she was off her game, and I was playing the best tennis in my career, but she always had enough skill and genius and stamina to keep me from making the one point I needed so badly and fought so hard to win.

Suzanne has only one weakness: she is not a man. If she were a man, I would back her to defeat Tilden. That's why I couldn't win a match from her.

I am a better player now than I ever was—better than I was in 1912 or 1913, or 1914 when I was the American champion in singles and doubles. I am better because I learned a lot from Lenglen. I learned from her not only on the courts in our matches but also from talks we had about tennis and life in our hotel rooms and on railroad trains that carried us about the country.

We were together four months, and I learned more about tennis and sports in general in that short time than I had learned in all the twenty years before. If I could have known Suzanne ten years ago and had the opportunity to play and talk with her, and learn from her, I think I might have beaten her on this trip.

Before you can really understand Suzanne, you must get rid of the popular conception of her. You know what some of the newspaper writers have said about her sportsmanship. After her match at Forest Hills in 1921, when she defaulted because of illness after losing the first set to Mrs. Mallory, I heard one of our players say:

"She's spoiled, vain and a quitter—and the most wonderful tennis player the world has ever seen."

Won't Give Less Than Her Best

SUZANNE'S not spoiled or vain, and she is not a quitter. (I should know something about sportsmanship. Heaven knows, I have had to learn to lose gracefully. I lost nearly eighty sets in a row during that tour—and, I hope, lost them gracefully.)

In one of our matches in the West—the one at Seattle—I came close to winning. The set went to twenty games before Suzanne won, 11-9. In the early part of the second set Suzanne had to quit. She was upset and ill. And she *was* ill. She couldn't possibly have continued the match. If she hadn't been upset, I could not have carried the set to twenty games.

There was no reason why she should fear defeat by me. She had beaten me so regularly and so easily that the loss of a match could not possibly have affected her tennis reputation. But the newspapers didn't believe she was really ill, and repeated their old accusation that "Lenglen quits when the going is hard."

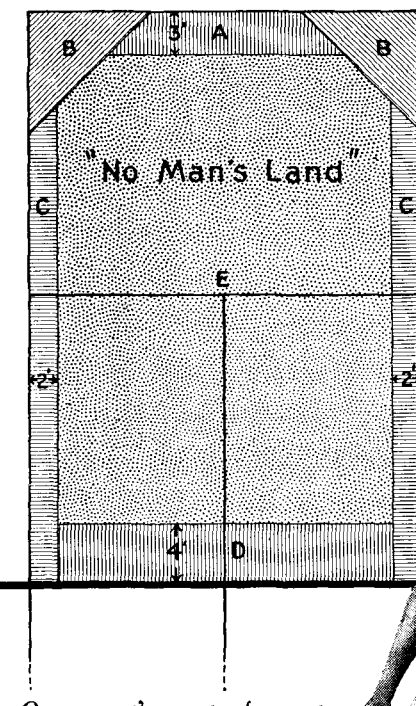
Suzanne is proud of her tennis. A few bad strokes, and she is annoyed at herself. And she is temperamental. You have read how Caruso would weep like a child when his voice displeased him and how Benvenuto Cellini would angrily break up and melt the beautiful pieces that did not seem to him to be perfection.

Suzanne is as artistic in her field as the great Cellini or the magnificent Caruso. She cannot perform happily except at her best, which is little short of perfection. When her strokes do not work her nerves work overtime. That makes her strokes worse, and her wrought-up condition is aggravated proportionately until she is really ill.

Sometimes I think there should be a rule that only women tennis writers should be permitted to report Suzanne's matches. They would understand that one who sometimes quits playing is not necessarily a quitter.

All this is not theory. I have watched Suzanne for months, on and off the courts, and talked with her.

A high-strung nature accounts for unusual behavior, and genius is sometimes eccentric. But even so there was reason for Du Barry's poutings and cause for Cleopatra's tears. And Suzanne is as emotional as either of these famous ladies. And you must remember, too, that Suzanne is an idol in Europe and that she is expected to do amazing things. Her friends once became very heated in explaining why she lost one game in a match to Mrs. Craddock, an English player. Imagine that! They said Suzanne's little dog had died and Suzanne was not herself. Strangely, that was the precise reason.



Opponent's part of court

A, deep center; B, deep corners; C, side lines; D, draw your opponent close to net—these are the parts to shoot at: all the rest is No Man's Land—easy for the enemy. E, service line

On the Riviera last year I heard the story of how Suzanne had become annoyed at a decision of a linesman. Requiring some method of expressing herself, she threw her racket to the ground. The referee then declared a foot fault on Suzanne, possibly as a penance for her outburst, he being an Englishman and regarding reserve and restraint as among the highest of virtues.

Suzanne then scolded the linesman, while the gallery registered shock or amusement as the occasion seemed to them to deserve. Fortunately the linesman was deaf and could not understand what Suzanne was saying to him, but evidently her gestures conveyed some hint as to the nature of her remarks, for he insisted that they be written out. He read them with great dignity, and resigned.

When Royalty Frowned

THE retired linesman, Suzanne told me, was not only deaf but also slightly astigmatic.

"It was not the first wrong decision he had made," she said, "and at length I was disgusted. Of what use is it to drive balls near the lines if you are to lose credit for your skill? The gallery was there to see me play tennis and was not interested in the linesman. If he had continued as an official, I should have quit playing."

That is unusual, of course, but, after all, is Suzanne's really so unreasonable an attitude? In any event, Suzanne was right when she said that the gallery had come to see her play. At Wimbledon when her match is not on the center court the spectators leave the stands and flock about the side courts where she plays.

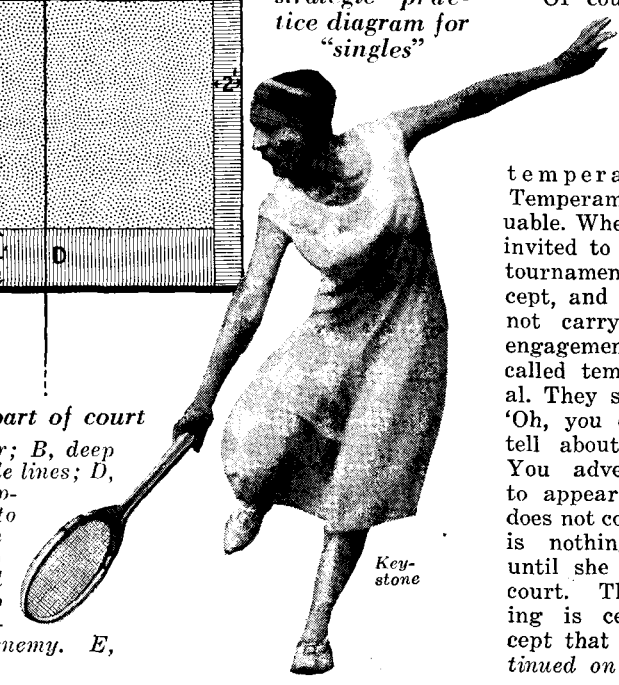
Once when she did not appear as scheduled many of the spectators demanded that their money be refunded, and got it. Since then the management of the Wimbledon tournament stipulates on the ticket that it does not guarantee that the schedule will be played as arranged. And on the program Lenglen's matches are asterisked with the qualification "If her health permits."

At one time we were talking about temperament, and for once Suzanne was not entirely serious:

"Of course I am temperamental. Temperament is valuable. When you are invited to play in a tournament, and accept, and later cannot carry out the engagement, you are called temperamental. They say of me, 'Oh, you can never tell about Lenglen. You advertise her to appear, and she does not come. There is nothing certain until she is on the court. Then nothing is certain except that she

(*Continued on page 43*)

Suzanne and her strategic practice diagram for "singles"



Keystone

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Is Christianity best?

Buddha

There are four great faiths, each with a following of many millions. What do they teach? Which comes nearest to meeting the spiritual needs of every day?

By BRUCE BARTON

THE twelve hundred years between 600 B. C. and 600 A. D. seem to have been the most propitious for starting religions. In that comparatively brief period four faiths were founded—Buddhism, Confucianism. Christianity and Mohammedanism—which together enroll more than a billion members of the human race. They were launched into the world by four great personalities.

What was the life of each of these leaders? What did he teach? Wherein did his teaching differ from that of the others? And which of the four taught best? The first is Buddha.

Buddha was born about 560 B. C., near Kapilavastu, whose ruins lie in the wilderness beyond the British borders of northern India.

The little brown boy, whose coming brought so much happiness to a very wealthy father and mother, was named Gotama Siddhartha, but his subsequent title of Buddha, "the enlightened," has displaced his own name in much the same way that the title Christ has displaced the name of Jesus.

When he was nineteen he won the willing heart of the princess Yasodhara, to whom he was married. The father provided three luxurious palaces for the young couple. Yet Gotama was not happy. Passing along the road one day, he saw four appalling sights—a decrepit old man, a man loathsomely sick, a corpse and a monk.

The last was in some respects the most terrible of all, a religious ascetic intent only on achieving his own salvation through self-discipline and utterly undisturbed by the sorrows of the world. Gotama became distressed at the thought that he, and all mankind, were destined to the miseries of sickness, old age and death, and that the current philosophers were powerless to give peace.

He made his decision. Slipping away at night from his beautiful wife and his new-born child, he renounced his throne and fortune, and fled on his white horse Kantaka, accompanied by a single servant.

The Essence of Pure Buddhism

GOTAMA went to Alara Kalama, a school whose fame was nation-wide. There he studied the "eight stages of meditation"—self-mortification raised to the *n*th degree. He gave the ascetic life a thorough trial.

Through that life some professed to find peace, but not Gotama. Self-denial he still believed to be the way of enlightenment, but not self-torture. This was his famous "middle way" between self-indulgence and self-immolation. It was what many counted a heresy, but it insured his success.

At the end of the sixth year of searching he sat for six days under the Bo tree; and in that week there came to him the bliss of emancipation.

Another week he spent under a goatherd's banyan tree. There he was asked to define the true characteristics of a Brahman, which reminds us that Buddhism did not begin as an independent religion but was a sect of Brahmanism, as Christianity in the beginning was a sect of Judaism. The now enlightened Gotama replied that the Brahman should be free from pride, free from impurity, should be self-reliant and wise, having fulfilled the requirement of holiness.

A third week was passed under the Muchalinda tree, where Muchalinda, the serpent king, came forth and spread his hood as a canopy to protect Gotama from the sun and rain.

The final week was under the Rajayatana tree, and here two merchants came bringing honey and rice cakes. The food was presented in four bowls of stone by the four divinities that guard the four quarters of the earth. Gotama ate gladly. His long struggle was at an end. He was enlightened.

With his "enlightenment" Gotama became a Buddha. While other Buddhas are expected, and the greatest of all is yet to come, he stood and yet stands so far above all others as almost to monopolize the title.

Like Christianity, Buddhism has its sacred books. Its gospel is based on the Four Noble Truths which came while Gotama sat cross-legged under the Bo tree:

All existence involves suffering. Suffering is caused by desire. The path to a cessation of suffering is the eightfold path of right living. Suffering will cease when desire ceases.

The eightfold path to cessation of suffering is by right belief, right aspiration, right speech, right conduct, right occupation, right endeavor, right thinking, right meditation. The perfect condition is Nirvana, in which desire is totally extinct. While one lives, the goal is to approach as nearly as possible to a condition free from desire.

Buddha did not rush out to spread his doctrine. But the two merchants who brought him food after his four weeks under the four trees became his first lay converts, and others followed, until there were hundreds who wore the yellow robe and followed him in a fellowship of free democracy.

He held out no promise of ease or comfort. His disciples slept on the ground with no cover but the yellow robe. He himself went forth every dawn to beg his food for the day.

What he gave his followers was hardly a religion. He taught them almost nothing about God, prayer, forgiveness

Confucius sought to fit men for citizenship

Buddha at nineteen won the Princess Yasodhara

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or a future life. His was a way of holiness through self-denial, as opposed to self-torture on the one hand and self-indulgence on the other. Later his disciples wrought this simple teaching into an intricate system of metaphysics and dogma which took on new forms as the religion spread.

China was the first mission field. About 61 A. D. the Chinese emperor Ming-ti imported some Buddhist priests.

Six years were spent in the translation of Buddhist books into Chinese, and the new religion was taking root in China just about the time the siege of Jerusalem was scattering Christians as missionaries all over Asia Minor, Greece and Egypt. In this new environment a religion without gods or worship could not satisfy, so the worship of Buddha himself, already begun in India, was transported and made rapid headway.

Six hundred years later Japan imported Buddhism. Colossal statues of Buddha were erected, and two of them —the Daibutsu of Nara, cast in 749, and the far nobler one of Kamakura—still stand. Today there is a collection of minor gods sufficient for all the real or imaginary needs of the Japanese mind. And the doctrine and ritual are bewilderingly involved.

This intricacy of idol worship would have scandalized Buddha, who never proclaimed himself an object of adoration and indeed taught very little about worship in any form. The earlier and simpler narratives show him very clearly for just what he was—a friendly, compassionate, but very human man.

He made no pretense. He never claimed to have attained perfection and freely acknowledged four weaknesses, one of which was too much love of wine. He asked nothing of life except peace through self-forgetfulness and kindliness to others. He might have been a king. He might have molded his followers into an army and conquered vast territories. All this power and wealth and luxury he renounced to set an example of unselfish goodness. Said he to his first sixty disciples:

"Go ye now out of compassion for the world, for the welfare of gods and men. Let not two of you go the same way. Preach the doctrine which is glorious. Proclaim a consummate, perfect and pure life of holiness."

They obeyed his command. But their successors carried a very different message.

They proclaimed Buddha a god, and erected an institution which, with its wealth and ritual and forms, is as far from his character and ideals as darkness is from light. But it lives and grows and serves, after its fashion, to represent religion to some hundreds of millions of human souls.

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

Another Teacher

THE real name of Confucius was his family name, Kung. He was born in Shantung in 551 B. C., and died there in 479, and his grave is one of the sacred shrines. What we know about him is contained in twenty small books, the Analects, recording conversations with his disciples, and certain other descriptive and biographical matter. There is some material also in another book, Doctrine of the Mean.

His father, Shuh-Liang Heih, a military officer, was seventy years old at the time of his birth and had ten children, but Confucius, the youngest, was the only able-bodied son.

He appears to have been reared in poverty and to have been self-educated. We are told that he played at the arrangement of vessels and at postures of ceremony, which would seem to show an innate love of ritual. He was an earnest student of history. At the age of fifteen he "bent his mind to learning." At nineteen he was married. The marriage appears not to have been a happy one. There is a tradition that he divorced his wife. We know for certain that he reproved his son in later years for mourning her death.

Mohammed's conversion was by the sword and he showed no quarter

About the time of his marriage he obtained a small government post, first as keeper of stores of grain and later as guardian of the public fields and lands. But he did not hold these positions long. At the age of twenty-two he was released from official responsibility and became a teacher.

He received all pupils who came to him, no matter how small the tuition price which they were able to bring. He taught a well-rounded curriculum, his three principal subjects being history, poetry and literature. After these came four others, proprieties, government, natural science and music. He had pride in those pupils who displayed virtuous, oratorical, administrative or literary abilities, but he avoided feats of strength, prodigies, disorder and the supernatural.

Lao Tse, the founder of Taoism, was about fifty years older than Confucius, and was the first teacher of an unrequiting goodness, a goodness great enough to be forgiving—a sweet gospel, but with no cure for the problems of the world. He was a pacifist, withdrawing himself from evils which he could not prevent and toward which he could assume only an attitude of imperturbable meekness.

He Taught Ethics, Not Religion

CONFUCIUS once went to see this venerable man who, according to the Taoist traditions, read to the ardent young teacher a lofty lecture, the burden of which was advice to cease meddling with matters which were beyond his control.

It was characteristic of Confucius that he did not reply, but the advice of Lao Tse was lost on him. He was a practical man; Lao Tse was a dealer in sweetness and light. So the two eminent teachers parted and never met again, and the two systems developed side by side and neither gave much aid or comfort to the other.

The Duke of Tsi had been a patron of Confucius and offered him a pension. The teacher could have used the money to good advantage, but he refused the gift.

He said to his disciples: "A superior man will receive reward only for services which he has done; I have given advice to the Duke of Tsi, and he has not obeyed it, yet now he would bestow on me this gratuity. He is very far from understanding me."

This incident shows his high superiority to bribes or perquisites. He maintained, even in poverty, a resolute independence. He was determined to be what he talked so much about, a "superior man."

For thirty years—from the time he was twenty-one till he was fifty-one —he was a successful teacher, with a large and reverent band of students. In 500 B. C. he was appointed magistrate and then promoted to be assistant superintendent of public works, and later a minister of justice.

But jealousy and intrigue unseated him, and in less than five years he was out of office. Then for thirteen years, from 496 to 483 (*Continued on page 40*)

If God is like this, then indeed may one live courageously in the present and hopefully for the future

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The Prize Watch

Here's an Irish story of love and rivalry, with the bride winning both ways

Illustrated by JOHN HARRISON

By JOHN B. KENNEDY

BEFORE the raffle that was held in Trumby's Lane Tom Sexton and Joe Denihy were the best of friends. They worked side by side in the brick works down by Ardnacrusha; they played together on the Krongale hurley team which defeated the celebrated players from Clontarf despite the fact that two Krongale lads were taken from the field with cracked skulls. And it was together that Joe Denihy and Tom Sexton paid court to the girls at Matthew Donovan's house: Peggy, Sheila and Rose—his own three daughters that he took to the house of the widow Hartigan when he married her and made that house his also.

Two lads, of course, could not decently court three young women, and that is not how the thing stood, but this way: Rose was the youngest and by all the mirrors in and out of the house, prettiest. Joe Denihy and Tom Sexton both had eyes for her, yet to wait and to keep matters moving Joe paid his court to Peggy, the oldest sister, and Tom his to Sheila, who came between the other two. In this way both could be friends to Rose without a contest that would make enemies of them. Yet a poor prophet could tell that trouble would come of that.

And it started at the raffle that Terence McCarthy gave, with the consent of Judge Carmody, who watched all such things, and for the benefit of the sisters who ran the place for the halfwits at Merelly.

There were scores of tickets sold for the raffle, which was for the prize of a watch that had been bought in London by Peter Rahilly at the time he went there, after being elected from Wicklow, to refuse to sit in Parliament.

They held the raffle at the heel of a concert in the cinema hall owned by Michael Fogarty. Tom Sexton and Joe Denihy sang together at the concert, a song they had picked up at the music halls in Cork and which Father Roche said was hardly suited to the occasion, asking, as it did in the refrain, something about "who's loony now?"

Terence McCarthy made a grand speech about the watch, and he had two little girls bear it around and through the audience. They carried it in its box of blue velvet, and the light hit back from its polished gold case as if that was yellow diamond. Seumas Flaherty, a sly old man with whiskers that hid the turn of his teeth, took the watch from the box to weigh it, as if he could know by that its value. But Terence McCarthy bawled at him and kept an eye close on him till the little girls brought the watch back to the stage.

Then all the numbers for the raffle, which were written on small white cards, McCarthy put into Judge Carmody's great square hat. One hundred and six of these numbers there were, and they blindfolded the little girls with clean red handkerchiefs that had white dots, and McCarthy called on them to pick two numbers at a time and the tenth number picked should win, to which all agreed with applause.

MCCARTHY bawled the numbers, and there were groans from those that lost. Then he came to the tenth number and called it—19. Tom Sexton let out a great shout and, clutching his cap, with the light glinting on his copper curls, strode with heavy stamps to the stage for Judge Carmody to give him the watch and shake his hand.

All the people left the hall, some laughing and some murmuring. Tom Sexton showed the watch to Sheila and Rose Donovan and to his friend Joe Denihy.

"Ain't I the lucky lad?" he asked them.

And Joe Denihy growled at him, "Indeed you are, Tom Sexton. It is more than that you are—double lucky, I warrant, for I had number 61!"

"It is in bad humor you say that, Joe Denihy," said Tom Sexton. "Would you deny me the luck I have?"

"I say nothing save that you are lucky in your friend Terence McCarthy, who cried the number 19 when it was plain on the card that it should be 61, which he held upside down!"

Tom spluttered, and Rose ran to take his arm

"Shame on you, Joe Denihy," said Peggy Donovan and Sheila, while Rose Donovan looked and blushed at him, her pert mouth pouting.

Tom Sexton spluttered, then turned savagely away, saying no word, while Rose Donovan ran up after him and took his arm and so walked home, her two sisters also leaving Joe Denihy standing with his taunt in his teeth.

Queer it is that such small things come between friends, for Tom Sexton and Joe Denihy said no word to each other, although they worked side by side at the kilns all day, for twelve weeks from Michaelmas. And all men were speaking long to one another those days, for the World War had begun to give them cause enough for talk.

But at Christmas there is no man can live in the whole of Wicklow or elsewhere with a grudge gnawing his heart. So at the time of the great entertainment for the feast, which provided money for Judge Carmody to buy gifts for the orphans at Doneraile, Tom Sexton and Joe Denihy spoke after friends had drunk with both of them separately in Cahill's public bar.

"The prize watch, I admit, is yours, Tom Sexton," said Joe Denihy. "By right too, although I still think Terence McCarthy read the number wrong."

"Being near Christmas, Joe Denihy," said Tom Sexton, "I shall not call what you say untrue. Indeed. I would gladly loan you the watch to wear at times, but I am marrying Rose Donovan before Lent, and she likes it too well for me to part with it."

Then Joe Denihy's brows darkened, but he drank and became happier and he dared Tom Sexton to go and join up

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with him for the recruiting sergeant that had come to the town with a red, white and blue rosette in his cap, to pay every man one golden guinea who would fight against the Germans that were woefully misusing France, an old friend of Ireland's. And Tom took the dare, saying he would join up after he had married Rose Donovan.

So it was merrily they went into the entertainment which was given by a great man of magic from Dublin, who had all manner of conceivable tricks, as if the devil were at his elbow all the time giving aid.

He came to a trick where he wanted the loan of a watch, and Joe Denihy chided Tom Sexton to lend him his. So the crowd about them laughed, knowing how the watch was regarded. But Tom Sexton's cheeks grew as red as his head, and he passed the watch over to the magician, who asked Seumas Flaherty, seeing, no doubt, that Seumas was a foolish old man, to step to the platform to aid him. He then took Tom Sexton's prize watch and placed it in a wooden bowl, and next, as Seumas watched closely, the magic man took a hammer and smashed the watch in the bowl.

"Now I'll bring that watch to you whole," said the magic man.

But he did not. He whispered hard to Seumas Flaherty, who stood there shaking his head like a gossoon. And uproar followed, with Tom Sexton dashing to the platform and seizing the magic man by the throat until they dragged him away.

"He has broke my prize watch," shouted Tom Sexton, "the watch I won fair at the raffle."

Sergeant Groly, who was present, came to the platform and ordered all to be quiet in the name of the law until Judge Carmody would come from Cahill's across the way where he was drinking stout.

So when the judge came the magic man, who had shrieked in the face of Seumas Flaherty that he was a thief, told the judge that Seumas had been passed Tom Sexton's watch and must have it somewhere on him.

"About that what say you, Seumas?" said the judge sternly.

"This man here broke the watch, and everyone saw him do it, indeed," said Seumas, his sly eyes shifting. "Tom Sexton himself saw him break it with his own eyes."

TOM SEXTON bellowed that was so, and the man of magic roared against Flaherty, and this kind of thing might have lasted until midnight and beyond with nobody getting to the bottom of the muddle had not Joe Denihy suddenly and with a smart move thrown Seumas to the floor and rifled his pockets and found the watch.

"It is to the big jail in Barraneen I should be sending you, Seumas Flaherty," said the judge after quiet had come. "But we are at the edge of the year with Christmas and all, and they have bought me the white gloves to wear for no crimes here in twelve months."

"Now, a'n't Seumas the lucky lad?" shouted Joe Denihy, and that made all laugh so that Seumas was able to make away nursing no more than bruises.

This made the friendship between Joe Denihy and Tom Sexton faster. And Tom married Rose Donovan, and he and Joe joined the army of the English and were sent to the Curragh for their training, Tom taking the watch with him, as Joe well knew. They wrote to Krongale from France after that, being with the Dublin Fusiliers, who were naughty fighters no matter what army they were with.

Tim Cahill's brother, who was sergeant of the company, wrote how Joe Denihy had made himself famous. For Tom Sexton, it was said, had been captured by the Germans one night, being missed when the company reported back to dugouts after a raid. And when Joe Denihy heard this he defied his captain in charge and went out of the trench in dead of night to bring back Tom Sexton, for he had seen Tom Sexton go to battle with the prize watch in his pocket. And so Joe Denihy became a great hero, for he tramped in at dawn, with armies watching him, pushing three Germans ahead of him with his bayonet, and both sides afraid to shoot for fear of killing their own.

Sergeant Cahill wrote that the Germans said Joe had killed five besides taking three; for he was mad when he found Tom Sexton finished through wounds, and he could find no trace of Tom Sexton's watch, but thinking one of the Germans had it, he brought them back alive. And sure enough the watch was found on one of them, and when Joe Denihy would snatch it the captain forbade and sent it back to Ireland to Rose Donovan, Tom Sexton's widow.

SO WHEN they sent Joe Denihy back home to Krongale with one leg of little use to him, there were preparations made to do him honor, as the king had given him a silver cross or something like to mark his bravery. And Judge Carmody said he would make the presentation, but they sent a general from the Curragh to do so, and Joe Denihy would not take the thing from him.

Instead it was arranged by Father Roche to give him honor at a meeting of all his friends, for Father Roche knew from Joe that he wanted to marry at once Rose Donovan, Tom Sexton's widow. Which he did, the priest himself speaking from the pulpit how beautiful an act that was, a true and noble quality for a man to marry the relict of his friend, and he repeated this when he sat at the head of the table at the wedding feast that followed. But Joe Denihy did not look happy at his wedding feast, so that Judge Carmody and Father Roche both chid him.

Then Rose spoke up:

"Joe Denihy," she said, with a laugh at her husband, who sat there between her sisters, puzzled and not sipping the glass of whisky before him, "asked me twelve times before the question he asked me as we left the altar."

"And that I ask you now," spoke Joe Denihy sharply, his face flushing against the khaki of the British uniform that fitted him hardly well at all.

"And what question is that?" said Father Roche.

Before her man could speak Rose said, "About that prize watch my Tom won at the raffle."

"And a fair question is right," said Judge Carmody heavily, gazing across the table to encourage Joe Denihy.

"So it is," said many mouths, and Joe looked hard at his wife.

"But I sent the watch to the English," said Rose. "For Tom had warned me. Tom Sexton had told me that he would haunt me to the end of my days if that watch was not buried with him."

Then Joe Denihy stood up from the table, and he glared at his bride, and everybody about the table grew nervous at the thought that something untoward would come. But Judge Carmody frowned at him.

"Drink your grog, Joe Denihy," said he.

And Joe gave a great laugh.

"A toast," he said, lifting his glass high, "to Tom Sexton. A'n't he the lucky lad!"

But it was evident as he drank that Rose Donovan, his bride, had bitten that toast into her lip as a memory against him.

Gloria Swanson *asks you*

to see how many of these questions (which she herself prepared) you can answer. Each correct answer counts 5. Lois Wilson, film star, scored 90. Emma Day, stenographer, scored 70.

1. What millionaire film star played cheap parts in a London music-hall only fifteen years ago?
2. Who invented the movies?
3. Who starred in "The Vanishing American"?
4. What great film star had a riot at his funeral?
5. Who is Tony?
6. Who was the woman star of "The Covered Wagon"?
7. What film star is also a great success as a writer and on the stage?
8. What famous one-legged author wrote a great 1926 film success?
9. What country protested against depicting its citizens as bandits in films?
10. What is the technical name of the machine which throws the picture on the screen?
11. Of what substance is film made?
12. Who wrote and directed "The Woman of Paris"?
13. Who is "The Black Pole"?
14. How is artificial wind made in a studio?
15. Who is known as "The Czar of the Motion Picture Industry"?
16. What well-known scenario writer wrote a "best-seller" last year?
17. Where are the greatest number of films shown outdoors every year?
18. From what affliction caused by bright lights do some film actors suffer?
19. How many pictures a second are usually projected to make a motion picture?
20. What great film magnate began a few years ago with a penny arcade?

(Now turn to page 36 and check your answers.)

Lois Wilson scored 90

Emma Day scored 70

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The Brutal Miles

We are great at short sprints, but why haven't we stamina for the long grind?

By GRANTLAND RICE

International

Nurmi, the hardy: good as ever

IN THIS broad and fair land between the eastern coast of Massachusetts and the western coast of California there is a world of speed, strength, agility and other ingredients which compose the athletic make-up.

Here are to be found the heavyweight champion, most of the world's best boxers and the world's best golfers. Also tennis players who have held the Davis Cup against the world for seven years. Here are baseball and football stars in profusion.

But what has become of our stamina over the longer distance routes—in fact, all routes from the half mile to the Marathon? Is there greater stamina in Finland, Sweden and England than there is in the United States? If not, why do these countries hold every record from the half mile on to the more than 26 miles of Marathon jogging?

No one who saw the Olympic games at Paris in 1924 will ever forget the almost complete American domination at the jumps, weights and hurdles and the almost complete American collapse upon the running track. From the 100 meters to the Marathon America won just one race—the 200-meter dash, in which Jackson Scholz barely nosed out Charlie Paddock.

Abrahams, an Englishman, won the 100-meter race. Liddell, a Scot, won at 400 meters. Lowe, an Englishman, took away the 800-meter honors. Nurmi won at 1,500 meters for Finland, and he repeated at 3,000 meters and 5,000 meters, while Ritola and Stenroos, other Finns, won at 10,000 and the Marathon.

It was almost a complete Finnish-British clean-up, especially in those races in which stamina is as important as speed.

The United States has more than held its own with the foreign sprinters at 100 yards or 100 meters or 220 yards or 200 meters. Here the names of Paddock, Drew, Kelly, Locke, Scholz and others stand out. But there is a big dip after this where only the 440-yard and the 800-meter rushes of Ted Meredith remain as records.

Consider the list of records up through 1926: 400 meters—Liddell, Scotland, 47.6; 800 meters—Meredith, U. S. A., 1.51.9; Half Mile—Peltzer, Germany, 1.51.6; 1,500 meters—Nurmi, Finland, 3.52.6; Mile Run—Nurmi, Finland, 4.10.4; 2,000 meters—Wide, Sweden, 5.26; 3,000 meters—Nurmi, Finland, 8.20.4; Three-mile run—Nurmi, Finland, 14.11.2.

Nurmi, Shrubb, Ritola and Stenroos hold the other records up to ten miles, but in all this list of world marks there is no United States entry registered among the elect.

Kohlemainen, another Finn, ruled the longer distance routes of the 1920 games, as Nurmi did three years ago at Paris.

Now Germany and Sweden have in Peltzer and Wide two middle-distance runners who will be just as hard to catch as were any of the others.

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J. P. Jones. His 1913 mile record still stands

Sprinters by Thousands

WHY is it this country has had no Nurmis, Shrubbs, Kohlemainens, and Ritolas—not one star from 800 meters up?

Some years ago we had John Paul Jones and Norman Taber for the mile, to be followed later by Joie Ray and Lloyd Hahn, who were at their best over the indoor route. But no one outdoors in a competition has run within two seconds of Nurmi's record, and beyond the mile there have been no candidates even close to the Nurmis, Ritolas and other European stars.

Certain trainers and coaches believe our lack of stamina is due to the fact that almost none of our athletes is willing to take over the long, hard, rigorous training which the longer distances call for.

There are now thousands piled upon thousands from the schools and universities who are going in for track and field games. The Pennsylvania Relays had more than 4,000 entries. Certain school competitions have drawn as high as 7,000 competitors. The schools and universities have more thousands training than anyone would have dreamed possible a few years ago, and there are thousands of others still at the running game who have passed the college stage.

Certainly no other nation has as many noted trainers and developers from coast to coast—such men as Lawson Robertson, Harry Hillman, Tom Keane, Keene Fitzpatrick and others in the Middle West and along the Pacific Coast.

The trainers are there ready to put on the record makers, but they are having a hard time finding much talent beyond the sprints.

No one who saw Nurmi run the 5,000-meter race in Paris on July 6, 1924, will ever forget what the word stamina means. It was a blazing-hot day with the thermometer around 100. There were spots along the route that were almost as hot as a furnace and competitors were found along the road, utterly out, flattened into crumpled forms.

Then a lone figure came sweeping through the open gate. No one there had to be told that it was Paavo Nurmi. He came on with a long, easy stride, crossed the line, ran across the field for his sweater and continued running for the dugout. About 400 or 500 meters behind him came Ritola, another Finn. Most of those who finished were staggering, but this pair remained fresh.

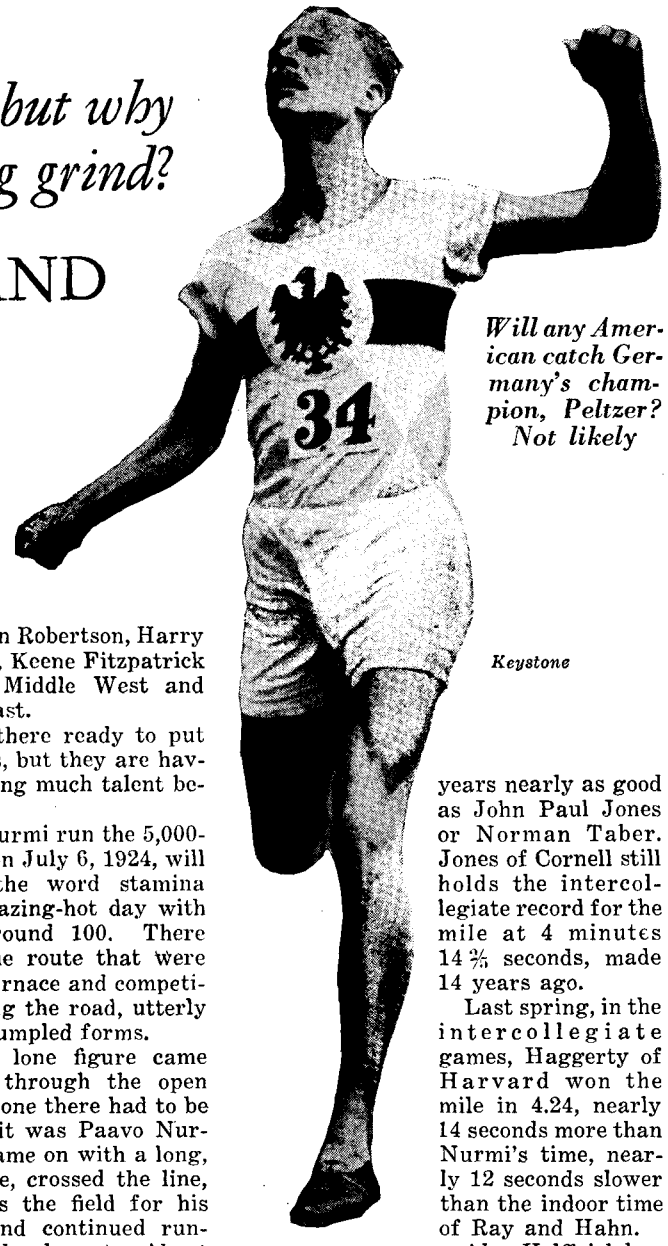
If any American finished the race, his name is not recalled and he was too far back to be considered.

It is a peculiar turn, when you think it over. This is a nation of 118,000,000 people against Finland's 3,500,000. No other nation in the world has anything like the number in training that the United States can show. And yet, unless something like a miracle takes place, the United States is once more likely to be swamped in all distances between 200 meters and 26 miles.

It is quite possible that after the 100- and 200-meter races are over the United States will not send another winner into the lists. And it is, of course, no certainty that we shall win the two main sprints.

Distance running apparently is not a matter of youth. It belongs to the more seasoned years. Most of the leading Marathon runners are over thirty, or even thirty-five. There has been no youthful Marathon star. Nurmi, for example, was a good runner in 1920, but a far greater runner in 1924. He will be just about as good in 1928 when he gets down to hard training, provided his American tour and continued racing did not burn away part of the vital spark.

We have had no college miler in late years nearly as good as John Paul Jones or Norman Taber. Jones of Cornell still holds the intercollegiate record for the mile at 4 minutes 14 ⅖ seconds, made 14 years ago.



Will any American catch Germany's champion, Peltzer? Not likely

Keystone

Last spring, in the intercollegiate games, Haggerty of Harvard won the mile in 4.24, nearly 14 seconds more than Nurmi's time, nearly 12 seconds slower than the indoor time of Ray and Hahn.

Alan Helffrich has been one of the best of our middle-distance runners, but he hasn't run to the time of Meredith or Peltzer. There isn't a university runner in the country today who can beat 4.16, possibly 4.20.

Slim Chance for America

NURMI and Ritola trained for the last Olympic games through a six or eight months' schedule harder than any top sergeant ever trained his charges. Nurmi thought nothing of 15 and 20 mile jaunts. If anyone in the United States wants to take a 15 or 20 mile trip he uses an automobile or a train.

Speed may be a natural quality, capable of further development—we're speedy and jazzy—but stamina is a slow matter of sacrifice and drudgery and enduring tests. It is built up slowly, for human fiber must be at its best to stand the strain of a long run at a record-breaking pace.

There seems to be little chance now that the United States can build up any great runners between now and the next Olympic tests at Amsterdam, only a year away. Finland, Sweden and Germany in particular are hard at it with a great cast ready for any race from the half mile on up.

Russell of Cornell, Locke of Nebraska, Alderman of Michigan State and other flying sprinters will be ready for the shorter 100 and 200 meter tests, but who will be on hand when the half, the mile and the two mile races are to be run in record figures, as they will be?

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INTERLUDE

Bob learns about women from Kitty, in the span of a dance in Shanghai

A Short Short Story by

ACHMED ABDULLAH

WITH her bobbed russet hair, her pansy-blue eyes, her crimson, adventurous mouth, Edna Ashley was what is known in the vulgate as a Peach. But not the clingstone variety. For she had a hatful of ideas—ideas about men and women and what makes them tick—disconcertingly modern, independent ideas.

That's what Bob Harkness discovered when he proposed to her three weeks after he met her, which was a little over three weeks after his arrival in Shanghai. But three weeks is an eternity in Shanghai—I am speaking of the Foreign Settlement, not of Chinese Town, where even three decades mean no more than a passing moment—since the circle of the socially elect is small there and the same people meet almost every night: Monday dinner dance at the American Club, Tuesday at the Masonic Club, Wednesday at the Country Club, and so on until Saturday brings the grand weekly shindy at the Ward Road Athletic Club, commonly and sardonically nicknamed the "Spartans."

On that Saturday Edna and Bob were sitting out the third dance.

He was nearly six feet of not bad-looking, tersely masculine youth, well-bred, well-to-do, quite clever. The trouble with him was that, only son of a doting, widowed mother from whose Boston apron strings he had very recently escaped, he had a pathetically Mid-Victorian outlook on life. So, when he proposed to her, he did it the wrong way. He was deeply in love. His heart was drumming, drumming. But his words were stiff and formal; chiefly his final, bromidic:

"I'm not worthy of you, dear!"

Then—perhaps due to an atavistic throwback to his late, not at all Mid-Victorian father—he tried to kiss her; did it awkwardly; caused her cigarette to burn a hole in her delightful chiffon frock.

"Oh"—she exclaimed—"I won't marry you. You're clumsy—and old-fashioned—two things I can't bear. Go and learn something about love before you speak to me again."

Half in jest she said it, half in earnest. He took it wholly in earnest.

"Very well," he replied curtly and walked away.

On the ballroom threshold he met her father. John Ashley was an Old China Hand and a *Taipan*. This, let me explain to the uninitiated, means that he had lived many years in China, had accumulated great wealth there, and had grown very red-faced—in fact, the more red-faced the *Taipan*, the greater his wealth.

Bob, whose father had been John Ashley's dearest friend, had come to Shanghai on his invitation to be taught the intricacies of Far Eastern trade.

"Where are you off to in such a hurry?" asked the older man.

"To learn something about love!" came the unexpected reply.

"Well—I'll be damned!" mumbled the other, while Bob left the club, jumped into his 40-horsepower roadster, and shot away through the night, presently squirting a 90-horsepower gasolene stench over the dog-roses and hollyhocks of Nanking Road—the quite wrong side of Nanking Road—where the quite wrong people have a regrettably enjoyable time.

There an hour later—after several drinks and a British baronet's sporting younger son's, "I say, Harkness! Surge over here and meet Kitty!"—he was alone with that same Kitty in her charming drawing-room.

Kitty Bromleigh. If you are the right sort—which, as often as not, means the wrong sort—you may remember her name. It was, incidentally, neither her maiden name nor that of her husband, who had divorced her seventeen years earlier for good and sufficient reasons.

A gorgeously red-haired, violet-eyed Kitty, she pursued the decidedly uneven tenor of her way, sometimes in Paris, again on the Riviera, Cairo, Biarritz—recently in Shanghai.

Not that she liked Shanghai; indeed, she hated it; said so now to Bob:

"Then why do you live here?"

"I don't. I'm here for a few weeks —to annoy my former husband."

"Oh. . . ?"

"He's rather a bigwig here. And if I annoy him enough, he'll increase my allowance—to get me out of town. Never mind him. Let's talk about you."

Then, when Bob, not exactly knowing what to say but very much wishing to say it, remained silent, she filled his champagne glass and told him how impressionable she was and that she didn't care *what* a man she liked said to her and—an old trick of hers—did he know anything about palmistry and would he mind reading her palm? . . . and she stretched out a slim, narrow hand.

What could he do but take it?

He was about to raise it to his lips, to kiss it. And again he did an awkward thing. For he upset the champagne glass. It poured its golden, liquid bubbles over Kitty's frock.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "you are so clumsy and, with your silly hand kissing, so frightfully old-fashioned!"

She was amazed when Bob burst into laughter—rather bitter, self-mocking laughter—when she heard him cry:

"That's what *she* said!"

"She? Who?"

"The other girl!"

"What other girl?"

"Edna Ashley!"

A peculiar, almost frightened expression came into Kitty's eyes. He did not notice it. But he did notice how, suddenly, her voice softened:

"Tell me about her!"

When he did not answer she went on:

"Don't want to tell me because, I suppose, my hair is more red than it ought to be and my joy of living more intense? Don't be a moral snob. Nothing worse than that, you know. After all, I'm old enough to be your mother . . . and I do like you . . . and you seem so upset. . . . Why"—she laughed—"almost as upset as the champagne glass!"

So he told her; and she commented:

"You were wrong."

"Wrong?"

"Yes,"—she sighed—"a woman my age—likes inexperience. But a young girl likes experience—likes to think that the man she loves knows life. Proves to her that, after having known other women, you choose her—for keeps! Go back to her. Ask her nothing. Take her in your arms. . . ."

"And," he interrupted ruefully, "burn another hole in her dress?"

"In that case—listen!" She whispered to him.

"Thank you!" he said simply.

"Don't mention it. You may kiss my hand—now!"

HE DID, and half an hour later, again at the club, he saw Edna Ashley walking up and down the back porch. She was alone. He took her in his arms; kissed her.

"Oh," she expostulated, "you're crushing my dress!"

Then he remembered Kitty's whispered advice.

"Damn your dress!" he replied, and kissed her again.

"I love you—" she stammered—"oh, how I love you, Bob!"

And neither she nor he noticed the Chinese messenger boy who hurried up the gravel path, crossed the back porch, entered the club, and cried:

"Letter for *Taipan* Ashley! Letter for *Taipan* Ashley!"

"Here you are, boy!"

A tip changed hands. So did the letter.

John Ashley read:

Dear John:

I'll leave Shanghai by Monday's boat. Not out of regard for you—don't flatter yourself—but for Edna's sake. She thinks I'm dead, doesn't she? All right. Let her continue to think so.

KITTY.

John Ashley sighed.

"Decent old girl—in a way," he thought. "Guess I'll boost her allowance."

Again he sighed; then smiled as he saw Bob and Edna enter the room—heard Edna's words:

"Bob's got something to say to you, Dad. . . ."

Illustrated by ANITA PARKHURST

"After all, I'm old enough to be your mother — and I do like you"

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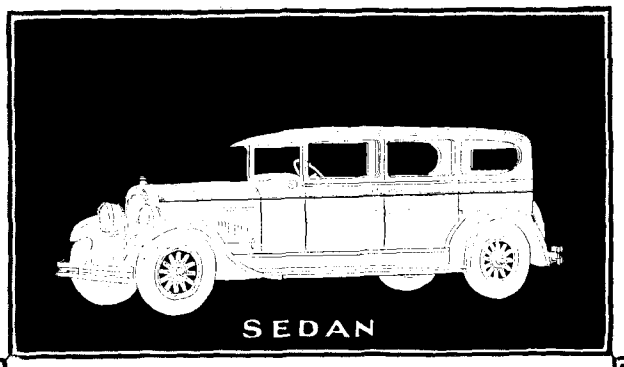
The Reo Flying Clouds

The Finest, Fastest Models of America's Longest Lasting Car

BEAUTY

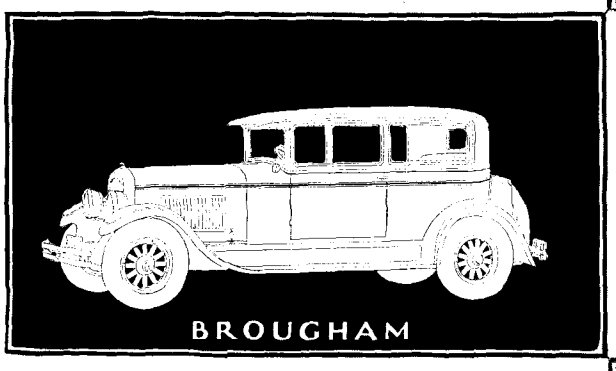
"The body work . . . is particularly satisfying. It has a suggestion of European design in its lines and its colorings are the rich and beautiful tints that nitrocellulose finishes have given us . . . The interior decorations are very charming, a Cellini motif being employed with new upholstery . . . The Flying Cloud has all the appearance of speed."—*Automotive Daily News.*



COMFORT

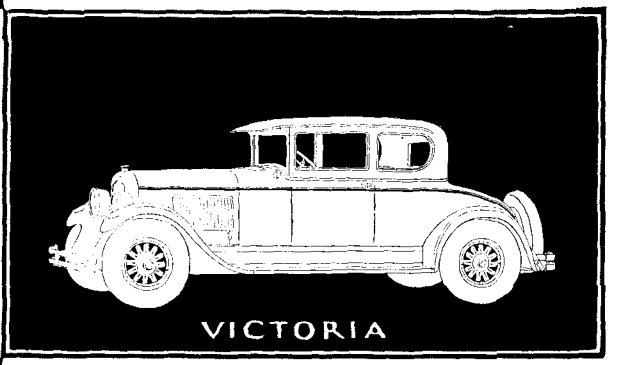
"Later, the writer sat in the rear seat, and was very much impressed with the easy riding qualities. On those secondary roads, it was literally as comfortable as a Pullman car."—*Motor.*

"A speed of 55 M. P. H. seemed to be a comfortable touring speed."—*Motor Age.*



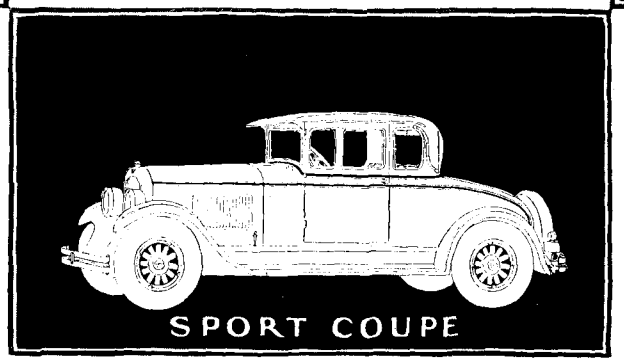
PERFORMANCE

"Being somewhat conservative, I believed 40 miles an hour about right for such roads. But it was really an effort to hold this car below fifty miles an hour, so smoothly and quietly did it run. Several times I slowed up to 40, but invariably was soon back to 50 or 60. Certainly there could be no more convincing commentary on the sweetness with which this car runs."—*Motor.*



EASE OF HANDLING

"There's new power in the motor and a new handling ease in the finger tip controls and four velvet-stop internal type [hydraulic] brakes . . . Fatigue is obviated by extreme flexibility of the mechanism in driving . . . A touch of the finger actually shifts the gears, the single disc clutch taking hold surely but smoothly. A finger on the wheel turns the car. . . ."—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times.*



DURABILITY

"At the factory, the writer saw the individual parts of one of the new models that had been driven 100,000 miles and then torn apart—The writer, of course, must accept the Reo Company's statement that the car really did travel this distance and all he can say on this point is that he has every reason to believe it is a true statement—None of the parts were worn out, nor anywhere near worn out."—*Motor.*

REO MOTOR CAR CO., *Lansing, Mich.*

BE SURE TO TRY ONE OUT

NO OTHER AMERICAN CAR LASTS AS LONG AS REO - NOT ONE

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Sign 'em and Send 'em

By ELMER DAVIS

Thinking done while you wait, with no extra charge for movie actors or baseball players

"THE telegraphed greeting is distinctive, and so warmly personal," one reads in a booklet got out by one of the telegraph companies, containing 261 forms of distinctive personal greetings. These formulas cover and classify all the experiences of human life, from condolences on the death of a mother to dunning for an overdue bill (oh, yes, some forty are forms for the latter).

But with the best of intentions the telegraph companies have not gone far enough. There are "Congratulatory Messages to Public Men," "Greetings on the Birth of a Child," "Condolences on Death," etc. But what public men? What child? What death? If the Great American Citizen is left in any doubt at all as to precisely what ought to be said on any given occasion, the foundations of this republic begin to totter. Purely from a sense of duty, I offer a few additional and more precise forms, waiving fees or royalties.

Natural or Poison Gas

FOR the sake of uniformity, I shall follow the style already in use by the telegraph companies, though it is a little more dressy than the one I find good enough for every day; also their practice of giving you your choice between short, crisp messages and more protracted ones for any occasion. Here is a specimen of the way they do it: "In the death of your dear father [mother, wife, sister, brother] I [we] have lost one whom it was my [our] privilege to call my [our] friend. My [our] heartfelt sympathy goes out to you in your sorrow."

The death of a husband doesn't call for condolences, especially if he left the widow well provided. Not everybody would have thought of that.

Well, here are a few more you may find useful some time. Just for economy, I have made them reversible, like a raincoat; the forms provided by the telegraph companies fit anything that may have happened to the addressee, and I do not see why they should not fit the various emotions of the sender as well. As for instance:

MESSAGES FROM DRY PROTESTANT SOUTHERN DEMOCRATS TO THE HON. ALFRED E. SMITH ON THE OCCASION OF HIS STEENTH REËLECTION AS GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

Sincere congratulations. Glad New York wants you. We don't. Most heartfelt regrets. I hope you choke. Don't know how you do it and don't care. No Popery.

Pleased and gratified to the utmost [disgusted beyond words] by news of your success. Though recognizing your right to your [religious belief, attitude on prohibition], I feel that it disqualifies you as a Presidential candidate. Yours for McAdoo.

CONDOLENCES FROM THE WHITE HOUSE TO A REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR AGAINST AL SMITH.

Congratulations on your [gallant effort, heroic defeat, magnificent sacrifice]. Somebody had to do it, and why not you? Will [judgeship, ambassadorship, undersecretaryship] console you?

Never mind. Nobody else could have done any better.

COMMUNICATIONS TO A PRESIDENT ON THE REJECTION OF ONE OF HIS NOMINEES BY THE SENATE.

Too bad, but what did you expect? Pick an ex-senator next time.

Grieved and shocked [delighted beyond measure] by the rejection of the great statesman [time-serving politician] whom you had selected for [Attorney General, Interstate Commerce Commission, Ambassador to Ruritania]. All citizens must deplore [rejoice at] this exhibition of [senatorial arrogance, wise and patriotic exercise of constitutional prerogative]. Try again [be warned while there is time].

CONGRATULATIONS TO PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE ON HER NEXT WEDDING, FROM ONE OR MORE EX-HUSBANDS.

May the wedding bells ring as merrily this day as they did that morning in 1916 [1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926]. I [we] did my [our] best to make you happy. Hope the formula may yet be found. Many happy returns of the day.

Veterans' Association greets you on your sixth [seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth] bridal morning. Prepared to receive our new member already.

These few examples will show you what can be done to expand the service already provided for greetings to statesmen and brides. The next job is a little harder, for not a thing has been done in the world of sport:

CONGRATULATIONS TO A BASEBALL PLAYER ON HIS EXONERATION FROM CHARGES OF SLOUGHING GAMES.

Public confidence in you magnificently justified. Hear you have signed with another club at increase of $15,000 [$20,000, $25,000] per year. Please consider offer to accuse you annually for 50 per cent of increases to be won by your successive vindications.

Old teammate congratulates you on your exoneration. Have not yet signed for this season myself as McGraw [Mack, Griffith, Comiskey] thinks I am worth $5,000 [$10,000] less than I want. Please wire me Dutch Leonard's address. I want him to besmirch me now.

GREETINGS TO A SUCCESSFUL CHANNEL SWIMMER.

Heartiest felicitations on your negotiation of the difficult passage from Cape Gris-Nez [Catalina] to San Pedro [Dover]. Offer $5,000 for your indorsement of Hoozis' Axle Grease [John Doe's Castor Oil, Terwilliger's Beef Cubes] as indispensable adjunct of your triumph.

MESSAGES FROM ONE ORGANIZER OF A NORTH POLE FLIGHT TO ANOTHER, ON THE DEATH OF A THIRD.

Distressed by news of death of comrade of my [our] achievement, since marred by your [his] misleading statements to the press. There is glory enough for all [all but you, all but him].

Grieved by news of my [our] associate's death. See that obituaries refer to him [you] as responsible for our [my] triumph. Have issued statement to papers setting forth the truth.

Maybe this one doesn't belong with sports; but maybe it does:

FAREWELL MESSAGES FROM A VISITING QUEEN TO HER AMERICAN FRIENDS AND HOSTS.

Leaving the shores of your great nation [magnificent country] with genuine regret [deepest sorrow]. Thanks for the [keys of the city, use of your country house, special train at nominal rate, honorary degree, hospitality of your magnificent hotel, buggy ride].

Shall come again at very earliest opportunity.

Deeply appreciate your hospitality in throwing open your home for our use. Did I leave anything? If so, forward by express prepaid.

In the arts, too, I have to begin at the beginning; there is time for only the barest outline. For example:

RESPONSES OF A NOVELIST TO NOTIFICATION THAT HE HAS BEEN AWARDED THE PULITZER PRIZE.

Deeply grateful for [shocked and disgusted by] action of your committee. Have always striven to uphold [have never had any use for] the wholesome standards of American life which your splendid prizes [infamous bribes] were established to promote. Fully sensible of the high honor you have done me [outraged by your insult] and accept the award with profound appreciation [reject your offer with contumely].

Thanks. I need it.

What, stultify myself for $1,000? Am out after the Nobel prize.

CONGRATULATIONS TO A MOVIE STAR ON HIS MARRIAGE. FROM THE HON. WILL H. HAYS.

May the wedding bells ring joy and gladness to you on this as on so many previous occasions.

Sorry I cannot be with you on this joyous day. But remember to keep up those alimony payments for the good name of the industry.

You poor sap, have you done it again? I warned you the Women's Clubs would not stand for much more of this.

Be a Sport, Won't You?

THESE are only a few suggestions on some of the points which the telegraph companies have left uncovered. In closing let me remind the reader that there is such a thing as honor. When the telegraph companies do all this for the public, the public ought to do something for the telegraph companies. These formulas (theirs and mine too) are offered free. Of course it is open to anybody to write one of these down and send it by mail, but such procedure would be repugnant to the Spirit of American Sportsmanship.

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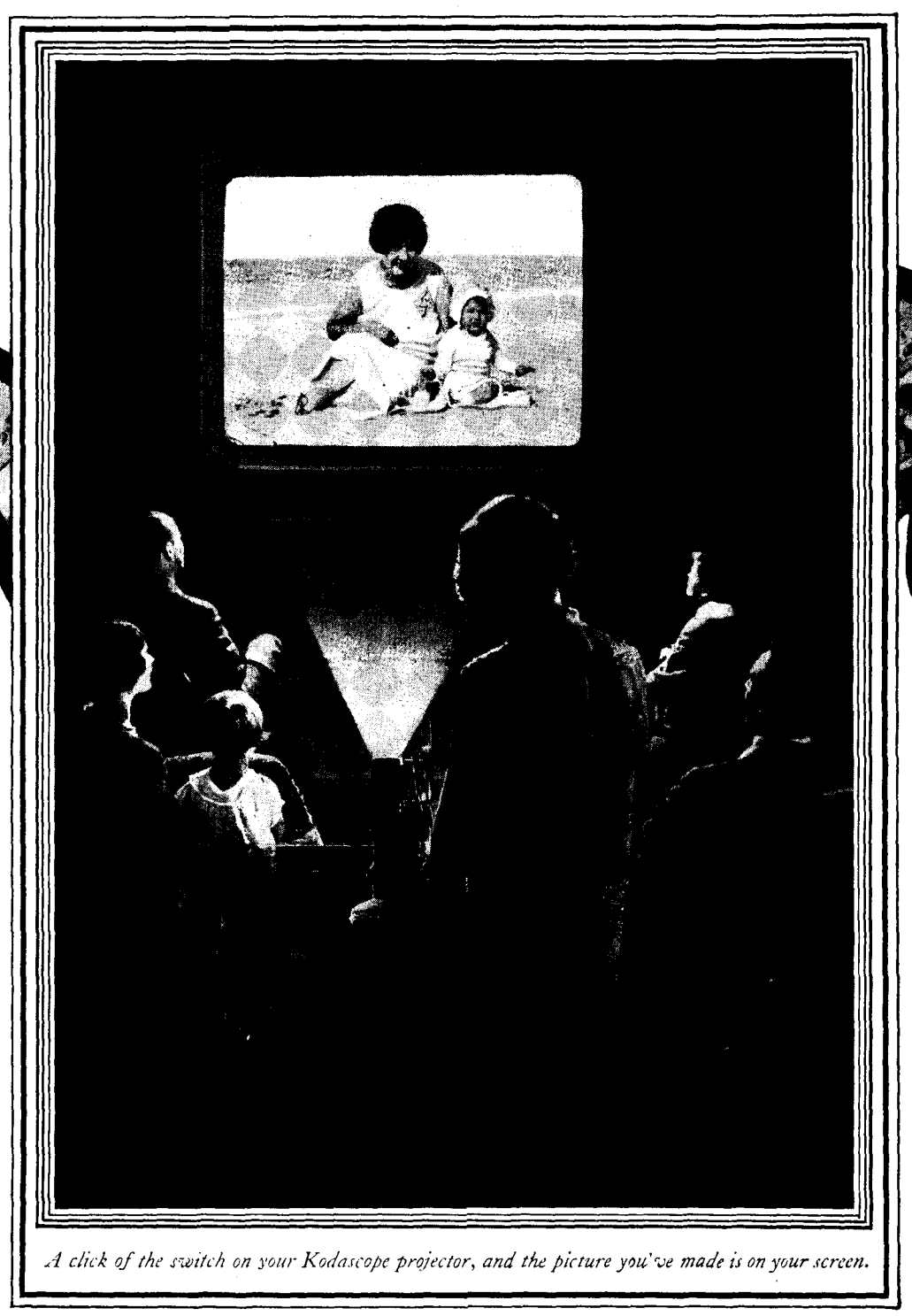
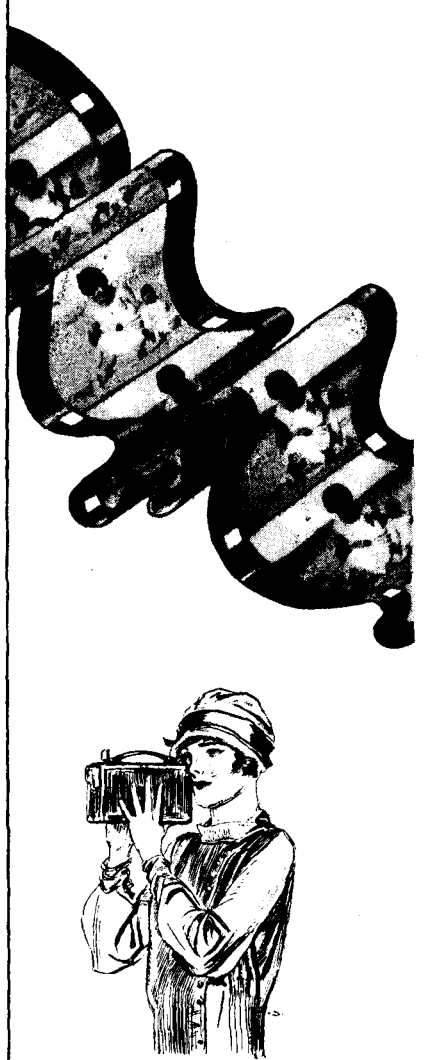
You may sight the Ciné-Kodak either at waist height or eye level—an exclusive feature.



A click of the switch on your Kodascope projector, and the picture you've made is on your screen.



You may sight the Ciné-Kodak either at eye level or waist height—an exclusive feature.

Ciné-Kodak

All the joy of picture making—plus the thrill of action. It is thus that Ciné-Kodak synchronizes with the times. It presents *life*, as it is—changeful, vibrant, full of motion and of emotion.

You press the button.... we do the rest

Complete outfit, Ciné-Kodak B for picture taking, Kodascope C for projecting, and Screen, $140. The price of Ciné-Kodak film, amateur standard (16 mm.), in the yellow box, includes finishing. Write for booklet "Motion Pictures the Kodak Way."

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

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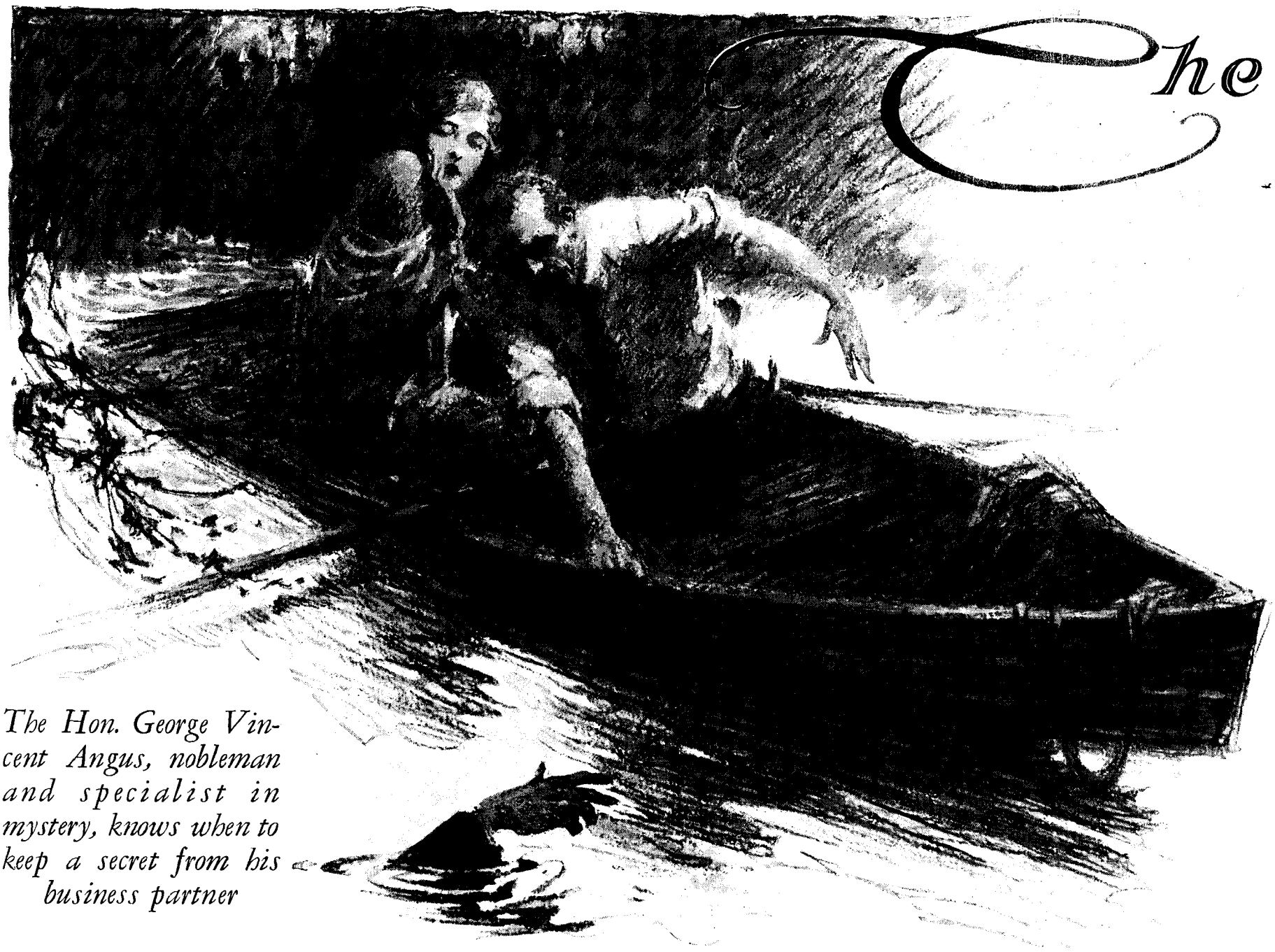
The



The Hon. George Vincent Angus, nobleman and specialist in mystery, knows when to keep a secret from his business partner

ANGUS leaned gloomily back in his chair.

"I think I shall hand in my checks, Pudgy," he declared. "I'm no use at this game. I'd better go in for selling wine or automobiles."

"Don't be an ass, George," Mr. Peter Bragg enjoined. "What you want is some work."

"Not a client near the place for a week," Angus continued sorrowfully.

"You might take on some of the Strand House stuff if you cared to," his partner suggested. "There's a heap of divorce watching going on and a small blackmail affair. Not really worth your time, though. If I were you and hadn't to stay here in case anything should turn up I should keep my hand in on a bit of outside business."

"Outside business?"

"Well, I'd take up one of these cases where we don't happen to have been consulted, but which the police don't seem to be getting on with. Of course there are disadvantages, because it isn't so easy to get the real information and there's no pay at the end of it. So far as we are concerned, however, that doesn't matter so much."

"Were you thinking of any particular case?" Angus inquired, his interest gently stimulated.

Peter Bragg took up the Times.

"I was," he admitted. "I was thinking of the case of William King. Shall I outline it to you?"

"Go ahead."

"William King is, or was, a man of forty-four years of age, engaged in the office of a firm of wholesale druggists in the City. He appears to have been a man of high character without any vices, earning a good salary and of a saving turn. He lived at Chiswick in a house which belonged to himself; he was married and had two children, both of whom had started to work. He was a man of domestic habits, a regular attendant at church on Sundays, a member of the local lawn-tennis and golf clubs, and he entered whenever invited into the social activities of the place. His habits were entirely regular.

"He left home at eight o'clock every morning, walked for half an hour and completed the journey to the City by tram, always boarding one at a certain point. He left the office at six o'clock without exception and could be relied upon to reach home by half past seven.

"There was never a shadow of scandal or a suggestion of loose living connected with him. His employers valued his services highly. He had apparently not an enemy in the world. Yet on one Friday, about two months ago, he slipped out of the world. He failed to return home at the usual hour and has never been seen or heard of since."

"I REMEMBER seeing some paragraphs about it in the papers at the time," Angus admitted. "Somehow or other, I imagined it would be one of those cases which would inevitably be cleared up in a day or two."

"Well, this one wasn't," Peter Bragg replied. "Now, I don't know how it seems to you, George, but to me there is much more mystery about the disappearance of a man of this type than any other. One is driven to ask oneself what could have befallen him? A man so settled in his life and habits is not likely to have disappeared without a strong motive. Any accident would certainly have been reported. Yet between Gracechurch Street and Chiswick on Friday evening, between the hours of six o'clock—when he is known to have left his work as usual—and seven o'clock, when he should have swung open the gate of his little villa and presented himself in his home, William King seems somehow or other to have stepped off the edge of the world!"

"You make it all sound quite intriguing," Angus admitted.

"If you want a little wholesome interest in life, take it on quietly," Peter Bragg advised. "Go tactfully to the family, explain your position and ask for any information you can get. Try the firm in the same way. Make use of the Strand people—they can always ferret out minor details—and see whether you can arrive at any theory. It will save you from getting stale, at any rate."

"Chiswick," Angus murmured, reaching for his hat. "It sounds familiar."

"You will find Chiswick without difficulty," his partner assured him. "It is not a fashionable quarter, but it is a respectable district situated on the Ealing Road. But take my advice, present yourself there this evening,

"The boat struck something. I put my hand over the side. It was a man"

when presumably the two younger members of the family will be at home. In the meantime go and have a game of golf."

"Sound fellow!" Angus observed, closing his desk.

ANGUS played his round of golf, lunched and played again afterward. At seven o'clock—which he deemed a suitable hour—he brought his Rolls-Royce to a standstill outside a neat, rather new-looking villa in one of the byways of Chiswick. He walked up a tiled path and made use of a shining brass knocker. The door was opened in a moment or two by a girl of about eighteen or nineteen years of age.

She was of sallow complexion, a little fat for the fashions of the moment—to which, however, she rigidly adhered. Her hair was bobbed, and there was presumptive evidence that she had used the lipstick, which she held in her hand, since the ringing of the bell.

"Is Mrs. King at home?" Angus inquired.

The girl opened the door wider. She very much approved of the tone and manner of this unexpected visitor.

"Will you come into the drawing-room for a moment?" she invited. "Mother's having tea."

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Happy Ending

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

"Please don't let me disturb her," Angus begged. "I can wait."

"Who is it, Belle?" a sharp voice demanded from the room on the left-hand side of the passage.

"A gentleman, Mother, to see you," the girl answered, throwing open the door of the room opposite. "Won't you sit down, please," she begged. "Is that lovely car yours?"

"It is," Angus replied. "Are you fond of motoring?"

"I adore it," the girl declared enthusiastically.

IN DUE course Mrs. King made her appearance. She was a short, hard-faced woman with thin lips, keen eyes, not a gray hair in her head nor a wrinkle upon her forehead. She was neatly dressed in dark clothes, and she was still engaged in the consumption of some portion of her repast.

"I'm Mrs. King," she announced. "What might you want with me?"

"I hope," Angus began, "that you will not consider my visit in any way an intrusion. To tell you the truth, Mrs. King, I and a friend of mine have started in business—just from the love of it—as sort of amateur investigators into crime and disappearances and all that kind of thing. We are both very much interested in your husband's disappearance. Am I right in presuming that as yet you have received no news of him?"

"Not a line, not a word," Mrs. King declared. "What we pay the police for in this country I can't imagine."

"It does seem extraordinary," Angus observed sympathetically. "I wonder whether you'd object to my interesting myself a little in the affair. All that I should require from you would be to answer a few questions."

Mrs. King looked at him suspiciously.

"We've no money to spend on advice or anything of that sort," she warned him.

"We certainly do not require a penny," Angus assured her. "Here is my card to show you that we are in earnest. My friend and I do sometimes take cases professionally, but the matter of your husband's disappearance is one which we should like to look into entirely from a disinterested point of view. We do not require any payment or reward. If we should succeed in obtaining any information, so much the better; if not, it will at least cost you nothing and no harm will be done."

"Take a seat," Mrs. King invited.

"Please do sit down," Miss King begged, wheeling an easy-chair toward him and lingering by its side.

"In the first place, have you a picture of your husband?" Angus inquired.

"Dozens."

The girl crossed the room, opened a drawer, slipped a photograph out of a pile and, bringing it over, resumed her place by the arm of Angus' chair. The picture was of an insignificant-looking man of middle height, inclined to be thin, with a slight mustache and deep-set eyes. There was nothing in the features in any way different from the hundreds and thousands of City toilers who at six o'clock might be expected to leave their work in the City for their suburban homes. Nevertheless Angus put the photograph into his pocket.

"I'm supposed to be rather like him," Miss Belle confided, "only that we haven't the same color eyes."

"Your husband's habits, I understand, were most regular?" Angus proceeded, after a short dialogue with Miss Belle on the subject of eyes.

"There was never a more punctual man," Mrs. King averred. "Six days of the week you could set your clock by his comings and goings. Thursday was mail night at his office, and he might come any time. I have known him only a little later than usual, and I have known him not to come home till midnight."

"Financially Mr. King was a saving man, I understand?"

"Fortunately for us all, he was," Mrs. King acknowledged. "We've been putting by for over twenty years or I don't know where we should be now."

"He didn't withdraw any money, I suppose, from the bank before his disappearance?"

"Not a penny."

"There was that five hundred pounds, Mother," Belle whispered.

Mrs. King nodded.

"There's one sum of money we haven't been able to trace," she confided. "It seems he had five hundred pounds on deposit at the bank for some time. About a year ago he told the manager he had found an investment and withdrew it. We haven't been able to find out just where he did invest it, but that can't have had anything to do with his disappearance. He couldn't have been carrying all that money about with him for twelve months."

Illustrated by T. D. SKIDMORE

The picture was of an insignificant-looking man of middle height with deep-set eyes

"Naturally not," Angus acquiesced.

For a moment he was silent. He looked around the room and through the window down the street.

THE room to him was horrible, the neighborhood depressing, yet to the man whose photograph he had in his pocket it might well have seemed utterly and entirely desirable.

"Your husband had no quarrel with anyone?" he asked.

"Been asked that question a hundred times," Mrs. King replied. "Never that I know of. He was one of the peacefullest men I ever knew."

"And liked his golf and tennis here week-ends?"

"Never missed one or the other. Belle's taken to tennis lately, so he'd often let his golf go on a Sunday and play tennis with her in the afternoon. They both were elected members of the club not long ago."

"Quite a nice club," Miss Belle murmured. "All the best people around here belong. If I only had someone to go there with me now, it would be such a comfort."

"No man," Mrs. King declared with conviction, "could have had a happier home or have lived a more contented life, and what I say is that a man of his character should be easy enough to trace anywhere. Pretty pass things have come to when every day all they can tell me at Scotland Yard is that they are still without news."

"It does seem extraordinary," Angus admitted politely.

"Any more questions?" Mrs. King inquired. "Because if not, I'll finish my tea."

"I can't think of any for the moment," Angus admitted, rising.

"If there are, I can answer them," Miss Belle assured him. "I love to talk about it. One feels one's doing something."

"Wishing you good evening, young man," Mrs. King said, making toward the door.

Angus sprang up, held the door open and bowed his farewells to Belle. She rose reluctantly.

"Sure you wouldn't like to stay a little longer and see if you can think of anything else you want to ask?"

"If there is anything, I'll call again, if I may," he suggested.

He looked back as he started his car to find Miss Belle watching from the window. She waved her hand regretfully. Angus smiled as he raised his hat. His little glimpse of the missing man's home life had been uninspiring.

AT WHAT he thought a suitable hour in the morning Angus presented himself at the offices of Messrs. Gutteridge, Mason & Co., wholesale chemists, sent in his card and asked for a few minutes with one of the partners. A small man, who, it appeared, was Gutteridge, presently received him, and Angus briefly explained his business.

"We are willing to do everything we can to help, of course," Mr. Gutteridge said, twisting the card round in his fingers, "but the Scotland Yard people have pumped us pretty dry a good many times. If the family are sanctioning your intervention, why, of course, we'll answer any questions you like to put. I warn you, however, that nothing we can tell you will throw the slightest light on King's disappearance. It remains as great a mystery to us today as on the first morning when he failed to turn up."

"There is only one question I am going to ask you," Angus said. "That is about his late night every Thursday—shipping night or something."

Mr. Gutteridge stared at him.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"I understand," Angus explained, "that while he left here at six o'clock punctually every night of the week except Saturdays and Sundays, on Thursdays he was detained here sometimes very late indeed by extra work."

"Nothing of the sort," was the sharp reply. "There are no mails out on a Friday, for one thing, and we shouldn't think of keeping an employee after hours if there were."

"Do I understand, then," Angus persisted, with a sudden vast access of interest in the case, "that Mr. King left here on Thursday night at six o'clock as usual?"

"Certainly. There was no reason why he should be later on Thursdays than any other night."

"The Thursday, for instance, before his disappearance?"

"I walked up the street with him myself. It wasn't five minutes past six when we reached the corner."

"I am very much obliged," Angus said, rising to his feet. "Supposing I have occasion, you will not mind my interviewing some of your porters or warehousemen?"

"Ask them what you like," Mr. Gutteridge conceded. "King was a good servant and a steady fellow, and what the police are doing, that they can't find out what's become of him, beats me. I wish you good day, sir."

Angus stepped back into his car and made his somewhat tedious way to Chiswick. He found Mrs. King alone in the house (*Continued on page 44*)

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Mother's Day

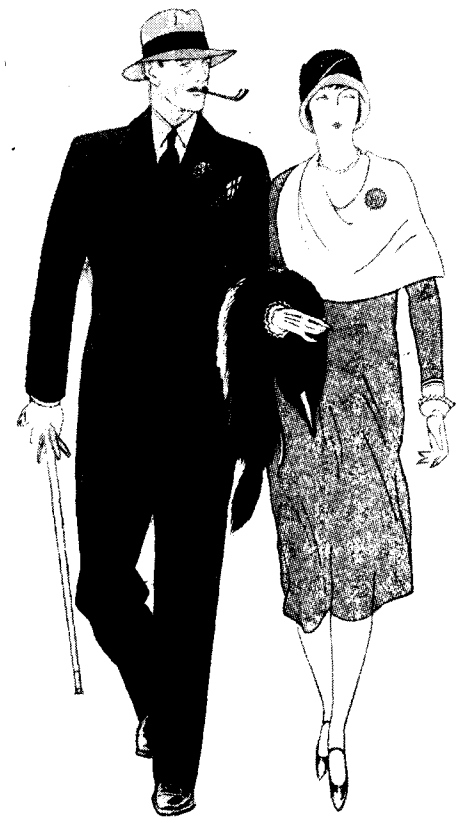
SUNDAY, MAY 8TH

Say it with Flowers

DAVE is managing a lumber mill in the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina. Jack's weekly letter is postmarked Seattle, and Rose is blossoming into a lovely flower at that Eastern Finishing School.

But today . . . . . a trio of long, mysterious boxes . . . . . three little cards, each with a cherished greeting . . . . .

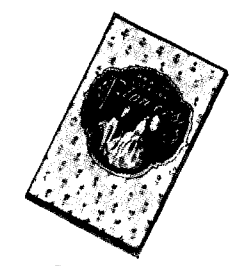
Of course Mother put *all* of the flowers in one big, roomy vase.



That's just the sort of thing a Mother *would* think of, isn't it? Tenderly her arms entwine the great bundle of blossoms. Closer . . . . . *closer*, she hugs them to her heart.

A magic sorcery it is, that gives you the power to wire flowers to Mother, though she may be half-a-world away—a service instituted by the Florists Telegraph Delivery, comprising thousands of bonded members who send flowers to all parts of the world.

Carnations are Mother's own flower. Wear them Sunday in her honor. A cheery red blossom is for you who know the joy of Mother's presence; a pure white one if her face is but a cherished memory.



Send for this Book

Send 10c (coin or stamps) to cover mailing costs for beautifully illustrated, helpful book: *How to Care for Flowers*. Society of American Florists, 247 Park Ave., New York City.

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The Horseshoe Nails

By GEORGE WESTON

Val tells his friends a story which sows the first seed toward hitching to the wheels of fortune

"I knew this morning I was going to have a happy day"

The Story Thus Far:

VAL WILLOUGHBY, a statistical clerk in the firm of Trevelyn, Welles & Co., asks for a raise and is rudely turned down.

Very much in the depths of despair he goes home to his boarding house, where he and three friends hold down the Stags' table.

After supper he goes for a walk hopelessly planning some way to get out of the humdrum of always being a small hired man. Suddenly he realizes that a taxicab ahead of him is being held up. He rushes to the rescue of the passengers, a lovely young girl and her escort; knocks out one of the robbers but fails to catch the other. When he turns again to the car, its occupants have fled.

Next morning the story of the holdup and Val's part in it is in the paper and there is quite a stir in Mrs. Murcote's boarding house. While the Stags are at breakfast the girl of the taxi calls Val up and they arrange to meet for lunch at the Langham.

TREVELYN, WELLES & CO. closed at noon on Saturdays, so Val had time to hurry uptown to Mrs. Murcote's before setting out to keep his engagement at the Langham. Heretofore his lunches had been confined to those crowded establishments where you either sat at a counter and tried not to get your sleeves wet from the liquid refreshments of those who had been before or to those more exciting maelstroms where you fished for your own and presently fought your way with whatever you had caught to a low chair—one of the arms of which had been ingeniously fashioned to serve as table.

And yet if you had seen Val as he entered the lobby of the Langham at twenty-five minutes past one that pleasant June day, you would have been pardoned for thinking that he always lunched in some such fashionable environment—that every day he met a starry-eyed goddess under a palm and carried her off to such caviare joys as the workaday world never knew.

TALL, young, eager, and unmistakably good-looking in his new blue serge, he might have been to the Langham born, and more than one waiting girl looked up first with hope and then with interest as he strode up the carpeted stairway which led to the lobby. For this perhaps his color was partly responsible—excitement and shyness together giving him a shade which might have made you think of yachts and Bar Harbor and shooting on the Scottish moors. And this too is rather rich. Sometimes the sergeant sported a cane when his knee reminded him too sharply of old campaigns, and just before he left Mrs. Murcote's Val had borrowed Tony's cane and was carelessly carrying it now as he strolled through the public rooms of the Langham—and probably finding the same comfort in it that a small boy finds in his whistle when hurrying home at night.

"I wonder if I walked right past her and didn't know her?" he anxiously asked himself after he had completed the circuit of waiting beauty. "I'd hate to have them think I was staring, but I guess I'll have to go round again."

It was then that he caught sight of the sergeant, majestically keeping watch from near the cigar counter—like a faithful, deep-chested sentry whom nothing could move from guard.

"Good old Tony!" thought Val. "I mustn't look at him, though, or it will spoil his game." So he looked at the clock over the desk instead. "There!" he added. "Just half past one—the time she said—"

And then all at once he saw her coming up the carpeted stairs—a graceful figure, her eyes already searching the lobby in suppressed excitement. Val hurried forward to meet her, and she greeted him almost gayly, quite as though they had been old friends.

"I was so afraid I'd be late," she said. "Isn't this exciting? I can't begin to tell you how I'm thrilling inside. Shall we lunch upstairs?"

Following her lead, they strolled to the elevators together—a stroll which carried them not far from the cigar counter—and you ought to have seen the impassive look on the sergeant's face as they passed him. . . .

"He knows it's the right girl now," thought Val. "Because if it hadn't been the girl in the taxi, I wouldn't be going to lunch with her."

They went up to the roof restaurant, and the head waiter, giving them one quick look, immediately led them to a table on a glass-inclosed balcony—a table with such a far-flung view of the city below that if Val had been in any other company he would probably have stood and stared at it. But that noon at least he had eyes only for another picture, and if you had been there you probably wouldn't have greatly blamed him.

She was, he guessed later, about twenty, but figures didn't occur to him at the time—possibly because of the smile she had waiting for him every time their eyes met. They ordered lunch—filet of sole and Langham salad, for those who are curious—and then she leaned forward in her chair and laced her fingers together, and for some foolish reason it pleased Val to see that there was neither wedding nor engagement ring on the third finger of her left hand.

"I ought to tell you first," she said, "why I didn't stay to thank you last night. Dad doesn't approve of Ted—the man who was taking me home. He's a cousin of mine, in a way, and you know how it often is with relatives. And you'd understand this better, I think, if you knew Dad—as I hope you will some day," she ingenuously added.

"Starry-eyed . . . Starry-eyed . . ." Val was thinking, but he nodded in a very earnest way.

"He could make it terribly hard for Ted," she as earnestly continued—"and I suppose that's one reason why Ted didn't stop last night—because both of our names would have been in the papers, and somebody would have told Dad about it, even if he hadn't read it himself. But, all the same, I'm sorry that Ted didn't do more to help you."

Even Val could see that she didn't think much of her noncombatant cousin.

"Never mind," he said. "You helped enough. The way you cracked him over the wrist—"

"Oh, did you see that?" she breathlessly asked—evidently proud that Val knew about it too.

"You bet I did," he told her. "And a good thing for me it happened—or I probably wouldn't be here today."

She was so pleased—so pleased, indeed, that a suspicion of tears appeared for a few moments in her eyes.

The conversation turned to pleasanter things: the Ophelias in the vase between them, old-fashioned flowers in country gardens, Val's six months in France, Rheims before and after, French girls, American girls, the people at the surrounding tables, character as read by the shape of hands, Val's hands, her hands, the scratch on Val's cheek and whether or not it would leave a scar. . . .

IN SHORT, before they knew it, it was a quarter to three, and they probably wouldn't have known it then if it hadn't suddenly occurred to them that they were the only ones left on the balcony.

"I never, never knew the time to go so fast!" she said, hurriedly gathering her pocketbook and gloves and scarf together, "and—the worst of it is, I'm to meet some friends at the Grand Central at five minutes to three. But if I'm not held up again in a taxi—"

So Val paid the check—which was only $3.10 after all, with fifty cents for the waiter—and they hurried to the elevator and were down in the lobby again in no time.

"I'll see you to your taxi," said Val, adding in a voice not altogether untouched with mournfulness, "I shall be with you that much longer, at any rate."

"You may come to the station with me if you like," she said as they hurried down the stairs.

If he liked! He was in the taxi after her like a shot.

"You're awfully quiet," she gently

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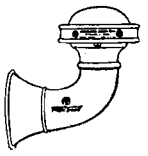
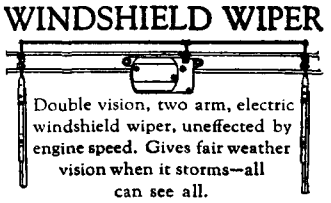
OTHER BOSCH AUTOMOTIVE NECESSITIES

BOSCH TRAFFIC-TUNED HORNS, Electric



Four sizes and types of instantaneous warning signals with distinctive tones and efficient warning.

BOSCH ELECTRIC WINDSHIELD WIPER



Double vision, two arm, electric windshield wiper, uneffected by engine speed. Gives fair weather vision when it storms—all can see all.

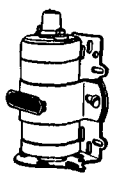
BOSCH SPARK PLUGS

Gas-tight, heat resisting Bosch Spark Plugs give big, ribbon-like sparks for cold weather starting.

BOSCH IGNITION FOR FORDS

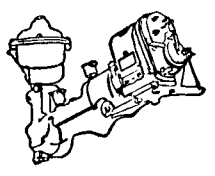
Automatic, dependable Bosch ignition adds new performance to Fords, improves power and gives greater mileage.

BOSCH UNIVERSAL IGNITION COIL



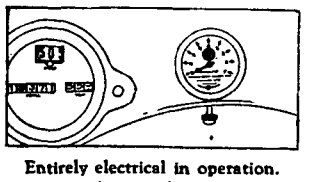
Replaces ignition coils on all makes of cars and trucks. Gives Bosch standard of dependable performance.

BOSCH MAGNETO AND GOVERNOR FOR FORDSONS



Automatic control for Fordsons. Saves in operation and improves the performance. Saves its cost in a season.

BOSCH AUTOMATIC GAS SIGNAL



Entirely electrical in operation. Accurately records gasoline in tank and automatically flashes warning before tank is empty.

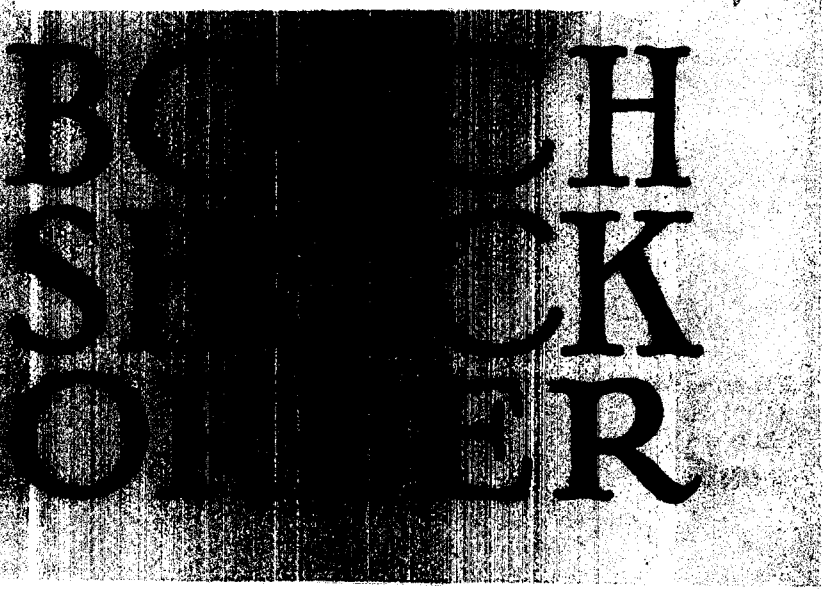
BOSCH RADIO

receivers are noted for their tonal quality, beauty of appearance and simplicity of operation. Wide range of selection is had in 5, 6 and 7-tube receivers, two-cone type reproducers and a range of power units.

THE gliding ease of the airplane would be your description of the improved riding qualities of your car when it is equipped with Bosch Shock Absorbers. Regardless of your make of car, Bosch Shock Absorbers will add a new riding comfort. They can be installed on your present car. Certainly insist upon them for your new car. Their cost is low, the installation simple and they save repair and lessen wear. Side sway and the galloping motion is eliminated through correct control. You have a new sense of safety and security in riding or driving the Bosch Shock Absorber equipped car.

For Fords (3-point Control Set) Complete $16.50 per set.
Medium Cars $15.00 per pair. Heavy Cars $20.00 per pair.

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORP.
MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
BRANCHES: NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO



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teased him, after they had ridden the first block in silence.

"Yes," said Val, who for the last half hour had been asking himself whether he could afford a girl after all—especially a girl who rode in taxis and lunched at the Langham. " . . . I feel quiet."

"Cheer up," she said. "The world's just full of the nicest of things; I'm sure that all men should be happy as kings."

Val said rather a bold thing then—his boldness tempered, however, by the hollow tone in which he spoke:

"You're the nicest thing I've ever known," said he.

For which perhaps she didn't exactly hate him.

"Perhaps you'd better be quiet, after all," she smiled.

"Starry-eyed . . . Starry-eyed . . ." dreamed Val to himself.

Indeed, if he had dreamed less and talked more he might have been better off, for it wasn't until he was alone in the taxi at the Grand Central that he suddenly remembered that he hadn't asked her if he could see her again . . . that, worse than this, he hadn't even learned her name . . . !

MEANWHILE the sergeant's afternoon was not altogether devoid of incident. After making sure that no one was following Val at the Langham, he strolled over to Broadway, glorying in the June sunshine—big, broad, handsome, wise and sporty.

"It must have been the right girl," he told himself, "or Val wouldn't have gone with her. But I'll have to talk to that young man when I see him again—pinching my stick like that!"

The sergeant too was wearing a spring suit—a brown and gray check known to the sporting world as the Prince of Wales pattern—and more than one admiring glance was directed to him as he strolled along the sidewalk, towering nearly a head above the crowd.

He continued his stroll to the Giffen Theatre, where Tut-tut, Tessie! was on its last two weeks. There he stood importantly in the lobby till half past two, when he bought a general admission for the matinée and took his station back of the rail in time to applaud the opening chorus.

Indeed, if you had been there, you probably would have noticed that he applauded the chorus whenever it appeared, and when one of the end girls said, "Listen, girls; it's a joke"—her only line in the play—the sergeant's laughter drew glances of surprise or irritation from nearly everyone near him: glances that he met with such minatory frowns, almost before he had finished laughing, that the glances, both of surprise and irritation, were quickly withdrawn.

After the performance he waited on the side street for the girls to come out of the stage entrance, and one of these—the girl who had said, "Listen, girls; it's a joke"—joined him, and they walked away together.

"I thought I heard you laughing at my line," she began.

She was a brunette—one of those rare specimens with a saucy nose—and although she was down on the program, Lucille La Motte, under "Ladies of the Chorus," the sergeant could have told you that she still dreamed of the time when she would be starred in musical comedy and have her name emblazoned in the immortality of electric lights.

"And, believe me, I'm glad you were there," she continued. "I needed somebody to laugh at my jokes today."

They pushed along through the after-theatre crowd—a tidal wave of heads and faces—a wave which seemed to have neither beginning nor end.

"What's the matter?" asked Tony.

"Same old story," she told him. "They gave Dad the gate again because he was all wet. Dropped the cannon ball twice in Philadelphia yesterday; and the second time it went over the footlights and put the drummer out of business."

"Been drinking?" frowned the sergeant.

"Drinking? Sure, he'd been drinking. And the worst of it is they're broke, and Heaven only knows what they're going to do this summer."

So near the Fifties they turned east until they reached a small professional hotel.

TONY and Lucille inquired at the desk, and then walked upstairs to a small room on the back of the second floor—a room where Flip, Flop and The Dog, Jugglers Extraordinary, had temporarily pitched their tents.

Flip, as you may have guessed, was Lucille's father, and if you had seen him he might have reminded you of an old Shakespearean actor on the end of a spree. He was known among his friends as the Doctor, and when he was right he could do more things with a cannon ball than the army ever knew.

Flop was Lucille's mother—a faded blonde—rather stout and rather deaf, but dressed remarkably young.

And the dog was Napoleon—a wire-haired terrier who sat up and barked and wagged his tail the moment he saw Lucille. She and Tony stayed nearly an hour. At first the Doctor had started a dignified tirade against the movies; but soon, breaking off and trembling a little, he asked Tony if he had anything to drink. The sergeant talked to him then in his huskiest voice, and the Doctor gradually became maudlin and wept at the sadness of life. Over in the corner, Tony noticed, Lucille slipped a small (*Continued on page 47*)

"Starry-eyed . . . Starry-eyed . . ." Val was thinking, but he nodded in a very earnest way

Illustrated by JOHN H. CROSMAN

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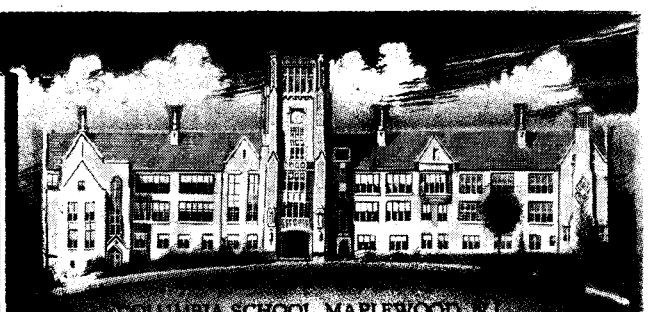
La Londe

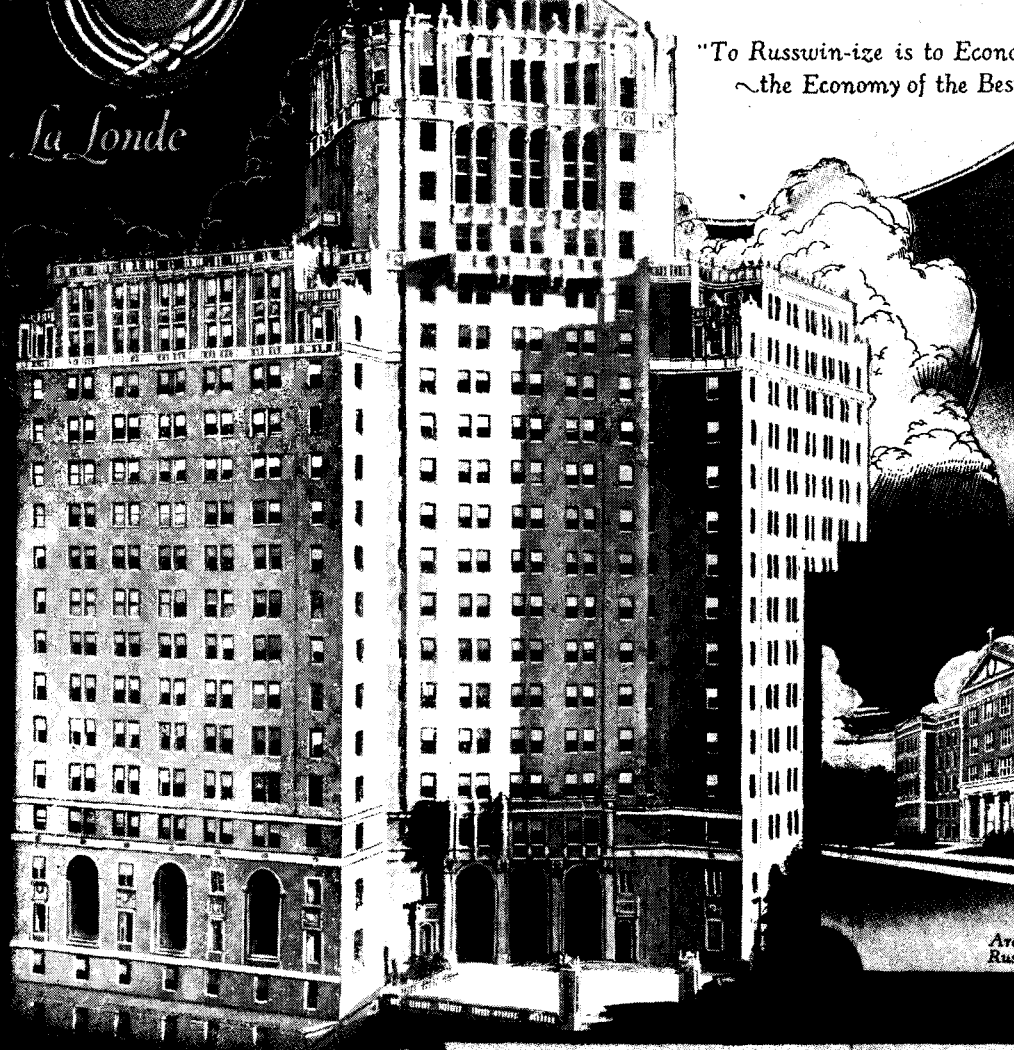


COLUMBIA SCHOOL, MAPLEWOOD, N.J.
Architects—Guilbert & Betelle, Newark, N.J.
Contractors—Bowe & Millimet, Union City, N.J.
Russwin Dealers—B. Myer Co., Newark, N.J.

McGREGOR LIBRARY, HIGHLAND PARK, MICH.
Architects—Tilton & Githens, New York, N.Y.
Associate Architects—Burrowes & Eurich, Detroit, Mich.
Contractors—Martin & Krausman Co., Detroit, Mich.
Russwin Dealers—Charles Holmes, Arcade Hardware, Highland Park, Mich.

THE COMMODORE PERRY HOTEL, TOLEDO, OHIO
Architects—Mills, Rhines, Bellman & Nordhoff, Toledo, Ohio
Contractors—H. J. Speiker & Co., Toledo, Ohio
Russwin Dealers—Stollberg Hardware & Paint Co., Toledo, Ohio

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, E. ST. LOUIS, ILL.
Architect & Contractor—Frank Kratzer, St. Louis, Mo.
Russwin Dealers—Melcher-Schene Hardware Co., St. St. Louis, Mo.



HOTEL MARK HOPKINS
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
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Contractors—McDonald & Kahn, San Francisco, Cal.
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NEW RICHMOND ACADEMY, AUGUSTA, GA.
Architects—Scrogge & Ewing, Augusta, Ga.
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Russwin Dealers—Bowen Bros. Hardware Co., Augusta, Ga.

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McGoofey's *First* Reader

A Primer for Dressmakers of Both Sexes

By H. I. PHILLIPS

WHAT is this? *This is a girl. The girl's name is Jane. But not necessarily.*

Is she going swimming? *No, Jane is not going swimming.*

Then why is she in a bathing suit? *She is not in a bathing suit, ninny. That is her 1927 street frock.*

Lesson II

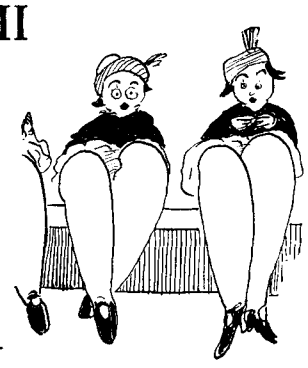
Who is this? *This is a lady.*

She looks just like the other lady. *Yes.*

Is she the other lady's sister? *Omigosh, no!*

The resemblance is very strong. *True, but you never can tell these days. She may be her grandmother.*

Lesson III



What is this? *Guess.*

A scene from the Ziegfeld Follies? *No. Ziegfeld has reformed and is going straight. Guess again.*

A cover design for a French magazine? *No.*

Then what is it? *It is a scene in any hotel lobby.*

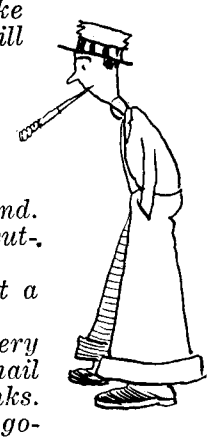
Lesson IV

What is this? *This is a man. The man's name is Paul.*

Paul who? *Never mind, Paul who. It is Paul, the Parisian style czar.*

What is Paul doing? *Paul is frowning. He is in despair.*

Why is Paul in despair? *He can't think of any way to make them shorter and still keep out of jail.*



Lesson V

This is John.

Who is John? *John is Jane's boy friend.*

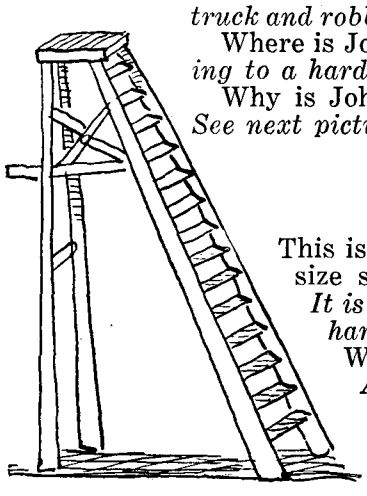
Is he in the navy? *No: the tailors are cutting the trousers that way this season.*

Is John a good boy? *No, John is not a good boy.*

Has he done anything very bad? *Not very bad. He has merely held up a mail truck and robbed a couple of banks.*

Where is John going? *He is going to a hardware store.*

Why is John going to a hardware store? *See next picture.*



Lesson VI

This is a stepladder. It is the largest size stepladder sold. What of it? *It is the reason John is going to the hardware store.*

Will John buy the stepladder? *Absolutely.*

What does John want with the stepladder? *He is going to hide behind a woman's skirts.*

Twin Wives

Continued from page 7

contemplated marriage on the morrow were nervous. And her condition was peculiar in that she knew that she could never achieve that romantic love for her husband which is a maiden's natural hope. But there was no use in dwelling on the frustration of her romantic dream. She had finally accepted Dean, and in twelve hours she would be his wife.

Out upon the stage pranced the chorus again. Once more she studied the face and form of the girl who had attracted her attention. The apprehension left her, dismissed by an effort of will. Now her attitude was one of curiosity alone.

What sort of girl was this? What was her name? Reference to the program would not identify the girl, for the "ladies of the ensemble" were grouped together on the program with nothing to indicate who was who. She might be Lorna Fadette or Gwendolyn Mannering or Mercedes Lagoya or any other of the fancifully named young women.

But what was she like? Did the fawn-like grace of her body indicate a blithe heart? Did wit accompany the curved lips that looked as though they might so easily be provoked to smiles? Were the black eyes, somewhat incongruous with the blond hair, shallow or deep?

Eleanor felt a wish to meet the girl. A fleeting envy of the chorus girl possessed her. Probably she was happy, heart-whole and fancy-free. Or perhaps she was attached to some young fellow of the theatre, and they planned mutual success. She wasn't married; there was, for all her nearly nude body and its sometimes suggestive posturing, something virginal about her.

What an advantage such a girl possessed over Eleanor Sanver! This girl's parents probably would not object to her marrying any decent young fellow. There would be no inquiries as to his social and financial rating; there would be no ugly hints as to the mercenary quality of his love.

How she, Eleanor Sanver, would like to change places with this pretty but obscure chorus girl!

She laughed quietly at herself and dismissed her vagaries. Dean had managed, in the interval between acts, to edge Rannie Curwood forward in the box until that buccaneer of finance sat beside the prize he had won.

DEAN'S hand fumbled for Eleanor's fingers. After all, there was something satisfying, solacing, in his strong clasp. If ever Dean came to the belief that Eleanor could never give him more than comradeship, Dean would accept the situation like the chivalrous gentleman he was.

He would never reproach, never whine, and never humiliate her by taking to himself a mistress. Dean was one thing that Phil never had been—a gentleman.

Zogbaum paid the most distinguished party in the house the tribute of a call during the last act. The whole company was going on to The Keyhole, New York's latest fancy in night clubs. He was asking a few guests to go along. Carey turned questioningly to Eleanor. She didn't want to go, but the pleading light in her father's eyes caused her to accept the invitation. Dear old Daddy Tom! He fancied himself as a first-class performer of the Charleston, and hated to forgo any opportunity to display his agility. He had suffered from insomnia for more than fifteen years, ever since Mrs. Sanver's death, and the advent of night clubs had been a boon to him. He was a conspicuous figure in them, and yet Eleanor knew that his name had never been connected with any woman of the half-world, and that he was not derided as a "sugar papa." Bless his heart, if he wanted to Charleston, he should do so.

As for the Curwoods, nothing could make Tessie go to bed except the closing of all places of entertainment. And Dean was willing enough. So the party pressed its way through the mob of the curious that had stood in a drizzling rain, soaked and chilled, but warmly happy in the realization that it had seen scores of celebrities enter and leave New York's newest playhouse. Photographers who had missed some faces before the performance cannonaded the street with their flashlight explosions, and fashion reporters made final amendments to their notes of the women's costumes.

The Keyhole was jammed. Word had mysteriously gone forth, as word always does on such occasions, that Zogbaum's entire cast would appear, and everybody who could afford to bribe a head waiter seemingly was present when Eleanor and her party entered the place.

SHE was used to a buzz of whispers on her appearance in any public gathering. She knew, without too great vanity, that she was above the average in good looks. She did not know that her beauty alone would have marked her, entirely aside from the fact that she was the daughter of Thomas G. Sanver, heiress to one of the great American fortunes.

She was not extraordinarily beautiful according to conventional standards. True, her hair was black, with a lustrous sheen that suggested color, and it was bobbed most becomingly. Her black eyes, with the well-defined brows that curved quizzically upward; her strong nose, with the sensitive nostrils; the short upper lip; the mobile mouth, with the faintest hint of a dimple; the firm chin, and the lovely body were all beautiful enough, but not so much so as to satisfy the tastes of those who are wedded to conventions. For the eyebrows weren't matched, and the nose was not flawless, and her shoulders were a trifle too wide. But there was something about her manner, her bearing, something defiant and proud, that differentiated her from other women. One versed in reading countenances would have found in her features the attraction which belongs only to persons whose next action is unguessable.

And everyone on The Keyhole floor united in exclaiming that she and Carey made the handsomest couple present. Had she cared anything about this sort of triumph, she would have been gratified beyond measure, for she was the most-sought-after woman in the place, and this despite the fact that Zogbaum's actresses were present.

But finally Daddy Tom had Charlestoned enough. To her suggestion that they go home he made willing assent, so Eleanor went to the cloakroom to reacquire the wrap which she had left there earlier.

As she stood before a mirror in the dressing-room, a gayly metallic voice burst into loud speech:

"Well, if our little touch-me-not Cynthia ain't grabbed herself a John after all! And what a boy he must be! Did he borrow the pearls from his wife or did you pick them out yourself?"

Curiously, Eleanor glanced in the direction whence came the voice. She saw a rather too-brazen beauty, who eyed her grinningly. At the moment there was no one else in the dressing-room.

"Thought you wouldn't go to the party? Thought you never did go on parties? Thought you didn't have anything fit to wear, even if you did want to go? And here you are dressed like a million, with another million around your neck!"

Eleanor's brows drew close together. Quite obviously the speaker had mistaken her for someone else. She had called her by the name of Cynthia, and Eleanor remembered that there had been a Cynthia Brown in the list of names of the chorus at tonight's show.

(*Continued on page 34*)

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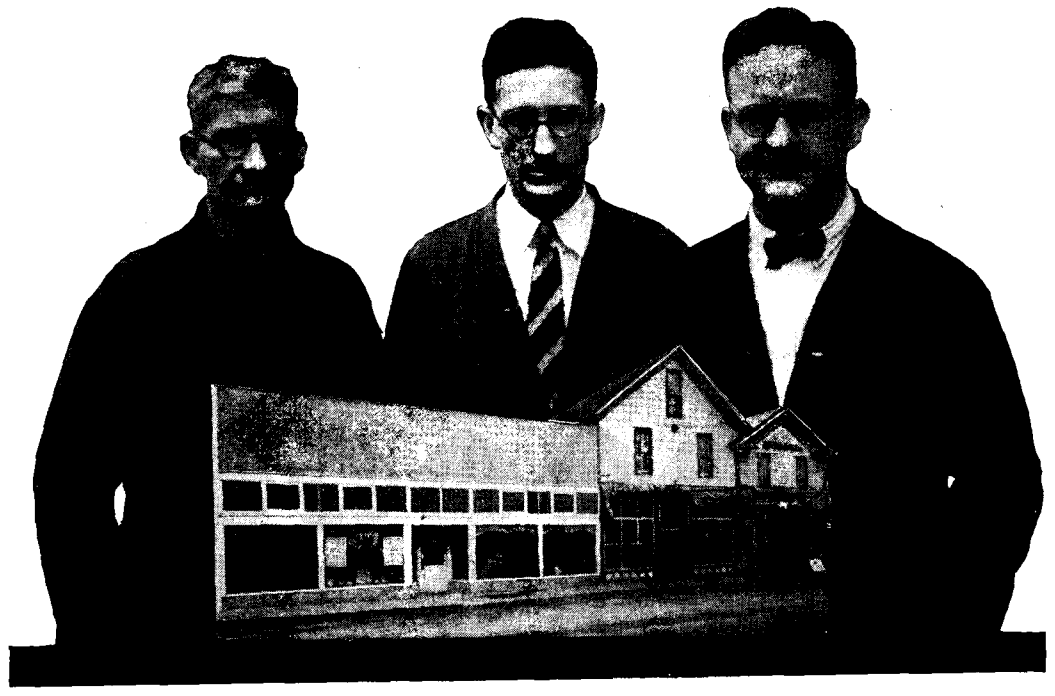
THE THREE KNIGHTS—

They do a $125,000-a-year business in a 73-family town



IN a little Indiana village, the three Knights—father and two sons—run a retail store that averages better than $400 in sales every day in the week except Sunday.

You can't get into this village by interurban, bus, or train. It has only 73 dwellings in it. And it hasn't even a newspaper. Yet here in this tiny hamlet is the store that did a $125,000 retail business last year—and is aiming at the $150,000-mark this year with every indication of hitting it.

How Do They Do it?

The Knights' merchandising methods ought to be interesting to every small-city retailer in the country.

For the kind of selling that pushes a store's daily sales volume above $400 must be built on the soundest and most progressive merchandising ideas.

And it's for this reason that Farm & Fireside sent its special interviewer out to visit the Knight store—to talk to the men who run it, and to get their viewpoints on sure-fire selling methods—in order to pass the information on to other dealers throughout the country.

Told in the Folder

The Knights' own story of the methods they used to build up their big success is now printed in folder form, ready for distribution.

If you're interested in how to overcome the disadvantages of location by widening your trading area—send for this folder and see how the Knights did it.

If you want to know their substitute for newspaper advertising—what they've learned about farmers' buying habits—how they keep their trade from driving into nearby cities to buy—get this folder which carries Farm & Fireside's personal interview with them. It contains a lot of tried and proven merchandising ideas which every dealer who wants to get more trade and bigger profits can apply simply and easily in his own business.

This is another of Farm & Fireside's *successful-dealer* interviews. Others will follow throughout the year. And thus, in making available the business methods which successful merchants have used in building up farm trade, Farm & Fireside is simply meeting an obligation to retailers and advertisers which its leadership confers.

But—getting these interviews and publishing them is only a part of Farm & Fireside's service to retailers.

Farm & Fireside's Bigger Service to Small-City Retailers

The biggest benefit comes when the dealer ties up closely to the products that are offered in Farm & Fireside's advertising pages—and specially displays and features them. As every dealer knows, Farm & Fireside is a real force for influencing farm people to buy. And the yearly growth of advertising in Farm & Fireside proves that manufacturers recognize this fact, too.

A glance through a copy of Farm & Fireside quickly tells *why* its advertising pages register in more than 1,200,000 farm homes—for here is a 100-per-cent *personal* magazine—edited straight to the individual—and read with *warmer interest* than any other farm publication.

Farm & Fireside

The National Farm Magazine

READ IN MORE THAN 1,200,000 FARM HOMES

FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Merchandising Department
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Send me Farm & Fireside's interview with the three Knights—in which they explain the methods they used to extend their trading area and build up their farm business.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

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TWIN WIVES

Continued from page 32

That name must belong to the girl about whom she had speculated so much. Yet that girl, with all her points of resemblance to Eleanor, had one mark of difference so distinguishing that no one could have mistaken her for Tom Sanver's daughter. The girl of the chorus had golden hair.

Then her bewilderment vanished, as from another door came the girl who was so strikingly like herself. And her hair was as black as Eleanor's own. A blond wig that she had worn in the chorus had been the only reason why all the rest of the party in the box had not agreed with Eleanor that the likeness was extraordinary.

Extraordinary? That word was altogether too feeble to describe the resemblance. Feature for feature, even to the lashes, to the hinted-at dimple, to the flaw in the bridge of the nose, to the shoulders a trifle too wide, these two were replicas of each other.

Save for the fact that they wore different clothes, there were no means that Eleanor could ascertain instantly whereby one could be told from the other.

Eleanor was the first to break the almost stupefied silence. She laughed nervously.

"It's almost like looking into a mirror, isn't it?"

The other girl nodded gravely. "Except that you don't make the same motions that I do."

"Your voice is just like mine," declared Eleanor.

"Our clothing and jewelry are a trifle different, though," the other girl smiled. "You're Eleanor Sanver, aren't you?"

"I'm glad to hear you say so. I thought I might be Cynthia Brown," replied Eleanor.

"Now how on earth did you know my name?" asked the owner of the name.

"How did you know mine?" demanded Eleanor.

"I read the papers and see the rotogravures," said Cynthia.

"And a young lady just called me Cynthia. I saw you in the theatre tonight, and in spite of your wig I noticed our resemblance to each other. I remembered that there had been a Cynthia Brown on the program."

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" laughed Cynthia.

HEART-WHOLE and fancy-free! So Eleanor had characterized her in the theatre, and so, listening to her light gurgle of merriment, she characterized her now.

"Do about it? Why"—and Eleanor laughed in her turn—"I think we should study each other, look for flaws and suggest corrections. Looking in a mirror is so unsatisfactory. You never can tell whether the seams run exactly straight in your stockings by looking in a mirror."

"We should wear each other's clothes, eh?"

"Something like that," assented Eleanor. "Anyway, we must get together; we must find out if we are related. As soon as I return from my—honeymoon," she stumbled over the word, "I'll look you up. Will you give me your address?"

With perfect simplicity, as though utterly unaware that there was any difference in the social status of a chorus girl and Tom Sanver's daughter, the girl drew a card from a pocket.

"Always have one with me. You never know when you'll meet a manager who'll want your address and phone number. Here it is. And I'd love to see you."

Quite unaccountably Eleanor shook hands with Cynthia.

"Do you know, I've never really had a girl friend. I'd like to have you."

The other girl colored shyly. "I'm the same and feel the same. I wonder if we're cousins."

"Better than that; we're friends," said Eleanor.

And something in the girl whose hand she clasped seemed to respond, exactly as Daddy Tom responded to her.

SHE lay awake late that night. And her thoughts were not of Phil nor of Dean, but of the replica of herself whom she had met and with whom she knew that she had founded something more than an acquaintance or even a friendship. Apprehension had left her; instead something strangely comforting had taken apprehension's place. . . .

Something touched her shoulder; she awoke, screaming. Aghast, her maid stared at her.

"Miss Sanver—I'm so sorry—but it's ten—"

Fright left Eleanor's eyes. The deepest of blushes swept over her cheeks, staining even her throat and breast.

"I must have been having a nightmare," she explained. How could she tell the maid that in her dream the hand that touched her had been the hand of Dean Carey and that its touch had brought the scream of protest to her lips?

The maid beamed upon her. "Nightmares just before you're married mean good luck. Your coffee is just made. Drink it while it's hot."

She crossed the room and raised the curtains. "As nice a day for a wedding as ever was. And as pretty a bride as ever was too."

Eleanor's eyes twinkled over her cup. "If my husband says as nice things to me as you do, Mary, I'll be badly spoiled."

"Then you'll be spoiled," laughed the maid, "or the man ain't human."

Eleanor had recovered now from her embarrassment. Evidently she had not cried Dean's name, had not indicated to the maid the horror that, in a dream, Dean's touch had inspired.

How unjust her subconscious self was to Dean! Her mouth became tender. Dear Dean! Her conscious self would pay in brimming measure for the injustice done to him by the subconscious self.

"Your bath is ready," the maid interrupted her self-accusatory reverie. "And you haven't eaten a bite," she went on.

Eleanor shook her head impatiently; any intimacy that the nearness of the great occasion might call forth from the maid was effectually cut off by the gesture. Mary had been Eleanor's maid for five years. Tears and interminable talk would gush from her eyes and lips on the slightest provocation. She was more excited by the approaching ceremony than was her mistress.

It was not excitement that possessed Eleanor. She was numb, not so much physically as mentally and spiritually. Not even the touch of cold water revived her.

This was her wedding day. She should have been all athrill; instead, she was hazily indifferent, save at moments when a feeling akin to panic made her tremble.

Her father dropped in to see her while she was in negligee. His bluff heartiness poorly disguised his real nervousness.

"How's my great big lump of a girl? Glad to leave her old dad?"

She threw her arms about him. "You know better than that."

"Well, after all, I'm just a father, and parents are natural-born fools. Kind of been thinking that maybe I shooed this Dean lad along when it was my business to let you manage your own affairs."

Well, four years ago he hadn't let her manage her own affairs, she thought bitterly. But that was over and done with. Phil had proved himself undeserving of her love, and she must be grateful for her father's management. And he hadn't shooed Dean along. Dean had done his own shooing. She smiled up into Daddy Tom's eyes.

"I guess I picked myself the best husband a girl could have," she bravely equivocated.

Sanver enveloped her in a mighty hug. "Never forget one thing: A husband is only a husband, but a father is everything."

"I'll never forget," she promised.

But what did Daddy Tom mean by this grandiloquence? Not a thing in the world. Because the man she had loved lacked money, Daddy Tom had made her see him for the mercenary thing he was. He'd not tried to bring out the best in Phil, but had shown her his worst. But that was ended now.

THE maid reminded her that it was now almost eleven, and that the ceremony was scheduled for high noon. Eleanor pushed her father from the room and turned to the serious business of arraying herself. Pirouetting before the mirror, her reflection brought inevitably to her mind recollection of Cynthia. She sat down before a table and reached for the telephone.

Funny that she didn't need to look at the card that Cynthia had given her last night. The number was engraved upon her memory as deeply as though she had asked for it every day for months.

"This is Eleanor Sanver," she said.

Along the wire came her own laugh. "Did you think I wouldn't know my own voice?" asked Cynthia.

"I just wanted to remind you that we're friends," said Eleanor.

"You don't need to remind me," said the other girl.

"And you'll come to see me as soon as I return?" asked Eleanor eagerly.

"You may be sure of that," said Cynthia. "Good luck and happiness."

"Thank you," said Eleanor.

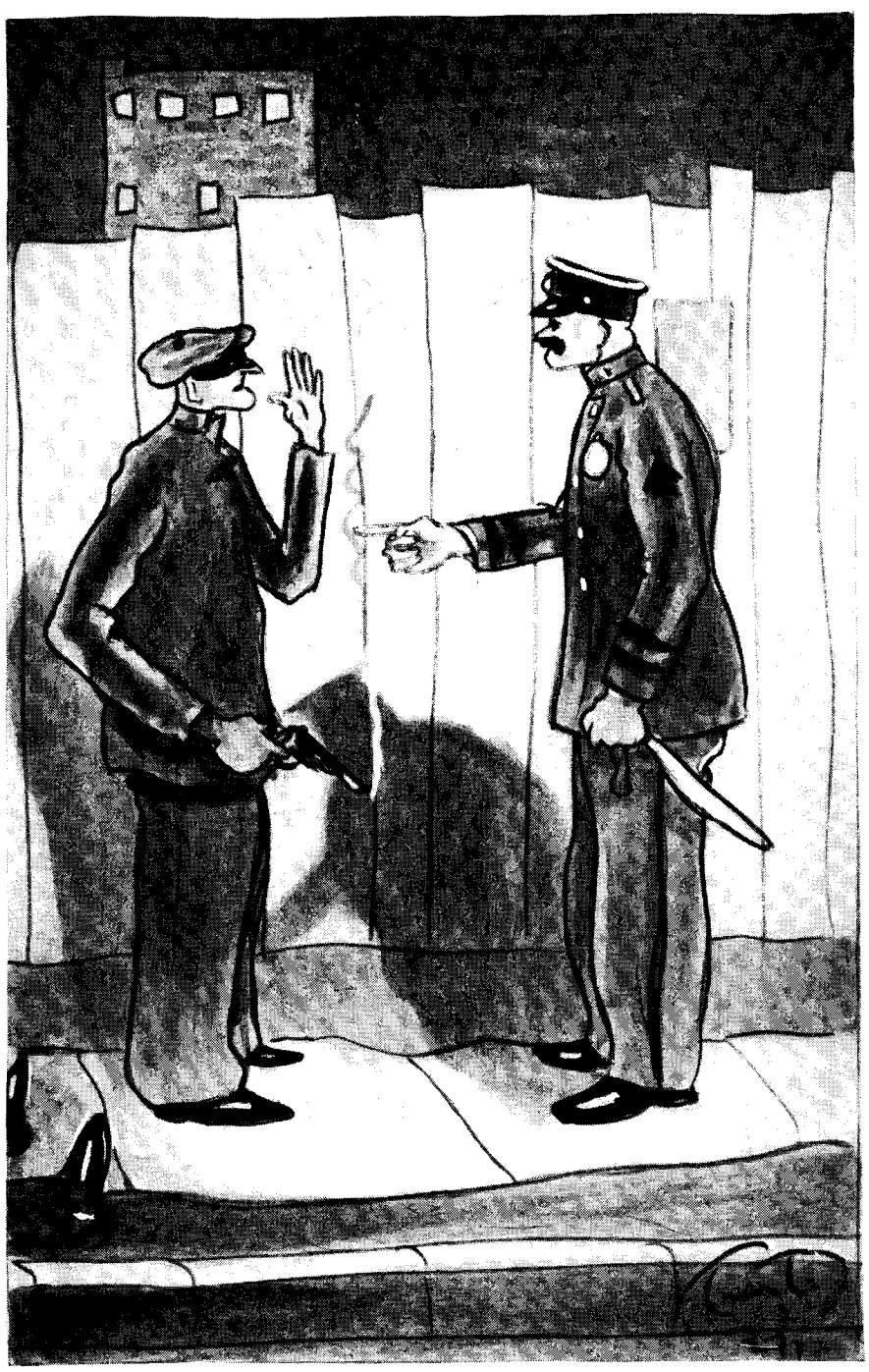
That was all, and reviewing it after she hung up the receiver, Eleanor wondered that so little should seem so much. Why, merely because they looked alike, should there be between these two, almost total strangers to each other, an affinity that made for complete sympathy and absolute understanding? For it seemed to her that she had recognized in Cynthia not only a replica of her own body, but an exact counterpart of her own heart and mind.

Further, though the absurd apprehension which she had felt last night was completely gone now, there remained a belief amounting to positive certainty that their two lives would be inextricably intermingled.

But this doubtless was a part of the nervousness which belonged to the day and the occasion.

And what an occasion! Eleanor had been among the bride's attendants at

(*Continued on page 36*)



"Now the next time you shoot anybody around here you get a summons!"

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"No Ice To-day"— DOUBLES HIS SALES *Annually*

AN INTERVIEW *with* E. G. BIECHLER, *President of the Frigidaire Corporation*

"LOOK at that big one," exclaimed the salesman. "In the early days of our business that was the only kind I had to sell. It cost about $700 and folks had to pay cash for it." He was looking at a large Frigidaire electrical refrigerator in his big show room.

"Was it hard to sell?"

"Not a bit of it. But it was only for rich folks."

"But how long would your supply of rich folks in the town have held out?" asked Collier's man.

"I used to worry about that. It was like seeing a gold mine playing out. But look at the salesroom now." He pointed around happily at the gleaming display of dozens of different types of Frigidaires equipment for homes, rich or humble. "I used to think it would end with rich folks; now I can't see any limit."

Behind this delighted salesman is a master idea and a master machine of scientific merchandising.

Mr. E. G. Biechler, president of the Frigidaire Corporation, is so sure of the value of this idea and of his company's merchandising methods and machinery that he is presaging a seemingly stupendous selling achievement in 1927.

"In 1924," he told Collier's, "the retail value of the Frigidaires we sold was twenty million dollars. In 1925, the retail value was forty millions. In 1926, it was over eighty millions. We have set our 1927 sales, measuring by retail values, at one hundred and sixty million dollars."

Mr. Biechler, in age, is only in the late thirties. His success in organizing the merchandising of Frigidaire grows out of his experience in selling Delco-Light products, for he is also president of the Delco-Light Company.

"The first thing for us to realize, was that it was not merely an iceless ice box that we had to sell. What we really had to sell was electrical refrigeration. Our task in merchandising was to discover not only where electrical refrigeration would fit into American homes but where it could be applied in industry and business as a convenience and as an actual money-saver.

"It was all very well," he continued, "for the Frigidaire salesmen whom we had at the beginning, to have one good-sized Frigidaire which was sold at a comparatively high price, for cash.

"The doorways of only great mansions led to our first customers. But we could not grow unless we could find customers behind other doorways.

"Today we have so widened our lines that our old market of the mansion doorways has grown to include almost *all* the doorways of homes, stores, offices, hotels and factories in every city, town or hamlet in America.

"New places for our salesmen to visit have been provided for us in increasing numbers almost every month since our beginning. Such rapid development, of course, means intensive training of salesmen. New men go to our schools; salesmen who have been with us for some time are being constantly trained in new methods.

"Reducing prices has been a feature of our merchandising. Each change has brought more and more purchasers within our price range. With each change we have been able to say to new groups of householders. 'We *now* are able to offer a Frigidaire to *you*.' We shall cover the homes of America, as the automobile industry has done.

"The partial payment plan is part of our merchandising, of course. The General Motors Acceptance Corporation naturally is utilized in the development of our business, as Frigidaire is a General Motors product."

The selling of electrical refrigeration, however, goes far beyond households. Unexpected uses constantly arise.

"Not long ago," said Mr. Biechler, "at a roadside stand, I saw a sandwich man who had filled a Frigidaire ice cream container with chicken, cut up and ready to drop into the frying pan. He told me his fried chicken sandwiches were making him prosperous and famous throughout the countryside. He'll need another Frigidaire for ice cream, because of his growing business.

"When we discovered that there was a need for Frigidaire ice cream cabinets at soda fountains, we also discovered that there were several hundred thousand of such soda fountains in America, a tremendous field to cover. We studied the whole matter and decided to offer Frigidaire to ice cream companies that serve these fountains. Inasmuch as Frigidaire makes it unnecessary for the ice cream companies to send around men with ice to repack ice cream at dealers' fountains, we are able to help them to make tremendous savings.

"Today some of the big ice cream companies are carrying ice cream in trucks that are cooled by Frigidaire; this means doing away with carrying a heavy load of ice to keep the ice cream cold.

"We feel perfectly safe in expecting to double our business again this year through our present merchandising methods, for by means of advertising we are educating America in electrical refrigeration and no man, no matter how vivid his imagination, can picture where the limit will be. Surely no man alive today can see the end of the market in sight.

"It is needless to say that it is part of the job of every one of our salesmen to seek out new uses and new fields for our equipment."

One of a series of informative interviews with American business leaders to show the public what present-day merchandising is doing to make it more convenient and economical to buy goods

Products of the FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION *are advertised in* Collier's, *The Magazine of Today*

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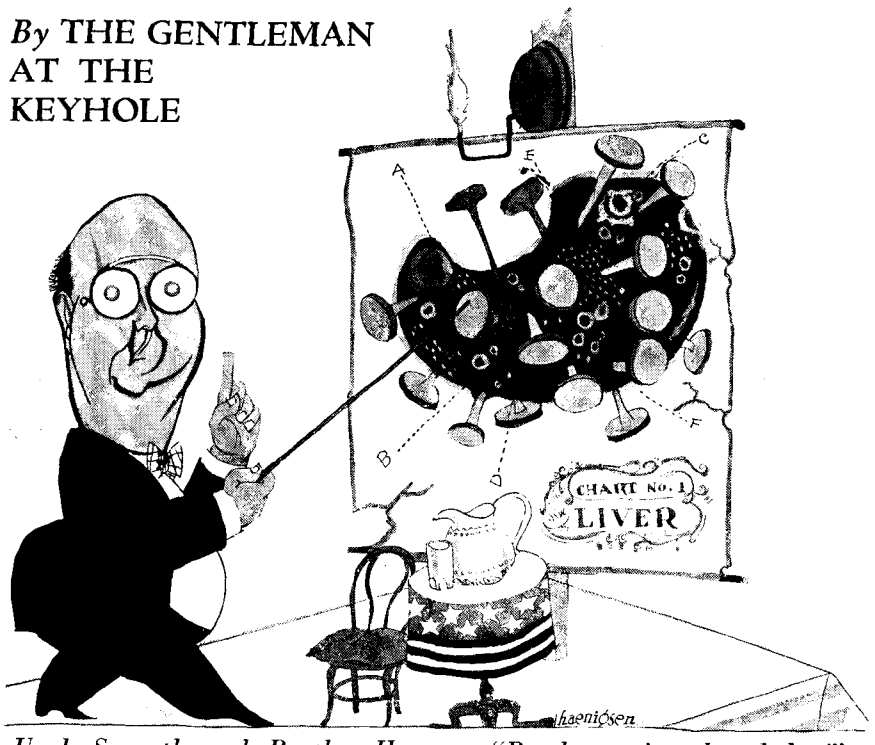
By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE



Uncle Sam, through Brother Haynes: "Brethren, sign the pledge!"

"BOOZE *Done It!*"

YOU don't have to go back very far to trace the origin of Mr. Roy A. Haynes, the new prohibition commissioner. Mr. Haynes' progenitor in public affairs was the speaker with a picture of a hobnailed liver on the wall who exhorted the brethren to "Sign the pledge," pointing to the unpleasant-looking liver and exclaiming in the famous phrase of John L. Sullivan, weeping because James J. Corbett had not stood still long enough to let him hit him, "Booze done it!"

If the speaker had a purple nose, and therefore a bad liver, the hobnails were doubly impressive, for there was a ripe object lesson: "Brethren, sign the pledge!" When you think of the beginnings of the Eighteenth Amendment in the hobnailed-liver chart you understand Brother Haynes.

With the return of Brother Haynes to the command the emphasis is once more on souls and their saving.

General Andrews lacked unction: sympathy with the law. He enforced it as one might enforce laws against counterfeiting or walking down Broadway in bright pink tights. His administration lacked atmosphere.

He arrested bootleggers, the big ones, and seized their stills. He forgot that the law was not intended for the arresting of bootleggers, but to stop men from drinking; that its purpose was to make Uncle Sam the sign-the-pledge exhorter, put him on the platform in the tent with the hobnailed-liver chart, reënforced with some bright pictures of the effects of the kerosene can and the wood-alcohol bottle on the spleen and the lights and other innards.

Forecast: Thunder and Unction

WITH Mr. Haynes manipulating the can and the bottle once more, Uncle Sam goes back on the tented platform, pointing a horrified finger at the new tenpenny nails that prohibition is putting into our vitals.

Mr. Haynes is a little, round, fat country editor from Ohio. All his life he has been a propagandist, and he found his greatest cause as a speaker and a typewriter pounder when the Anti-Saloon League was organized in his state.

To him prohibition is still in the propaganda stage. To him enforcement of the Volstead Act consists of making a loud noise in Washington. Spectacular proceedings were his method in his previous administration. A town would be notoriously wet. Mr. Haynes would descend upon it to "clean it up." He would be accompanied by a force of "two-gun men." Raids would be made. Perhaps the sight of an automobile load of two-gun men riding through the town and shooting at another machine loaded with bootleggers would give the populace a thrill and the cause much publicity. Mr. Haynes and his two-gun men would depart for another clean-up and the town would be as wet as ever.

The idea of putting a steady, systematic pressure upon the sources of illicit alcohol was foreign to Mr. Haynes' nature. Startling stories of the poisons in bootleg beverages would come from Mr. Haynes' typewriter. Or the peaceful citizen with a pint on his hip would find himself grabbed by one of Mr. Haynes' "Lone Wolves."

Mr. Haynes' methods were aimed at scaring the gay tippler into sobriety. It all came under the head of education. And it was going to take a generation of Wild West exploits, of subtle poisons and of hip-pocket frisking to teach the public to let the stuff alone. How those phrases from the recent past, "two-gun men," "lone wolves," and "clean-ups" illuminate the purposes of Mr. Haynes!

Probably General Andrews was wrong in letting the demand for booze alone while he sought to curb the supply, forgetting that the demand inevitably creates the supply. And the demand went up by leaps and bounds in his administration. And probably Brother Haynes was wrong in going after the demand with awful monitions while he made only occasional and spectacular raids on the supply, forgetting that the supply creates the demand.

Now perhaps you have guessed why the Anti-Saloon League has forced this Administration to return to Mr. Haynes, against whom its stomach once turned. The Anti-Saloon League loves unction. General Andrews lacks unction, and Brother Haynes packs as much unction as can be crowded into 180 pounds of flesh.

Without unction in Washington the contributions to the league would inevitably fall off—at least it is reported that they have fallen, whether the "unsympathetic" professional attitude of General Andrews had anything to do with it or not. With enforcement a mere police job, the league would have dwindled. But with Brother Haynes once more on the job enforcement will take on again the delightful amateur quality.

Besides, the appointment of Brother Haynes brings the Anti-Saloon League back into the center of the picture as the real defense of the country against the Wets. His administration and his propaganda will be its own.

So the tent is being once more unfolded and the hobnailed-liver chart is receiving a few touches of especially vicious color.

Twin Wives

Continued from page 34

other weddings, but the barbarism of the ceremony was never more patent to her than now. Illuminatingly, she wondered if it were possible, if it ever had been possible, for riches to accompany good taste. Certainly this magnificent ceremony was not to her liking, but she had deferred to the wishes of Daddy Tom, who, by George, was going to give his little girl as big a send-off as any other girl of the generation.

And Daddy Tom wasn't vulgar, wasn't ostentatious; at least not according to the lights of his fellows. And if his fellows' lights were wrong, then one must impeach the good taste of the royal houses of Europe, the good taste of power since civilization began. For garish display was a part of marriage. But, just the same, it was vulgar, though she stood alone in the belief.

The press on the avenue outside the cathedral, the cameras, the frank comments of the bystanders, as well as the newspapers for the past fortnight—all of these combined to embarrass her.

And when, after the final words of the solemn formula had been pronounced, her husband seized her and kissed her, embarrassment became a shrieking agony. This was the man whom she had sworn to love, honor and obey and to whom she could make good only the last two thirds of the vow.

How they made their way from the cathedral to the motor car, how they rode home to the reception, how she reached her room, where she was to change to a traveling costume, she never knew. Thank God for one thing: after the first kiss Dean had been content to postpone further embraces. But in her room, being divested of her bridal array, the thought of those deferred caresses became almost unendurable. But she would not think ahead, or, if she did, she would remember that the man whom she had married was indisputably a gentleman.

LATE telegrams, from friends who had been unable to attend the wedding, cluttered her dressing table. There were letters also, and their presence gave her an excuse for lingering in her room. Once she left that room to greet the guests downstairs, she must take her stand by her husband, to belong to him henceforth. Here, in her room, she still belonged to herself, and prolongation of this self-possession was the most precious thing in the world.

There were begging letters and crank letters, and then, halfway down the pile, a once familiar handwriting seemed to burn her eyes. There was no stamp on the envelope. It had evidently been delivered by messenger.

Phil! Oh, why had he written her today? Yesterday, or tomorrow, would have been bearable, but today. . . . A cowardly thought insinuated itself into her mind. She had only to tear the envelope across and toss the pieces in a wastebasket. To do otherwise might even be disloyal to the man whose name she now bore, who doubtless was poorly hiding downstairs his impatience for her appearance.

But there was also another disloyalty, a disloyalty to the sweetest memory of her life. And though events had proved that the sweetness was without honest foundation, nevertheless it had been sweetness, and to it she could not be guilty of any infidelity. She opened the letter.

My ever dear Eleanor:

I never thought you'd do it. I never thought you'd really believe that I was the sort of person who would give you up because your father threatened that he'd give us nothing. After he spoke to me, I waited to hear from you. You never sent me word. But just the same I had faith in you and believed that you simply waited for me to come to you. But I couldn't until I'd made good. After what your father said to me I couldn't dream of asking you to marry me while I was still miserably poor. When I read of your engagement, I wouldn't believe it. But by the time you receive this you'll have been married and I'll know you were unworthy of my faith. I couldn't come to you, because I'm still a failure, still a portrait painter without sitters. And a loveless failure has no place in life. When I have given this note to a messenger I shall kill myself. And in so doing I'll probably prove that your father was right. Weaklings do not deserve the daughters of the strong. But still, I love you. PHIL.

Here

are the correct answers to the questions asked by Gloria Swanson on page 18:

1. Charlie Chaplin
2. Thomas Edison
3. Richard Dix
4. Valentino
5. Tom Mix's trick horse
6. Lois Wilson
7. Will Rogers
8. Laurence Stallings
9. Mexico
10. Projector
11. Celluloid
12. Charlie Chaplin
13. Pola Negri
14. With an airplane propeller
15. Will Hays
16. Anita Loos
17. On warships
18. "Klieg Eyes"
19. Sixteen
20. Adolph Zukor

The very melodramatic phrasing proved his sincerity. Phil, who hadn't been faithless, but who had merely been proud, was dying, was perhaps already dead. . . . The furniture in the room seemed to rock. . . . Then she was not a fainting almost hysterical girl for whom melodrama was too overpowering. She was the daughter of Tom Sanver, who had faced failure when his father had died a bankrupt, but who by ruthless strength had built amid the ruins an estate fifty times greater than that which his father had lost.

Eleanor turned to her maid. "Mary, don't let anyone in this room. Lock the door after me, and say that I am resting. Mind, *no one* is to come in, no one is to know that I'm not here."

The maid's lips parted in startled protest, but Eleanor cut her short:

"I'm going down the back stairs. I'll be back in—I don't know how long. But if it's a *year*, you let nobody in. Understand?"

Gone was the gentle mistress whom Mary had known for five years. In her place was a tyrannical, not-to-be-denied figure of purpose, who was so confident that she would be obeyed that she waited for no response from the terrified maid.

At the cost of the whole world know-

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ing, she'd go to Phil. If he were dead—She wouldn't contemplate that.

Tom Sanver had constructed the Sixty-third Street mansion in the days of his financial activity, when it was desirable, and at times even necessary, that he should be able to enter or leave his home without notice. Of late years the exit through the apartment house next door, which Sanver owned, had rarely been used. But Eleanor used it now, stepping into a lobby tenanted at the moment only by a telephone clerk who fortunately did not recognize her. And the crowd in the street all looked toward the Sanver house and did not suspect that the central figure in today's great social event was stepping quietly into a taxicab behind them.

In a voice that did not tremble even slightly, Eleanor gave the driver the address which had been on Phil's letter: the Burlingame, on Lexington Avenue, near Gramercy Park. And she was there, entering the shabby hostelry within ten minutes after leaving her house.

IT WAS the sort of place that didn't object, apparently, to the masculine guests having lady visitors. A bell boy, without the formality of offering to announce her, led her up a flight of stairs, and stopped before a dingy door. It was unlocked, and Eleanor entered. There, stretched upon a bed, whose linen was crimson with the flow from his slashed wrist, lay Phil. Not the merry-eyed, tanned Phil of four years ago, but a haggard, wan man whose nearly vacant eyes lighted with recognition.

Before she took a stride toward him, Eleanor spoke to the departing bell boy.

"Doctor in the house? Fifty dollars if he's here in ten seconds."

The boy broke into a run without a backward glance, and then she was kneeling beside Phil, doing her amateurish best toward stanching the flow of blood. But the bell boy earned his fifty dollars. A competent though dissolute-looking physician pushed her aside before she had a handkerchief tied above the cruel cut. He worked deftly and in ten minutes pronounced the patient out of danger.

Eleanor's purse was stuffed with money. She had not wanted to discuss finances with Dean on the honeymoon. She gave the promised fee to the bell boy and twice that amount to the doctor.

"And you will not mention the matter?" she asked.

The doctor looked at the bill, carefully folded it and stowed it away in a pocket. "You can trust me," he said insinuatingly.

"And you can trust me to pay," she retorted.

Then, as he departed to fetch a nurse, she fell on her knees beside the bed.

"Phil, Phil, promise me—"

By an effort amazing in his condition, he managed to sit upright on the bed.

"I promise you this: the minute you leave me I'll tear the bandage off my arm."

"I'm married, Phil," she pleaded.

"That's why I want to die," he told her.

"But you must be reasonable—"

He laughed weakly. "Reasonable? When the girl I love is leaving me to go on a honeymoon with another man? Why did you come?"

She answered without giving thought to her words, "Because I love you."

"Then nothing can take you away," he cried.

Back on Sixty-third Street her father, Dean, the guests, might all be looking nervously, apprehensively, at each other.

"But don't you see, I must go," she argued.

He met her strength with the overwhelming forces of his own weakness.

"I thought I'd be dead long ago. I'll make no mistake next time. Are you going?"

As her father seemed to communicate with her along nonexistent wires, so now someone else seemed to communicate with her, seemed to say, "Here am I."

"I must go, but I'll come back—in less than half an hour."

"You mean it?"

"I promise," she told him.

For she couldn't let Phil die. But also she couldn't leave Dean. From one horn of the dilemma she leaped to the other.

But again she seemed to hear Cynthia's voice saying, "Here am I."

Through Cynthia she might escape both horns.

(To be continued next week)

The man who picks up the paper in the park has a day off

"What's the big secret, Dad —a new razor?"
"No!—
Mennen Shaving Cream"

You *feel* the difference -- others *see* it

More men buy Mennen—the Improved Shaving Cream—on the enthusiastic recommendation of their friends than in the case of all other shaving accessories combined. To know the reason for this enthusiasm, you must try Mennen *dermutation*—therefore a Mennen shave.

Mennen *dermutation* goes into action the instant you start lathering. So quickly and completely does it soften the beard that one pass of the razor leaves your face smooth and clean. And there's no pulling, no scraping, no nerve torture as in ordinary shaving.

Mennen *dermutation* does even more. It flattens the tiny "mounds" around each hair so that your razor glides smoothly over the face without nicking the skin. That's why there's no smarting and soreness after a Mennen shave.

Mennen soothes, tones up and conditions the skin *after* shaving. Your complexion is clearer and healthier. You feel the difference—others see it.

Buy a tube of Mennen on your way home tonight. Every drug store has it. Try Mennen for a week. If it does not give you the quickest, smoothest, most luxurious shave in your experience—if your face doesn't feel better and look better—we'll return what you paid for the tube.

Now that you've had a taste of real shaving luxury, you'll want a *super* luxury—Mennen Skin Balm *after* shaving. Gives a cool, pleasant tingle—is mildly antiseptic—and has a clean, masculine fragrance you're bound to like. Only 50c for a big tube.

Mennen Talcum for Men makes a perfect finish for a perfect shave. It's a *man* powder for *men!* Removes the shine, but doesn't show. It's tinted to match the skin. Fine, too, for "all-over" use on hot days and after a bath. 25c a can at any drug store.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.
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MENNEN
The Improved
SHAVING CREAM

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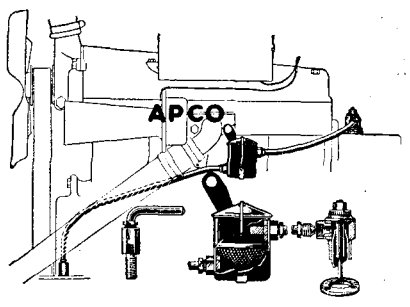
You Cant Stop Every Five Minutes to Change the Oil!

Road dirt, carbon, ravelings from the transmission band find their way into the oil, scoring cylinders and causing big repair bills. But of course you can't afford to change the oil every five minutes.

What you can afford is an APCO Oil Line Filter System, that will filter the normal volume of oil every six minutes at average motor speed. And while it is removing the foreign matter it will do your Ford another good turn by speeding up the oil flow and sending it through an auxiliary feed line to that most neglected of places, the front bearing.

The glass cover of the filter chamber lets you see this APCO accessory doing its good work. You can see the oil flowing cleaner and faster than it ever flowed before.

Oil Filter System for Fords, $3.50



Other APCO Products

For Fords—Starter Pedal Extension—35c; Crank Case Repair Arm—75c; Truck Steering Column Brace—$2.00; Shimmy Stop—75c; Timer—$2.00; Auxiliary Oiling System—$1.50; Horn Buttons—35c, 60c and 75c; Anti-Rattlers for radius rod—35c; for steering rod—35c a pair; Fan Belt Guide—15c; Shock Absorbers—$20 per set.

And for All Cars—Gasoline Filter—$2.00; Magnetic Trouble Lamp—$2.50; Windshield Wiper Arm Adjuster—25c, and Replacement Rubbers and Arms for windshield cleaners—25c.

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APCO MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1315 Eddy Street, Providence, R. I.

Sold by Accessory Dealers everywhere

APCO
AUTOMOTIVE EQUIPMENT

Boppo Takes a Bird's-eye View

Continued from page 11

plane, and a mark appeared on the metal mounting yoke of George Stanley's Lewis gun. It was a queer mark like the mark a finger makes in putty. George Stanley grabbed at the cowling to keep his footing and looked up again. This time he saw the leaden ribbon of the canal and four smoke scrolls—and they were overhead!

"'Ullo—what-ho?" he said. "Tipped over, what?" Curtis pulled the Ack W. out, banked sharply and headed for the sixth pin point. George Stanley turned again to the camera. Five more times he pulled the shutter release and worked the changer handle. The indicator read 10. He removed the film box, slid in a new one and stuffed the old box into his coat pocket. Curtis was banking to come back over the ten pin points for the second time, to make sure of getting the pictures.

Far below, and to the right, George Stanley saw two machines close to the ground—chasing their own shadows. There was a thin trail of oily smoke near them—pointing straight upward like a signal flare where the third one had crashed. Again he went to work at the camera. Seven times he worked it in rapid succession as Curtis flew over the points. The eighth time he squinted through the brass tube the ground suddenly slid out from under him and climbed in a wild sweep toward the sky. He heard the tapping vibration of Curtis' gun—firing above the engine roar. Quickly he turned in the cockpit in time to see a gray undercarriage sweep over him. There were two black crosses on the wings. The Ack W. soared loosely under his feet and threw him against the side of the cockpit. As his head came down he saw the eighth pin point in the cross wires and snapped the shutter. Again the Ack W. flopped wildly, and the sky and the ground chased each other in a half circle of muddy light. George Stanley stared upward, straight into the propeller of the diving Hun. He jerked his Lewis gun around and fired up into the light circle of the whirling blade.

"*Wham-o,* Old Tomato!"

THE Hun zoomed over, staggered and flopped idly away. But still the Ack W. soared and bucked in wide aimless sweeps. Again George Stanley turned to his camera for the ninth pin point. Meanwhile the Hun circled below him with the splintered stumps of its prop grinding the empty air.

Several times George Stanley almost snapped the ninth pin point, but each time as he was ready to pull the release the Ack W. luffed and fell away. He tapped Curtis upon the shoulder. No movement. He tapped him again. Curtis slumped forward against his safety belt. His head lolled loosely in the collar of his flying coat and the nose of the machine dipped suddenly into a dive.

"Oh, I say," said George Stanley. "Awkward, what?" He thought about it for a brief second, grabbed the emergency joy stick from its clamps, and rammed the butt home into the jumping socket under the floor boards in his own cockpit. Slowly he pulled over, and the Ack W. came out of its dive. "Now what?" asked George Stanley. He looked over the side. Dead ahead was the ninth pin point. His eyes brightened. "Right-o—take a picture." He waited till it came under the cross wires and snapped it.

For a moment he played with the joy stick until the Ack W. came level again. There were smoke scrolls on all sides of him—unfurling and tearing apart in quick succession. Again he looked overside. The tenth pin point was far to the right. He let the joy stick thrash idly for a moment, and in that moment the plane upended sharply, stalled and fell away in a tail spin, throwing George Stanley on his safety belt. He grunted, clutched at the gun yoke and tried to catch the thrashing joy stick. Over Curtis' lolling head he could see the tenth pin point revolving slowly through the Ack W.'s racing propeller, in wide eccentric circles. He pulled back sharply on the stick to bring up the nose. The circles narrowed, came dead center and raced like a pin wheel as the Ack W. spun faster. He shook his head and pushed forward on the stick until the nose was straight down. He braced with one foot on something that gave way—the rudder bar—and the ground disappeared in a quick sweep. The Ack W. thrashed out of the spin, trembling in all her ancient joints. There was a sickening, rocking crash, a flash of gray tail planes and the motor screamed and stopped dead. George Stanley stared at the Hun in amazement.

"'Ullo—that's bad—ran into him," he said. He still held the joy stick in his hand, but all the controls seemed loosened somehow, and there were wires dangling and slapping against the lower wing.

The ground flashed up to meet him. He watched it, decided it was coming too fast and pulled the soggy stick back a bit. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the tailless Hun trailing for the ground in a straight dive.

The ground was quite close now—too close. He eased back on the joy stick again. The flopping Ack W. flashed across the lip of a shell crater, caught its tail skid, and pirouetted wildly like a beheaded chicken. The engine cracked off in front of Curtis and snubbed into the mud. The fuselage splintered like matchwood, rolled once and toppled into a shell crater in a welter of crushed wings.

Almost immediately the cold stutter of a machine gun lashed out at it and played a ghostly pattering tattoo on the upended tail.

George Stanley realized that something was wrong presently. For one thing, all his front teeth were knocked out; for another, he was hanging upside down from his safety belt. He threw the catch and caught at the mounting yoke with his hands. His feet and body flipped out of the cockpit and splashed into the watery slime below.

"Oh, dear," he lisped. "Awkward." He reached upward and felt for Curtis' safety catch, and presently Curtis catapulted down on top of him. He pulled him up and wiped his face—and Curtis opened his eyes. "I'll take two cards," he said, and fainted again.

It was some time after eight o'clock that George Stanley crawled into a saphead of the East Kent Borderers' trenches, dragging Curtis after him, and demanded a side car of the corporal. Curtis was talking thickly of mules and Mabel and Medicine Hat. The corporal sent for an officer. The officer got stretcher bearers for Curtis and led the procession out through the support trenches and turned it over to another officer.

The other officer took George Stanley and Curtis to a casualty clearing station. At the C. C. S. they put Curtis in an ambulance and let George Stanley sit on the seat beside the driver for the trip back.

An hour later, in D——, a staff officer with a pocket flash climbed on the step and poked his head through the curtain.

"Are you Stokes-Mowbray?" he asked.

"Yeth," lisped George Stanley.

"Great luck! Come along quickly. We've been turning the sector inside out to find you." He led George Stanley rapidly across the pavement in the darkness and up an outside flight of stairs to a doorway. Inside the door he stopped. "Got the film box?"

"Film box?" asked George Stanley. "Half a tick." He groped in the pockets of his flying coat. "Darethay I have—thomewhere." He pulled out the little varnished case and handed it over. The officer took it tenderly in both hands and disappeared. Pretty soon he was back.

"Splendid work," he said. "You'll hear of this. Come along." He led George Stanley down the steps again into the courtyard and called for a cyclist. He bundled George Stanley into the side car and shook his hand warmly. "Thanks no end, old man. Pulled us out of a deuced awkward situation."

An hour later George Stanley was back at his battery.

SIX weeks later it was in orders. It read this way:

"The Distinguished Service Order. Lt. G. S. St. A. Stokes-Mowbray, M. C., R. F. A. For distinguished service on the 19th of April when on reconnaissance patrol over Le Catelet. In spite of severe anti-aircraft fire, this officer continued his photographic operations until his pilot was rendered unconscious from wounds. Taking control of the machine, he shot one enemy airplane down with his machine gun and, being unable to bring his gun to bear on the other, rammed it in midair. He landed his disabled machine between the lines and took cover in a shell hole until nightfall, when, although painfully injured, he crawled into the French trenches with his wounded pilot and his film box."

"I thay," said George Stanley when he read it. "That's a bit thick. Had about enough of it. Thilly atheth! Took pictures, yeth. What about it? Peek through jolly old hole—pull gadget—boppo. Shot the thilly ath who came clothe—why not? Other one got in the way. *Didn't* ram it—bunked into it. *Didn't* land the thilly thing—landed itthelf. *Didn't* take cover in jolly old shell hole—*fell* in. *Didn't* bring film box with me—found it in my pocket. Why shouldn't I bring pilot back? Suppothe we didn't get pictureth? Have to go again. Need pilot, wouldn't I? Thilly atheth! . . .

And then suddenly he grabbed the battery commander's arm.

"Heavens!" he said. "Dithguthting overthight—forgot—forgot—*forgot to athk them for m' bath!*"

REVOLUTION *of a* LADY

begins with her caprices and culminates in a dire siege of the heart

By DANA BURNET

In Next Week's Collier's

Another Boppo story by James Warner Bellah will appear in an early issue

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The Pocahontas Indians in full regalia broadcast from WTAM

Our Portrait Gallery

NO, Gentle Reader, the group of braves with the bloodthirsty smiles adorning their befeathered features have not just captured the innocent-looking announcer. Nor are they about to do to him any of the things which many fans would like to have done to announcers. Oh, no. This tribe of Indians belongs to "Ev" Jones' Pocahontas Band. Its members wield wicked wailing musical instruments instead of tomahawks, and utter Surges in Blue in place of war cries. By the way, "Ev" is the bloke seated on the left with the turned-in toes and the bright wampum facings on his tribal attire.

Those of you who can tune in WTAM of Cleveland Saturday evenings may have heard "Ev" and his braves dispensing the latest blues designed for persons with restless feet. The boys do their stuff for half an hour starting at seven-fifteen E. S. T. (Easy Singing Tunes). They always have some captive, other than the aforesaid announcer, who is made to entertain you some time during their half hour of E. S. T.

Checkmating Czechs

THERE are a great many consolations in our broadcasting system despite the chaos that a bunch of wave-length jumpers and grabbers caused last year.

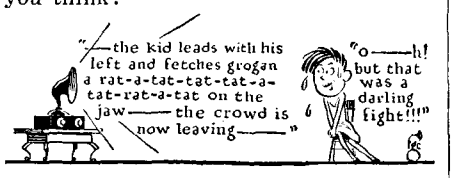
For instance, consider the plight of the three Hungarians in the village of Guta in Czechoslovakia. Feeling homesick they tuned in to a Budapest station just in time to hear their national anthem. Three Czechoslovakian cops passed at that moment, and, as it is against the law to play Hungarian music in Bohemia, the cops immediately arrested the loud speaker and took the three homesick Hungarians to the Guta hoosegow as accessories before and after the act.

It seems to me those cops will not complete their duty until they arrest the Hungarian waves from Budapest.

I Can't Say, Abe

HERE is a rather unusual experience related by Abe Silvert of Bryn Mawr, Pa. "Several nights ago," he says, "I was listening to a jazz orchestra broadcasting from WJZ. I took my violin and started to play with the orchestra. I had achieved a dubiously high note, when suddenly the radio was drowned out under a loud buzzing noise. Turning to the radio I found the bridge lamp alongside it was casting a bluish light. I discovered the filament had broken, but the gap was still short enough to let a stream of electrons flow. I tapped the bulb sharply, and the noise immediately stopped as the light went out.

"The bulb was a new one, and it seemed to me more than a coincidence that it burned out when it did. As I figure it, the note I played reinforced with that of the radio happened to be the fundamental vibration of the filament inside the bulb, and it broke. What do you think?"


"—the kid leads with his left and fetches grogan a rat-a-tat-tat-tat-a-tat-rat-a-tat on the jaw—— the crowd is now leaving——"
"O——h! but that was a darling fight!!!"

No! 'Twas His S O S

"DURING a radio party," writes L. M. Blake of San Francisco, "I tuned in a Portland station, KOIN, which regularly broadcasts fights. The cheers and boos of the crowd came in clearly as well as the announcer's description, 'Right to the head' and so on. Then the wireless broke in with its rat-a-tat-tat. And one of the ladies present asked excitedly: "Is that the blows being struck?' "

This is a Wow

IN OMAHA they celebrated the inauguration of the new five-kilowatt transmitter of WOW with a laughing contest open to entrants from seven states.

The first event was a simultaneous guffaw from the contestants in one grand ensemble. After that each entrant performed a solo. It looks as though the merry-haha has supplanted the hog-call as an ethereal feature in the Corn Belt.

It May Even Be Twins

RUTH BRIGHAM of Brinklow, Md., tells me a story of a chap in her neighborhood who took his radio set back to the dealer and asked him to keep it until he could catch up with his sleep.

"I think of this man," soliloquizes Ruth, "especially when I wake up after midnight and see lights burning in the peaceful homesteads on the surrounding hills.

"In the old days such lights would indicate sickness, a party, or, at least, something out of the ordinary. Nowadays you can't tell whether it is a new baby or a new radio."

To men who would like to increase their incomes 150% *every year*

YOUR tooth-paste and shaving cream come in collapsible tubes. This man is president of the company that makes the tubes. Nine years ago he was working at the bench. Read his story.

This is not an advertisement for fibers

TEN years ago Frank J. Lynch was working as a tool maker in a New Jersey factory. Nine years ago he became superintendent of the plant.

To be a superintendent at the age of 26 is a good record. Nine out of ten men would be satisfied with it. They would say to themselves, "Next year I will be making $200 a month, and the next year $250, and so on." Mr. Lynch was not satisfied. The Alexander Hamilton Institute Course came into his life like a revelation. In its text-books and lectures he met the biggest men in American business. He learned their methods; he caught the inspiration of their example. He could see no reason why he should not duplicate their success.

The war came along and interrupted his career, as it did that of many another man. He served as a flying officer, but in between his hours of duty he found time to finish the Course. When the war was over his one idea was to put into practice what he had learned—*not* in somebody's else business, but in a business of his own. He gathered together a group of skilled associates, and founded the Sun Tube Company.

In a recent issue of Factory, the magazine of industrial management, appeared an article describing the methods by which the Sun Tube Corporation has achieved its remarkable success. But a briefer and more human statement of the facts was contained in the letter which Mr. Lynch wrote the Institute a few weeks ago. He said:

"Alexander Hamilton Institute to me means the elimination of all business mystery. At 25, employed as a tool-maker and wanting to advance, I enrolled with you. As a flying officer in the U. S. Service I finished my Course. I made flying pictures after the war, returning to business in 1920. In 1923 I was factory manager and vice-president of a successful company and resigned in 1924 to organize the Sun Tube Corporation at 33. Ideas developed from your Course and put into effect have made us tremendously successful in an industry that is terrifically competitive. I owe the Alexander Hamilton Institute for the training to increase my income 1500% in nine years."

After having had a very intimate part in the careers of 300,000 business men, we, who are officers of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, have formed this definite conviction:

The one outstanding reason why more men do not make conspicuous successes is because they do not dare to think in big enough terms.

They say to themselves: "How can I make $25 a week more next year?" when they ought to say "How can I increase my income 100% next year?" They say, "How can I get a little better position than the one I now hold?" when they ought to say, "How can I become president of this company, or have a business of my own?"

The story of Mr. Lynch is one of many business stories that confirm us in this point of view.

Of the 300,000 men enrolled in the Institute, many have used the training to secure for themselves slow but steady business gains. We are proud of these men and grateful for their loyal enthusiasm. But the men in whom we take greatest pride are those who looked upon their enrolment as the beginning of a new attitude toward business and life; who said to themselves, "This marks the end of small things for me. From now on I dare to ask of Life something really big."

We know today better than we have ever known in the past just how to help men to form this resolve and to put it into action. We stand ready to put our whole experience and our personal interest at the disposal of those who will join our ranks and demand the utmost from us. Will *you?*

Will you take the first step by sending for "Forging Ahead in Business," the famous little book that has marked a turning point in so many other men's lives? It is free. It is brief. You can read it in one evening. Send for it now.

Alexander Hamilton Institute
845 Astor Place New York City

Send me at once the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business" which I may keep without charge.

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Love Sends Convert to Pipe-smoking on Tobacco Hunt

Ambitious young man discovers right tobacco and now all is well

"Ladies Prefer Pipe-smokers" might well make a best seller, according to frequent letters that come to us from young men who have discovered that fact.

Of course a young man in love will do anything to win favor in the eyes of his lady fair. And pipe-smoking seems to be one of the credentials that admit young male America into the graces of the fair and gentle sex.

But while smoking a pipe seems to solve the feminine problem, finding the right tobacco evidently is the male problem.

Probably that is what prompts such letters as this:

New York, N. Y.,
June 30, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I started smoking on cigarettes, but after meeting a young lady for whom men who smoked pipes had a greater charm, I promptly switched to one.

Then my agony began. I tried one brand of tobacco after another, always working on the theory that the more you paid for tobacco, the better it would be.

I tried imported tobaccos, special mixtures, and what not. I paid as much as fifty cents an ounce. All to no avail.

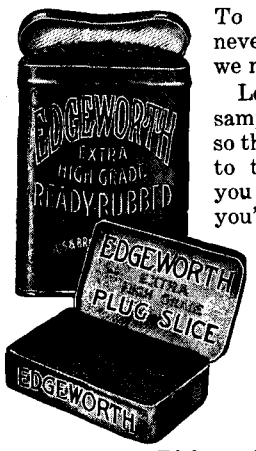
Then came the day I tried Edgeworth. It was at a ball game. I had run short of the certain brand I was smoking, and a casual acquaintance offered me a pipeful from his pouch.

Imagine my delight when after the first few puffs, I did not feel the old familiar bite. I puffed on, inhaling the delightful aroma, and oh, boy! it was sweet right down to the bottom.

I can assure you I lost no time in finding out the name of the brand.

Nothing has separated me from my pipe, or my pipe from Edgeworth since then.

Yours very truly,
(signed) David Freedman, Jr.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 5 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. —the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.

Is Christianity Best?

Continued from page 16

he was a wandering teacher, but in the latter year he settled down in his native province, completed his literary work, and in 479 B. C., at the age of seventy-two, he died. He left only one original composition, Spring and Autumn, a short and inaccurate history of the province of Lu.

He died disappointed, and seemed to himself to have been unsuccessful. But the whole nation rose up to make him its spiritual master.

There was religion in China before the days of Confucius, but he took little account of it. In some parts of his teachings he implies a belief in deity, as when he says: "The great God has conferred even on inferior people a moral sense."

But others of his teachings seem almost to deny the supernatural. He discouraged prayer and did not enjoin any sort of religious observance. He was always modest regarding his own character and attainments, acknowledging four shortcomings, like Buddha, one of which was likewise too much fondness for wine.

He had no foregone conclusions, no obstinacy, no egotism.

He taught the characteristics of the superior man. The ordinary man is partisan and not catholic; the superior man is catholic and not partisan. The superior man does not set himself for or against a given course, but what is right he will do. The superior man is not anxious in the fear of poverty, but is anxious lest he fail to learn the truth.

"In the Book of Poetry are three hundred pieces, but the design of them all can be embraced in one sentence, 'Have no depraved thoughts.'"

He taught the brotherhood of mankind. "Within the four seas all men are brothers." He taught the "silver rule," which is negative as contrasted with the Golden Rule of Jesus, saying, "What you would not have another do to you, do not do to him," but is a noble precept none the less. He taught the value of the family, the inherent goodness of human nature and man's unrealized capacities for self-improvement. But his interest was in fitting men for better citizenship, not in the founding of a faith. It would have amazed him to be told that millions would one day render him worship.

Mohammed

HE WAS born in August, 570, a few days after his father's death; his mother died when he was six years old. We cannot be certain that he ever learned to read and write, though it seems probable that he did. There is, to be sure, a tradition that he wrote the Koran on the breast bones of sheep and threw them as fast as he wrote them into a chest. The various passages are badly enough arranged to give some substance to the story, but the truth seems to be that the book was really composed and assembled by his followers, and an untidy job they made of it.

As manager of a caravan from Mecca to Bostra and back in 594 A. D., he showed some of the qualities essential to success. He took good care of his horses and camels. He had his men under control. He defended his camp against robbers. He returned to his home with a profit and increased confidence.

Mohammed was no beauty, but he was worth looking at, and his employer, a woman named Khadijah, a few years older than himself, looked him over thoughtfully. He was of middle height, with black hair, a thick beard, and large, rather clumsy hands and feet. His eyes, which were tinged with red, were large. He was solidly built, a broad-shouldered man who could be depended upon.

Khadijah decided that he would make a good third husband, and so she married him. Backed by her money, he rose to be a merchant of no mean rank.

When he was forty he gave his mind to contemplation, and if he were indeed subject to epileptic fits, as has so often been charged, this may have had a share in his supposedly supernatural experiences.

It was in the cave of Hira that he received his call to be a prophet of the one God. He informed his wife of his call, and she believed it to be authentic. If he was self-deceived, he was at least sincere enough to make his wife his first convert. She of all people should have known his true spirit.

His was a simple doctrine. He denounced infanticide, he opposed strong drink, and he taught the unity of God. The sixfold pledge of Akaba gives his system of morality:

"We will not worship any but the one God. We will not steal. Neither will we commit adultery. We will not kill our children. We will not slander in any wise. Nor will we disobey the prophet in anything that is right."

The doctrine likewise was six-fold:

Belief in one God; in His angels; in His prophets; in the holy books, of which the chief and only indispensable one is the Koran; in the Day of Judgment, and in a fatalistic predestination both of good and evil, so that no man can either hasten or delay his death; "God wills it," and therefore it is.

Mohammed encouraged rather than forbade polygamy, but limited a man's wives to four, except in his own case. He justified divorce if a man might thereby secure more congenial wives.

His conversion was by the sword, and he showed no quarter. He made forays on the neighboring tribes. He made war on Jewish cities. He attacked Christians. And he was successful.

His love for his little girl wife, Aisha, whom he took at seven and married at ten and who was till death his favorite, becoming an important factor in Moslem politics after his death, shows him at his best.

The prophet was very fond of children, and often stopped to pat their cheeks as he met them on the street. One of his boys died on his breast in the smoky house of his nurse, the blacksmith's wife.

He never cursed. His worst malediction was: "May his forehead be darkened with mud!" When asked to curse someone, he replied: "I have not been sent to curse but to be a mercy to mankind."

Once, while he was engaged in a religious conversation with an influential citizen of Mecca, a blind man drew near and asked him the way of light and peace. Mohammed turned away. He never ceased to regret this act. The sura in the Koran which tells of this incident is called "He frowned." He reproached himself that he should have continued his conversation with the rich when he might have blessed the poor.

He slept little, being in this respect like Napoleon, but his extra waking hours were spent in meditation and worship, for which the pressure of the day left him little time. Yet his devotions were regular, and he never sat down to a meal without a blessing or rose without thanksgiving. Stern as a warrior, and pushing his victories till they became massacres, there are yet attributed to him countless deeds of mercy. He was proud of the fact that when he clasped a hand he was never the first to withdraw his palm. He visited the sick often, and whenever he met a funeral procession he turned and followed it to the grave.

In 631 he issued his famous command that after four years the Moslems would be absolved from every league and covenant with idolaters. That was the warning of unrestricted warfare in the interests of the spread of Islam, and it marked the beginning of the great conquests. But in that same year he had an incurable sorrow. His little son Ibrahim died. He had no male descendants through whom to transmit the scepter of his power. It was the beginning of the end. He died—prematurely old, saddened, and tired.

Today from ten thousand minarets that stretch from the Atlantic shore across Africa and Arabia to the Gulf, his name is recited five times a day, joined to that of Almighty God:

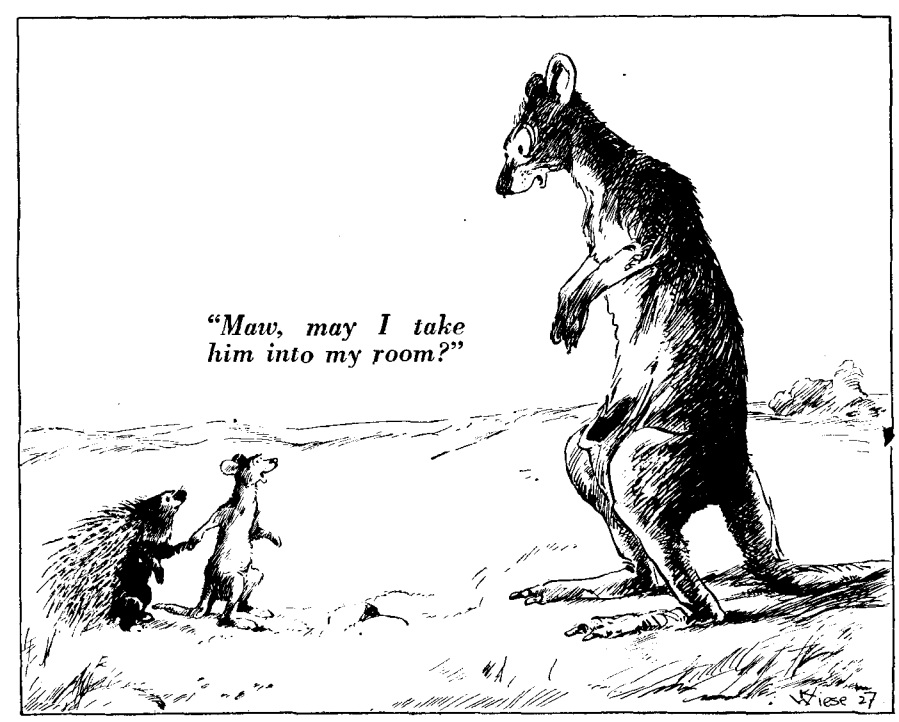
"There is but one God, and Mohammed is His prophet."

The Saviour

NOW let us consider the life and teachings of Jesus.

If Buddha would be shocked by the prayer wheels of India, grinding out their mechanical positions to him; if Confucius would be dismayed by the costly ceremonies and the sacrifice of animals in his worship, it is likewise probable that Jesus of Nazareth might feel exceedingly uncomfortable in some of the temples erected in His name.

There was a very flourishing religion of forms and ceremonies in Jerusalem when He was born. He came not to perpetuate it but to destroy it—to tell men that God is a Father who may be approached directly by any of His chil-



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dren, without the mediation of temple or priest. Yet Jesus had hardly gone from the earth before the process began of formalizing this simple doctrine into a vast structure of cathedrals and creeds.

The story of His life is much more familiar to us than the stories of Buddha, Confucius and Mohammed; hence we shall give ourselves more space in which to answer the questions: What did He teach? Wherein does His teaching differ from the others? How, if at all, is it better?

The first disciples of Buddha regarded him as a man, but of far nobler quality than themselves. Later disciples made him the son of a god and a virgin, and surrounded his birth with heavenly portents of many sorts. Similarly the birth of Confucius was said by later followers to have been accompanied by supernatural happenings. The four Gospels which record the life of Jesus were written many years after His death: two of them attribute His birth to immaculate conception by the Virgin Mary, and this belief has become a doctrine of the Christian Church, very precious to many of its members.

Faiths That Essentially Agree

HE GREW up in the city of Nazareth and worked in the carpenter shop of Joseph, His mother's husband.

At about the age of thirty He laid down His tools and appeared at the bank of the River Jordan, where John, a brilliant young cousin, was preaching to crowds from Jerusalem and the surrounding territory and signalizing the repentance of converts by baptism in the river. Jesus submitted Himself for baptism and afterward retired into the wilderness for a period of self-examination and prayer.

Returning after forty days, He began to preach. His first public utterance followed the pattern of John's, a call for repentance based on the assurance that the Kingdom of Heaven was at hand.

The two preachers were very dissimilar in taste and temperament. John was austere and lonely. Jesus was happy by nature, fond of the companionship of friends. He soon saw that John's message and methods would not do for Him. He stayed in the towns or cities, or walked along the shores of the Sea of Galilee, surrounded always by a cheerful crowd. Gradually His utterances began to have a character quite different from John's.

He told these poor, oppressed and hopeless people that God was their Father, and they heirs of immortal life. They heard the news gladly.

With His increasing popularity His words took on a more authoritative tone. The crowds regarded Him as one who would drive the Romans from Jerusalem and restore the throne of David. The rulers began to take uneasy notice; His mother was greatly distressed, believing Him mad and fearing that His rash words would cause trouble. And:

"While he yet talked to the people, behold, his mother and his brethren stood without, desiring to speak with him.

"Then one said unto him, Behold, thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee.

"But he answered and said unto him that told him, 'Who is my mother? And who are my brethren?'

"And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples, and said, Behold, my mother and my brethren!

"For whosoever shall do the will of my Father, which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

Herod, the King, had already got rid of John the Baptist by beheading him. That ruthless murder cast a shadow over the life of Jesus, who read in it the prophecy of His own defeat and death. His hopes that the nation might have a spiritual rebirth began to fade. His followers deserted, first a few at a time and later in crowds, until hardly more than his original twelve disciples were left.

Realizing that nothing more was to be gained by compromise with the authorities, he cast aside all restraint, denouncing the priestly rulers as hypocrites, whited sepulchers and plunderers of the poor. On one of the great feast days, when the city was crowded with pilgrims, He strode into the outer court of the Temple and overthrew the tables of the money changers, released the animals which were there for sacrifice, and cleared the whole court, crying:

"Is it not written, My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer? but ye have made it a den of thieves."

The high priest, who shared in the profits of the Temple trading, determined that the time had come to put an end to this rebellious young man. Taking Him at night, through the treachery of one of His disciples, they hurried Him through the semblance of a trial in their own courts and brought Him to the Roman governor, Pilate, for permission to put Him to death. This the governor granted reluctantly, and Jesus was crucified (in about His thirty-third year) on a cross between two thieves.

Contemporary secular records contain no reference to the life of Jesus, His teachings, His crucifixion, or His resurrection. The Gospels, however, have every evidence of historical truth. There can be no reasonable doubt that such a Man lived and died, and that those who were closest to Him and in the best position to know were convinced that He rose from the dead—so firmly convinced that they were transformed from beaten, hopeless men into conquering prophets who braved every peril and endured every sort of persecution rather than surrender their faith.

H. G. Wells, in his Outline of History, says:

"Yet be it noted that while there was much in the real teachings of Jesus that a rich man or a priest or a trader or an imperial official or any ordinary respectable citizen could not accept without the most revolutionary changes in his way of living, yet there was nothing that a follower of the actual teachings of Gautama Sakya might not receive very readily.

"Again consider the tone of this extract from the writings of a Chinaman, Mo Ti, who lived somewhere in the fourth century B. C., when the doctrines of Confucius and Lao Tse prevailed in China, before the advent of Buddhism to that country, and note how 'Nazarene' it is.

"'The mutual attacks of state on state; the mutual usurpations of family on family; the mutual robberies of man on man; the want of kindness on the part of the sovereign and of loyalty on the part of the minister; the want of tenderness and filial duty between father and son—these, and such as these, are the things injurious to the empire.

"'All this has arisen from want of mutual love. . . . Men in general loving one another, the strong would not make prey of the weak; the many would not plunder the few; the rich would not insult the poor; the noble would not be insolent to the mean, and the deceitful would not impose upon the simple."

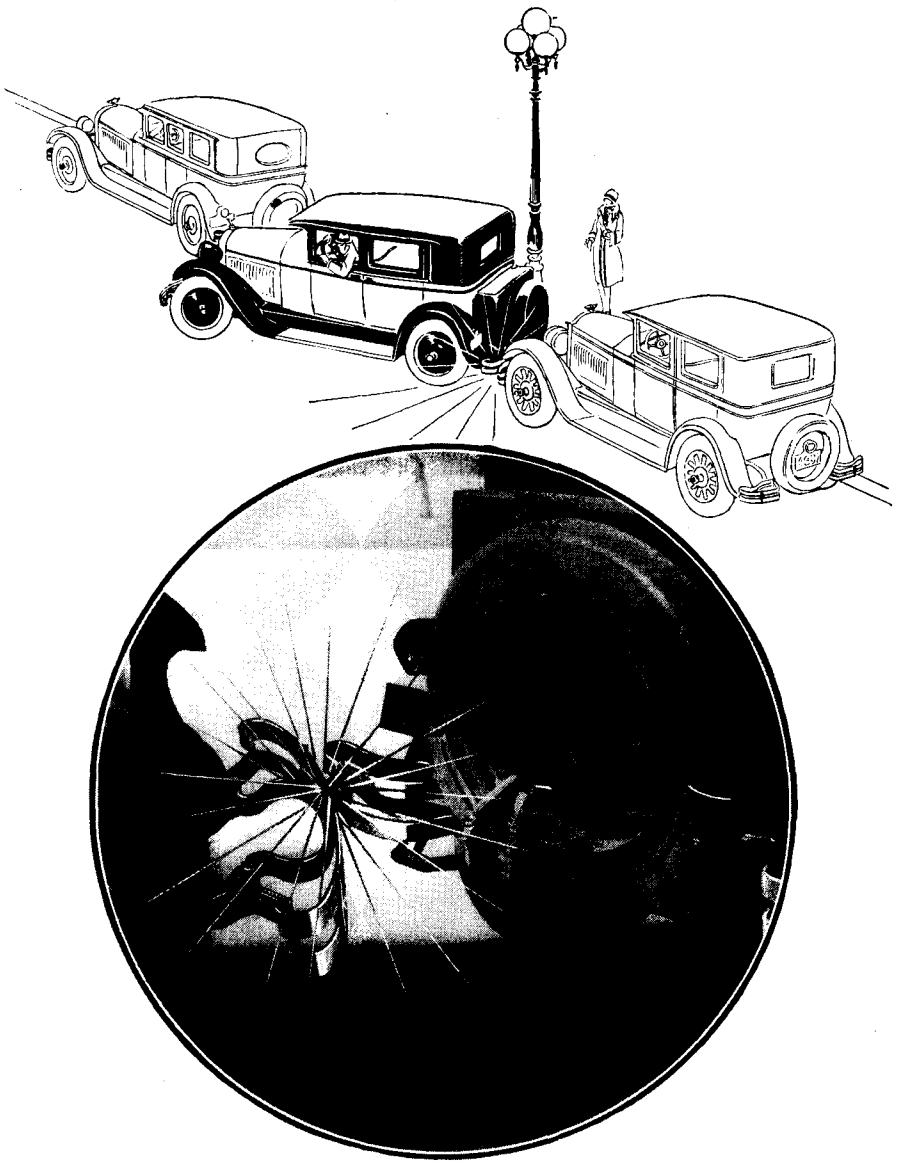
"The thoughts of Mo Ti came close to the Kingdom of Heaven. *This essential identity is the most important historical aspect of these great world religions . . .* essentially religions of the heart and of the universal sky . . . and it is not to one overcoming the other or to any new variant replacing them that we must look, but to the white truth in each being burnt free from its dross, and becoming manifestly the same truth—namely, that the hearts of men, and therewith all the lives and institutions of men, must be subdued to one common Will, ruling them all."

Wherein the Great Four Differ

ALL four of the great religions agree that the universe is ruled by One Supreme Being, who revealed Himself through the founder of the religion and is further represented by certain sacred scriptures which set forth the way of right living.

Mohammed and Confucius wrought no miracles—indeed, Mohammed definitely disclaimed miraculous power when challenged to prove his rôle of prophet by exhibiting it. The miracles of Jesus and of Buddha bear a remarkable resemblance.

(*Continued on page 42*)



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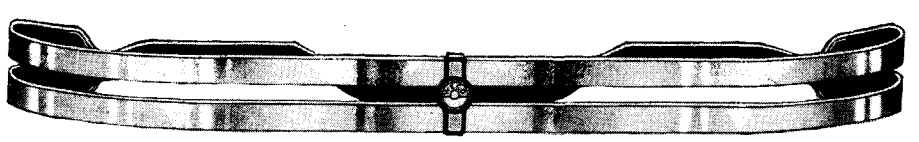

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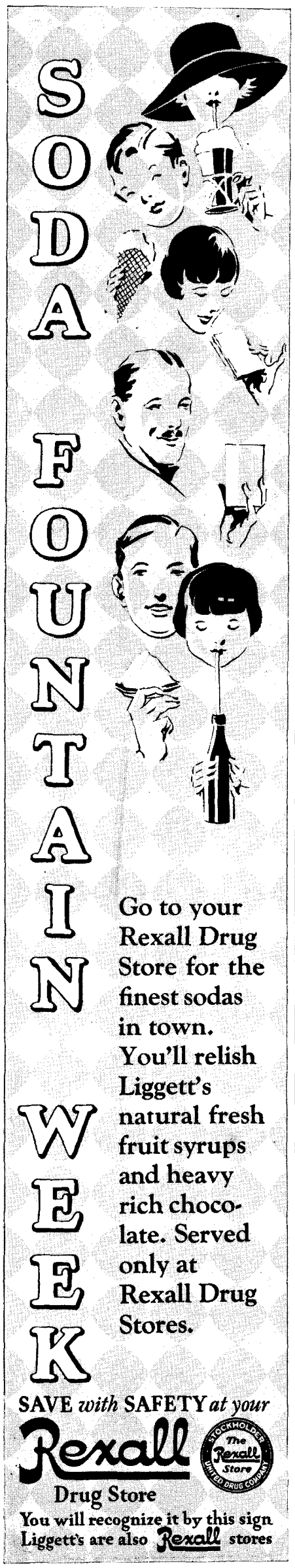
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Is Christianity Best?

Continued from page 41

Thus Jesus walked on the Sea of Galilee and Buddha crossed the river Ganges without a boat. Jesus by a word or the touch of His hand healed the sick; Buddha healed a sick woman by a single look. Jesus fed five thousand on five loaves and three small fishes; Buddha fed five hundred with no previous supplies.

Jesus, alone of all the great teachers, is reported to have risen from the dead.

Three of the four great faiths contain the principle of the Golden Rule. Thus Buddha says:

"Is there a deed, Rahula, thou dost wish to do? Then bethink thee thus: 'Is this deed conducive to my own harm, or to others' harm or to that of both?' Then is this a bad deed, entailing suffering. Such a deed must thou surely not do."

The Silver Rule of Confucius occurs in six different places in the sacred scriptures of his religion: The Master replied, "What you do not want done to yourself, do not do unto others."

Mohammed, whose doctrine was death to all unbelievers, obviously had no use for such a precept, and both Buddha and Confucius fall far short of the moral majesty of Jesus:

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

And Jesus went even further. He alone of all the great teachers acted uniformly in the spirit of His own precept, even in respect to His enemies, claiming that in so doing He was properly interpreting the character of God:

"But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you;

"That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

In what they tell us about the future life the four great religions are widely dissimilar. Mohammed was very specific. His heaven is a garden filled with beautiful women and every sensual delight. To Buddha existence was a sad mixture of sorrow and illusion which *no one would wish to have continued*, yet *must* continue through successive eras of penance until final release comes through the blotting out of individual personality. Confucius pictured a shadowy future life, devoid equally of hope or fear and having no relation to the actions or results of the present—a ghostly affair, damp and depressing.

The teachings of Jesus were very definite, but not detailed. "I go," He said, "to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am, there ye may be also." In His Father's house, He said, were many mansions; but He left the picture to be filled in by our own imaginations, based on the assurance that God is Father and will use His omnipotent power to provide eternal good things for His children.

The Case for Christianity

THUS in the degree and quality of hope and inspiration which they hold out for the future the four religions are far apart. And each has fixed upon its people the stamp of its own character: the Chinese neither hoping nor fearing, but patiently enduring; the Buddhist renouncing all active effort as useless; the Mohammedan showing no mercy to his foes, already condemned to eternal punishment, but gladly incurring any risk in exchange for the delights of a fleshly heaven; Christianity teaching that every thought and act has eternal significance, that "God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Few will deny that in this respect—the face which it turns toward the future—Christianity is markedly superior to the other three faiths. And there are three other points of definite superiority:

1. Jesus gave God a nobler character than any of the other teachers. Buddha rather left his followers in doubt as to whether there is a God, and subsequently was deified himself. Confucius speaks sometimes of the "Supreme Ruler," sometimes of "Heaven," but without giving personality to the divine being, certainly without inspiring love. Mohammed's God does not rise even to the height of the Jehovah of the Old Testament, a jealous sovereign who fights vigorously on the side of the faithful but decrees merciless death to infidels. A very human God, enjoying the pleasures of appetite and bribing his followers to courage by the promise of fleshly rewards.

Only Jesus spoke of God as a Father, loving all of His children alike, rejoicing in their happiness, sharing their sorrows, seeking patiently and helpfully to redeem them from their sins and prepare them for eternal happiness by the transformation of their spirits into His own perfect character.

John Russell

knows what can happen in the Honolulu moonlight

"The Bright Reversion"

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

2. Jesus alone spoke of Himself as the Son of God, and acted throughout as one who had direct and uninterrupted communication with the Eternal. Neither Confucius nor Buddha talked of God or evidenced any sense of dependence upon Him. Mohammed's Allah is a decidedly partisan and imperfect being, short-tempered and bitter toward adversaries, but ready at any moment to render a special revelation for the convenience of the prophet in preserving peace in his harem.

Even to the gaze of the most critical, the life of Jesus is flawless. He lived and talked and died as one conscious at every moment of a divine commission. The soul of man in looking toward Him finds its deepest longings satisfied. If this kindly, happy, friendly Man be the Son of God; if God, in His character and actions, is like this, then indeed may one live courageously in the present and hopefully for the future.

3. Christianity alone teaches that the process of creation is not finished, that God is not a Creator who, having completed the world, has withdrawn into a secure and distant Heaven, but that He is still immanent, still at work, still available for direct help to all who call on His name.

This Holy Spirit, as Jesus described it, is the divine purpose running through all creation, "the enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," a force like gravity operating constantly to reënforce all honest effort and oppose all that makes for wrong. The god of other religions is far off and untroubled by human affairs. The God of Jesus is Father, ever present, ever working, conscious of the fall of a single sparrow, numbering the very hairs of His children's heads, loving them with a love that surpasses human understanding, helping them always to be and do their best.

Thus Christianity is the most optimistic and achieving of all the religions. To what extent the nations that acknowledge it have been made progressive by its spirit, and to what degree their own high spirits have entered into it, is a question beyond the depth of this present work. The United States is Christian and progressive. Mexico is Christian and unprogressive. If Christianity is to have the credit in one instance, it cannot escape responsibility across the border.

The truth is, of course, that many factors beside religion—climate, blood, diet, inheritance—help to form national character. We are not made by faith alone. Yet Confucianism, with its calm acceptance of things as they are, its lack of interest in the future, has molded China. Buddhism, with its attitude of sad renunciation, is not a faith to spur the spirit. Christianity, whatever its shortcomings, does say constantly to man, "You can do better. The whole world can do better. You can be perfect, even as your Father."

Of all the founders of great religions, Jesus alone died young. Confucius passed out in old age, a sick and disappointed and broken man. Buddha died old of overeating. Mohammed passed away in the arms of his favorite wife, old in spirit if not in years. Jesus was cut off in the flower of His youth. He wanted to live, wanted it terribly. He cried out in agony that the cup of death should be allowed to pass from His lips.

Perhaps the very fact that He died so young has played its part in making His religion the great religion. His is an ideal without compromises. If He had lived to seventy, a father and a grandfather, perhaps, a land owner and taxpayer, a neighbor and friend of propertied men—if this had been His life, must there not have been some modifications in His teachings? The father of children can hardly say: "Take no thought for the morrow." A man in a responsible business position cannot drop everything, turn his back on obligations and set forth blithely to follow a new light.

Jesus spoke with the freshness of firm muscles, sound sleep, low blood pressure, gay sunrises, and deep, strong lungs. There was about Him none of the hesitation of middle life, none of the disillusionment and weakness of age. To Him all things were possible: the lame could walk, the blind could see, the very dead could rise, if only they believed as He believed.

What middle age and old age might have done to Him we do not know. Fortunately, we do not need even to guess. Those who cut Him off so cruelly in the full flush of His youth did us an unwitting kindness. They preserved Him for us ever young, full of optimism for the future, full of dissatisfaction with the past—a vigorous, vibrant, joyous leader, crying in effect: "What I am you can be. What I do you can do, and even greater works. Where I go you can come. *All things are possible.*"

"Is There Anything a Man Can Believe?" by Bruce Barton, will appear in an early issue

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Tom Masson Says—

The largest ballroom in the world is to be built in Chicago. It is estimated that 7,500 dancers can be crippled in it at one time.

The largest collection of microbes in the world is claimed by Dr. Ernest Pribham of Vienna. The next time we have as much grippe as the last, we will challenge him for the open championship.

London Punch hints that the American Rhodes scholars at Oxford are an exclusive set, and hopes they may in time adapt themselves to the ways of a democratic country. For instance, throwing stones at the Prime Minister.

Sinclair Lewis seems to be trying to make everybody else redheaded.

Every man over forty is a scoundrel. —Bernard Shaw. (He will be eighty in nine more years.)

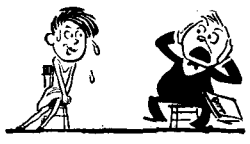
A Connecticut professor says that bees would rather sit around home and loaf than gather honey. That may be so, but when abroad they like to impress you with their personality.

So far as Europe is concerned, about the only thing Uncle Sam can protect is his own interest, and he has a hard time doing that.

It is harder to go into the hands of a masculine receiver than into the arms of a feminine deceiver.

We are so democratic this summer that we shall visit a friend who owns a camp with only one bathroom.

If autos keep on increasing, pretty soon we shall have one for every gas station.



The man who preaches economy to outsiders is the man whose wife is always running behindhand in her allowance.

The problem of the future, says an engineer, is to transmit power over a distance. Yet even now they move Western crops from Wall Street.

The sun-kissed flappers don't all live in California.

Real intelligence test: finding the index in a Sunday newspaper.

What I Learned from Suzanne

Continued from page 14

is on the court.' So the officials are careful and considerate of me in their treatment. At least temperament has some value."

At the 1926 Wimbledon tournament Suzanne was an hour and a half late for her match, while the queen waited patiently in the royal box. The incident was heralded as another outburst of temperament. The officials literally pounced on Suzanne with harsh demands for explanations. She had been misinformed as to the hour of her match; she had been indisposed; she was sorry.

But the officials were not convinced. It was said that official eyebrows lifted at her explanations. Her Majesty was reported to be annoyed—at any rate, Suzanne's appointment to be presented at court was canceled.

Suzanne is an artist in the game of tennis, with a fierce pride in her work. But she is a good sport. There are different standards of sportsmanship, and even in America there are no consistent standards.

We should not be too quick to condemn Suzanne because her ideas are different from ours.

On our tour one of the first questions she was asked was: "How do you always win?" Her answer, which she learned by heart long ago, was:

"I do not think I have any particular method. I just throw dignity to the winds and think of nothing but the game. I try to hit the ball with all my force and send it where my opponent is not. I say to myself, 'Let the other one do the running about, but run as fast as you can yourself, if you have to.'"

It is Lenglen's theory, taught her by her father, that tennis is 50 per cent speed, 45 per cent headwork, and 5 per cent armwork. If that is not entirely accurate, it emphasizes the requirements in their relative importance.

You may think of her as a slashing, smashing player, winning by slamming the ball at you so that you cannot return it. She can play so if she desires, but actually does so seldom. She gave me the mushiest ball I have ever had to encounter—a soft floater that looks easy to put away for an ace but which more often lands in the net or out of bounds.

It is not the kind of ball that Suzanne gives you but where she gives it to you that is important. Each shot is designed to make you run as far as possible from the spot from which you made your last return.

When we played our first matches she scored repeatedly with a short cross-court placement that followed several deep drives to alternate corners. Eventually I evolved a method of getting up for that shot.

Suzanne tried the shot again a little later, to determine if my recovery was designed or accidental. I scored a placement. The next time I anticipated that cross-court shot I got a lob. And I got many lobs the rest of the tour.

There is a legend that Suzanne's father taught her to play on a court marked out in squares like a checkerboard and that she follows a series of "moves" worked out by him. Suzanne laughed when I asked her about the story. Her method is not nearly so complicated but it is much more effective.

The singles court is 78 feet long and 27 feet wide, so that your opponent's territory, which you have to aim at, is 39 feet long and 27 feet wide. That is an area of more than 1,000 square feet—quite a target.

But her opponent's court, as Suzanne sees it, embraces only the outer edges of the court—slender rectangles, two feet wide on the side lines and three feet wide on the base line, with her favorite spots the triangles in the two corners. A shot that falls out of these restricted areas is "no good," says Lenglen.

Suzanne's father made a wall for her to practice with. Her accuracy comes from the years of practice against this wall.

"It is better than a poor opponent," Suzanne said, "because it does not miss. It always returns the ball—swiftly if you want to practice smashes, softly if you prefer. You can mark it in sections if you want to test your control.

"Then, to make the work less monotonous, my father developed a new type of wall with a concave surface instead of a flat one. This greatly varied the character of the return. On rainy days we moved it into the house so I would not miss practice."

Suzanne was only eleven years old when she began practicing against the wall, but the next year she began playing in tournaments. She was usually beaten in the first few years, although there were not many good women players in France then.

While she was being beaten in the tournaments on the Riviera, Suzanne and her father were watching the great players who came there in the winters to play on the famous hard courts of Nice and Cannes. Laurentz, the Frenchman; Kingscote, the Englishman; and Wilding and Brookes, the Australians, were books to her. She studied them while her father sat beside her and remarked on their strokes, their form and most of all their strategy.

"I learned most from watching Brookes," Suzanne said. "He had a most remarkable tennis mind. It was from him I learned that hard stroking does not win so many games as keen tactics. His cardinal principle, and it is mine if I have any, was to clear the net."

To clear the net! Honestly, in all the years I have played tennis clearing the net was not as important to me as it is now—since I have played with Suzanne. You have seen players stroke with all their might and mightily pleased with themselves when they sent a low skimming shot that barely cleared the net.

Try These on Your Court

BUT such shots are dangerous. In the first place, when you send a hard-driven ball too close to the net you are risking error. As you add speed you decrease control. More hard shots go into the net than clear it.

And if they do clear the net, they are no harder to return than a lightly hit ball that drops as it comes across the barrier. I would much rather volley one of your hard skimming shots than one of Suzanne's soft balls that clears the net always by at least a foot.

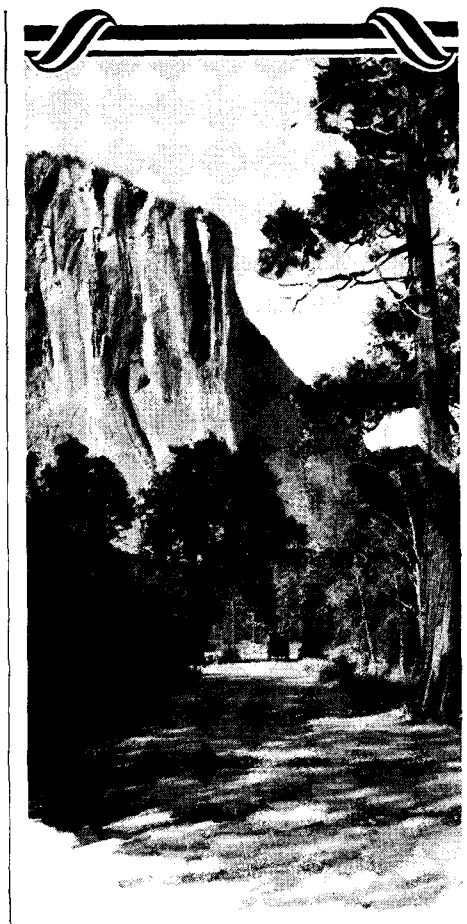
Another principle of Suzanne's that I had not understood fully is this. Pace off the ground is more important than pace in the air. That is, a hard-hit ball, with spin on it, will slow up when it rebounds from the surface of the court. Suzanne's drives do not seem to come through the air with great speed, but when they bounce the pace is tremendous. She gets that result by a long, powerful stroke with a full follow-through.

Suzanne, when in tournament play, practices only half an hour a day, sometimes half an hour every other day. But she practices against a professional or some of the best men players she can get matches with.

She never tries to ace a service. She never tries for placements unless she is in a favorable position.

When Suzanne beat Mrs. Mallory in France, 6-2, 6-3, she made only nine nets in the seventeen games, while Mrs. Mallory lost 32 points by netting. Suzanne scored only ten placements against sixteen for Mrs. Mallory. But your opponents' errors count a point apiece, the same as your placements. Most players value a placement apparently as several points, but it's only one.

When you play your next game of tennis, try to remember the things I have learned from Lenglen. They'll help you.



California. Touring past El Capitan Yosemite National Park.
Photo by De Cou from Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

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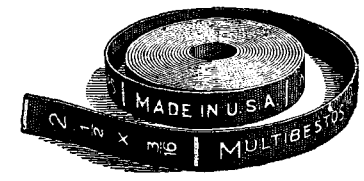

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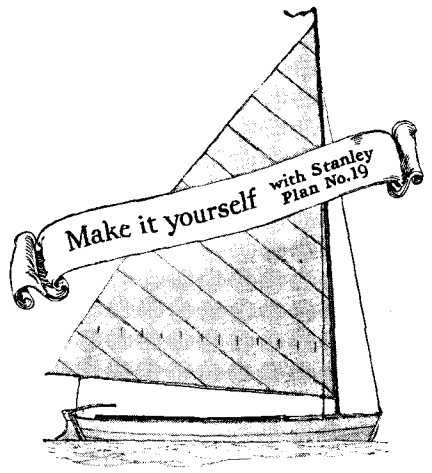

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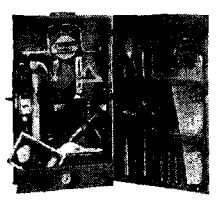

There are 15 other plans. Ask for list.

The best tools are the cheapest to use. Ask your hardware dealer.

STANLEY TOOLS

The Happy Ending

Continued from page 25

surrounded by utensils for rendering cleaner than ever the already shining interior. She was enveloped from head to foot in an overall.

"You back again, young man?" she remarked, without any marked cordiality.

"Just one question," Angus begged. "The Thursday before the Friday upon which Mr. King disappeared, what time did he get home?"

"Just after midnight—looking tired out too. He drank a bottle of beer before he went to bed, which wasn't his custom, though never a teetotaler."

"I am very much obliged. I hope I'll have news for you before long. . . ."

A week or so later, his car standing in the street below laden with dressing bags, gun cases and golf clubs, Angus, on his way to Norfolk for three weeks' holiday, looked in to wish his partner good-by.

"Lucky chap!" Peter Bragg grumbled as they shook hands. "Never mind. I'll be after you presently. There's nothing doing here, anyway."

"There's only one thing bothers me," Angus confided, "and that is the King case. I'm almost sorry I ever took it up."

Peter Bragg nodded.

"Nothing more to be done about it, I'm afraid. You made a wonderful start. When you discovered about that Thursday night the man had kept up his sleeve all this time, I thought you were going to romp home a winner."

"I thought so too," Angus admitted. "He must be the most amazingly clever person or he must have had wonderful luck. Here you have a man leaving his office at six o'clock every Thursday for eighteen months except during holidays, and not getting home until about midnight, and yet, now that we know it, we haven't an idea what he did during those five or six hours."

"I couldn't have believed it possible," Peter Bragg admitted. "I'm not at all sure, George, that we ought not to pass on our little bit of information about those Thursday nights to Scotland Yard. The *only thing is that I should* imagine they've tumbled to it themselves, although how they've managed to keep it from Mrs. King I can't think."

"Let it be now, until I get back," Angus begged. "I'll make one more effort then on new lines. . . . Cheerio, Pudgy!"

"Cheerio, George, my lad!"

It was distinctly a coincidence that on the night of his return to London, nearly a month later, turning over his evening paper, Angus should come upon the following paragraph:

"The body of the man discovered in the river near Bourne End has been identified by his widow as the body of William King, cashier to Messrs. Gutteridge, Mason & Co., of Gracechurch Street. King disappeared mysteriously some four months ago, since when the police have been vainly endeavoring to discover his whereabouts. From the battered condition of the deceased foul play is suspected." . . .

ON THE following evening at seven o'clock Angus paid his third visit to Chiswick. Again Miss Belle opened the door.

"Come in, won't you?" she begged. "I'll fetch Mother directly."

She led him into the little drawing-room. Mrs. King appeared almost at once. Mother and daughter were attired in the somberest black; otherwise they exhibited no signs of deep grief.

"I called to offer you my sympathy," Angus explained. "It must have been a great shock to you, after all this waiting, to discover your husband's face under such unhappy conditions."

Mrs. King remained dry-eyed, but her tone was bitter.

"Murdered!" she exclaimed. "And no one brought to justice nor likely to be. Murdered just for the trifle of money he might have had on him."

"You were able to identify him without difficulty?"

"There was no trouble about that," she answered. "A fearful state he was in, but I didn't need to look twice. His clothes, too, told me all I wanted to know. There was the little patch I'd sewn in his trousers leg and the odd button on his waistcoat. There was his pocketbook too, empty though it was, and his business cards still there, and the silver cigarette case I gave him last Christmas."

"I've been away for some time," Angus explained. "I suppose no one has *any idea how it was he got down as far* as Bourne End."

Mrs. King shook her head.

"A mystery the whole thing is, and a mystery, with our incompetent police, it seems as though it were likely to remain," she declared. "Here William walks out of his office at six o'clock, a respectable, straight-living man on his way home to his wife and family, with perhaps a few pounds in his pocket, and from that day till last week not a thing could the police discover about him. Then they find his body in the river thirty miles away, with his money gone. And it seems to me that's all they can do about it."

"There was no possibility, I suppose, of his having been drowned by accident?" Angus ventured.

"Not a chance," was the emphatic reply. "He'd been battered about the head for one thing, and his money was gone for another. I wasn't so set at first, young man," Mrs. King proceeded, "on your interference, but if you can find the man who killed him I'll take you by the hand and thank you. That I promise."

Angus rose to his feet.

"I don't know that there's much more I can do," he admitted, "but I shall talk it over with my partner. It's a long time ago now, unfortunately."

HE TOOK his leave—Belle, this time, accompanying him to the street to admire the car. He caught a glimpse of them as he swung round the corner, mother and daughter standing together—the mother a grim figure in her unrelieved black, the daughter almost pitiful with her simpering smile, her cheap coquetries and too obvious desire to attract. The sight of them somehow depressed him, as did also the neighborhood. Nevertheless there was a new sense of drama enveloping what before had been a very ordinary though unintelligible mystery. . . .

He found Peter Bragg, back from three weeks' fishing in Devonshire, bronzed and in the best of health. They spoke almost at once of the finding of King's body.

"This case goes to prove as conclusively as any I have ever come across," Peter Bragg pronounced, "that drama lies often behind the lives of many of the most ordinary-looking people—drama at which we should *never guess, which we should never* suspect. We know enough now to fill in certain gaps. In some way or another this man King, whose life seemed to be a model one, spent every Thursday night of his life with someone under such conditions as to make a bitter enemy.

"You are driven back, Angus, if you are still interested in this case, to the old cry which has practically been the catchword of every one of the great murder cases of the world—'find the woman.'"

"And unfortunately the scent is a little stale."

"We'll draw up a précis of the whole affair within the next few days," Peter Bragg suggested, "and then we'll see whether it's worth while going on with it."

"Capital!" Angus agreed. . . .

Nevertheless, on the following morning he carried out an idea of his own. He drove once more down to Gracechurch Street and, without asking for an interview with either of the partners, inquired for a young porter named Williams, whom he had interviewed on a previous occasion. Williams was soon found and came to him in a corner of the warehouse. He was a tall, rather shy youth, with a pleasant, truthful face.

"Look here, Williams," Angus began, "I came to see you some time ago when there was a question of Mr. King's disappearance, and I asked you, as I asked a good many of the others, whether any of you had ever been able to form any idea as to what Mr. King did with himself on Thursday nights. You answered just like the others, only a little differently."

"How differently, sir?"

"Because you gave me the impression that you were not telling the truth."

The young man considered for a moment.

"That was clever of you, sir," he admitted. "Perhaps I wasn't."

"Why not?"

THE young man shifted his position a little nervously. He looked around as though to be sure that they were not being overheard.

"You see, sir, it's this way," he explained. "Mr. King was the one gentleman in this place as I liked. He got me my job, he saved me from losing it once when I made a stupid mistake, and he always had a kindly word and a nod. I liked him, and I wasn't going to do anything to give him away. If I had had any idea," he went on, "that he'd come to harm, that anyone had done him in like this, I'd have out with the truth quick enough. As it was, I didn't, because I thought I was doing my best for him by keeping my mouth shut."

"Then you do know something about these Thursday nights?" Angus persisted.

"Just by accident, I do, sir," the young man acknowledged. "About eight months ago was the first time. I was passing by a cinema at the top of Tottenham Court Road, and I saw Mr. King and a young lady get out of a taxi and go in. He didn't see me, and I stepped back so as he shouldn't."

"Any other time?"

"Yes, sir. It was once in the summer. I've an uncle who's a waterman down at Bourne End. I saw Mr. King in a boat with the same young lady."

"Can you describe her?"

"Not very well, sir, I'm afraid. She looked nice, and both times I saw her she seemed cheerful like and happy. She was rather pale, and she was dressed quite—quite the lady."

"Would you know her if you saw her again?"

"I might," was the somewhat doubtful response. "There's no telling."

"You haven't any idea who she is or where she can be found?"

The man made no reply. Presently Angus repeated his question.

"I'd like to think a bit over that, sir," he said at last. "I don't want to do any harm to anybody, and I'll tell you, honest, I don't know whether to answer your question or not."

"You can do nobody any harm," Angus assured him. "All that I want to find out is how Mr. King came by his death. The young lady was not directly concerned in it. We can be quite sure of that—although she may have been the cause of it—but she probably knows the truth. If she hasn't come forward we ought to find her."

"Maybe I'll tell you what I know about her, sir," the young man decided, after another prolonged pause. "I hope I'm doing right. It's only for Mr. King's own sake that I've hesitated. I've seen her when I've delivered goods in a factory in the Bethnal Green Road. She was a typist in the office there, and she used sometimes to sign the delivery sheets."

"Would Mr. King ever call there?" Angus asked quickly.

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"I make no doubt he would, sir. We do a lot of business with the firm."

"You'll tell me the name?"

"Levy & Levy, 72, on Bethnal Green Road."

Angus produced his pocketbook, but the young man shook his head.

"I don't want no money for telling you what I have done, sir," he said. "It's the truth about a very sad job. Maybe I ought to have done it before, but if I didn't it was because I liked Mr. King."

He made his escape, and Angus found his way with some difficulty to the Bethnal Green Road. He explained his business in a very guarded manner to one of the partners.

"Tell you all I know with pleasure," Mr. Levy declared, looking with some surprise at this unusual visitor. "Young lady typist you want to know about who was here three or four months ago?"

"That's so."

"Miss Bentley, her name was—as nice a young lady as ever worked for us. She left—let me see—last June. Left unexpectedly: didn't ask for references—said she'd come in for a little money. I wanted her to put it into the business and stay on, but she wasn't having any."

"Do you still happen to have her address?"

"I've got the address of where she was living then," Mr. Levy replied dubiously. "But I don't know as you'll be able to find her from that."

"I might try," Angus suggested pleasantly.

Mr. Levy plunged into the office and reappeared presently with a card.

"There you are," he announced. "What's it all about? Anyone left the young lady another fortune?"

Angus smiled.

"No such luck, I'm afraid. I'm very much obliged to you, sir."

"You're welcome," Mr. Levy replied, accompanying his visitor to the swing doors and looking out with increased surprise at the Rolls-Royce standing there. "If ever you come across the young lady, give her my respects and tell her her place is always open."

"I won't forget," Angus promised.

UPON a grassy bluff above the small Devonshire village of Sidtree a man and a girl were seated arm in arm, with their faces turned seaward. The breeze from the Atlantic, after a hot day, fanned their cheeks. The peace of the whole countryside, fading gradually away with the setting sun, seemed somehow reflected in their contented faces. The man was ordinary-looking except for his eyes, which had in them something of the visionary. The girl's expression of complete and unalloyed happiness made her almost beautiful. Down below them was the open gate of the cottage, through which they had issued, with its tiny garden a flare of color.

"I never believed that heaven could be like this," the girl murmured.

The man smiled. No less happy than his companion but more practical, he withdrew his arm from her waist and lit a cigarette.

"I hope too many tourists won't find this place out," he remarked, looking at the Rolls-Royce which had come to a standstill upon the road above.

"I hope not," she murmured.

THEN Angus descended and walked into their paradise. The man started as he heard approaching footsteps. The girl's hand stole into his. They hated strangers. Fear came to them when Angus paused in front of them. He looked steadily at the man and then at the girl.

"May I sit down and talk to you both for a few minutes?" he asked unexpectedly.

"Why?" the man demanded.

"Because I have been looking for you for some time. Your name, I think, is Mr. King."

"My name is John Dorwood," the man declared, "and this is my wife."

"In Devonshire, perhaps," Angus said, "In Chiswick I think your name was William King."

They were both silent, and as the light was passing from the day, so the expression seemed to fade from their faces. The man King half rose to his feet, but Angus sat down.

"Look here," he said, "I'm not a detective. I'm not connected with the law. I'm an ordinary human being, and I've been piecing your story together on my way down here. I'd like you to tell it to me."

The man King leaned over and looked eagerly into the newcomer's face.

"I will," he said at last. "You look as though I could tell it to you."

"Tell him everything," the girl begged, clinging to her companion.

"You know who I was," King began—"a clerk at Gutteridge's, a steady fellow, married to a good woman—a good, hard woman. I'd a good, silly daughter, a steady, silly son. I worked week in and week out for twenty-five years. I did my duty always, brought my money back, saved, made a home for them, and all the time there was something inside empty. I never knew what it was. One day I met—the woman who is my wife now," he went on, passing his arm around her waist. "We just talked for a few moments. I felt something different. I met her—met her again—and I knew what I'd been missing in life. I'd no thought of anything wrong. I just cared for her as she cared for me, and Chiswick became hell, my life in my ugly little house with my wife and son and my daughter was hell. It wasn't my fault. I couldn't help it. They just were hell, and every moment I spent with Grace here was such happiness as I had never known: new, softening things in my life, wonderful, beautiful things."

"Go on," Angus begged sympathetically.

"I invented an excuse that one night a week I had to stay at the office late. That Thursday evening I spent always with Grace. In the winter we amused ourselves in London; in the summer on the river. The time came when to leave was agony. I felt that I was capable of any crime just to live the last few years of my life in heaven, and what I did wasn't a crime exactly, although I suppose it was the same thing. One evening—it didn't happen to be a Thursday, but I simply couldn't wait till then to see her—I called round at Grace's rooms and took her down the river. We got as far as Bourne End when it began to mist. I was keeping in close to the bank, and the boat struck something. I put my hand over the side. It was a man."

The girl began to shiver. He patted her encouragingly.

"That's all right, dear," he said. . . . "I dragged him ashore, but he was too far gone. I worked over him half an hour. I know how. And then, as I stood wondering how to get the body to a police station, or where to find help, I seemed to have a wonderful idea. I did it. Grace was against it at first, but I did it. I stripped and I changed clothes with the man. Oh, it was ghastly!" he went on, his voice breaking for a moment. "I put my pocketbook in his pocket and all my trinkets. I wore his clothes, threw his body back into the river, and rowed down to an inn where I told them I'd been overboard and had a ducking. We made a parcel of the clothes, and I got a ready-made suit in the village. It all worked out so well for us. Grace had left her place a week before. She had some money. I had drawn some out of the bank a year ago meaning to keep it for something like this. We just came down here in an ordinary train like ordinary people, and I've been here ever since—and not a soul has disturbed me."

"And we have been happy," the girl cried—"happier than I ever dreamed was possible."

"And now," King demanded, "What are you going to do about it?"

Angus sat for a few moments in silence. He thought of his last visit to the Chiswick house, the sour-faced woman, the simpering flirtatious daughter. He looked around, and he caught a glimpse of the sweetness of the girl's face. He saw the passionate cling of her arms to her companion, caught the inner meaning of those deep-set, wistful eyes.

"I'm not going to do a thing," he answered, "except to shake hands with you both and wish you happiness."

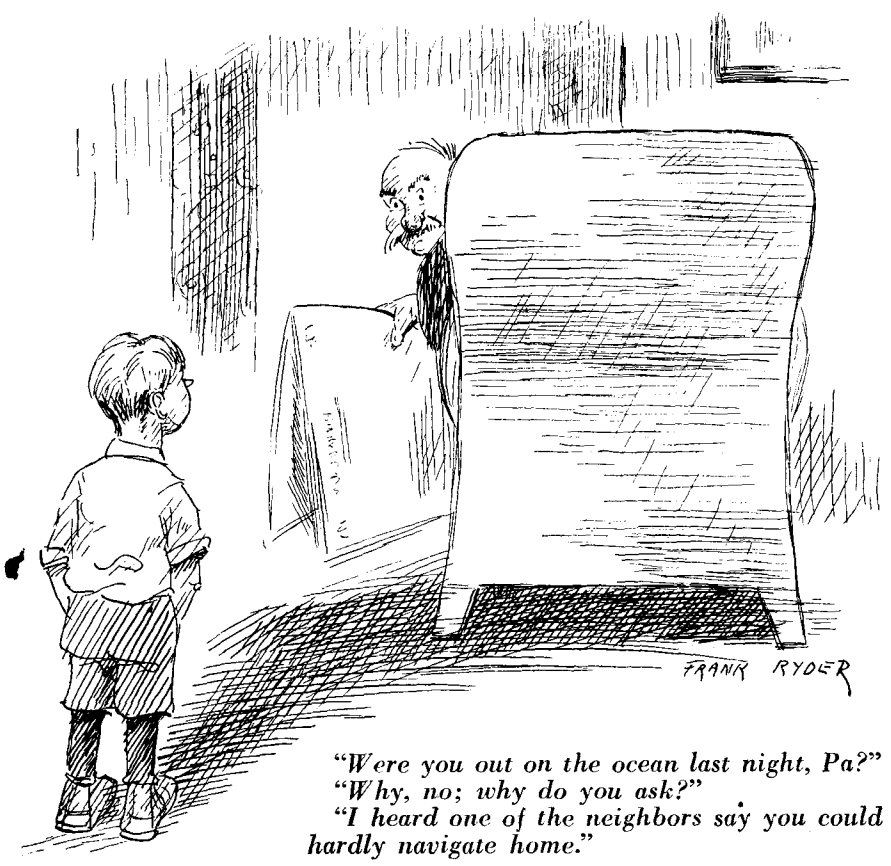
"WELL, any luck?" Peter Bragg asked, as Angus walked into the office two days later.

Angus shook his head.

"I'm dead out of luck," he confessed. "I thought I'd really made a discovery, thought I was in for a big sensation, and I found it's a mare's nest."

Peter Bragg concealed his disappointment admirably.

"Well, well," he said. "Better luck next time!"



"Were you out on the ocean last night, Pa?"
"Why, no; why do you ask?"
"I heard one of the neighbors say you could hardly navigate home."

Another story in this series by E. Phillips Oppenheim will appear in an early issue

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the Indian-detour

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Are We All Liars?

Continued from page 9

before whom the bootlegger is arraigned and brings to bear every possible influence upon the court in the most ingenious and insidious way.

"In a recent case which I tried the syndicate sent agents to Washington seeking to employ a United States senator, whose friendship and confidence I enjoyed. Failing in their efforts to employ the senator, the agents sought to employ his secretary, who likewise refused to lend himself to such methods. The employment of the senator and his secretary was sought by the agents after certain members of the syndicate had been tried and convicted, and the agents were seeking to influence me with regard to sentences to be pronounced upon the men convicted.

"Finally the agents employed a former high government official, who came to New York and in the guise of friendship discussed the case with me and suggested suspended sentences. The former high official did not intimate that he was employed as an attorney in the case, and it was several days later when I learned that he had come to me with a fee in his pocket, about which he said nothing.

"All of this goes to show that the syndicate overlooks no bets and also shows how perfectly the organization articulates.

"The bootlegger knows that in plying his trade Ignominy has struck hands with Respectability. That is a powerful combination. The liquor dealer deals generally with many of the most influential people in every community throughout the United States. The liquor dealer not only has the patronage of the influential, but he has their moral support, and this makes the liquor dealer hard to conquer.

"There are two outstanding deterrent factors in the equation of crime—pride and shame. Every man values a good name, and every man dreads the loss thereof. Pride goes before the commission of crime and shame follows after. Ordinarily, exposure scatters criminals just as certain antidotes cure disease by scattering it, but apprehension of bootleggers does not scatter them. They close ranks and move forward with unruffled precision.

Poor Pay Commands Poor Service

"ONE of the cardinal principles of the Bootlegger Syndicate is that its high officials will take care of the underlings and hirelings until they are convicted and sentenced to prison, and during their imprisonment will take care of their families and pay usual wages in addition, provided, of course, the underlings and hirelings remain silent.

"The bootlegger is, as a rule, a clever individual, and he frequently finds pitted against him prohibition field enforcement officers who command a salary of from $1,500 to $1,800 a year. At the salary paid the government of necessity moves in that class and gets exactly what it pays for. It is no reflection upon anyone to say that as a general rule poor pay commands poor service. In the conflict of wits between the bootlegger and the poorly paid field agent the odds are so unequal that the result is obvious. The indifferent chess player goes down before the master of the game.

"When the bootlegger comes in contact with an enforcement officer of superior intellect it is a case of diamond cut diamond, and the bootlegger switches to another method—bribery. Not always, but too frequently the bootlegger has his way in this regard.

"One illustration of the ineffectiveness of the field-enforcement squad comes to me at this moment. Several months ago the Prohibition Unit of Virginia crossed the North Carolina state line and set up a government distillery, engaging in the manufacture of corn liquor with government money for the purpose of getting a line on moonshine stills around the edge of the great Dismal Swamp. The Virginia unit neglected to advise the North Carolina unit of its movements. Quite unexpectedly the North Carolina enforcement officers raided the government still, much to the amusement, comfort and satisfaction of the moonshiners safely established in the canebrakes of the Dismal Swamp.

"A great advantage to the bootlegger in the war which he is waging against law enforcement is the so-called undercover—not to say entrapment—methods on the part of government officials.

Is an Amendment Necessary?

"I CITE an illustration: A humble and simple Negro was brought before me on the charge of selling liquor. The evidence was that two prohibition enforcement officers, driving through the country, called the old Negro from a field where he was chopping cotton and told him that one of them was sick and had to have some liquor at once. The Negro told them that he had no liquor. They insisted that they must have liquor as it was a matter of life and death and told him to go some place and get it. The obliging old Negro went to a neighbor's home, told his story to the neighbor, and within a short time returned with a small bottle half filled with corn liquor. The officers gave the Negro 50 cents, which he gladly accepted as a tip. A few days thereafter the officers arrested this man and haled him into court for violating the Volstead Act. Such methods arouse protests helpful to the bootlegger.

"Finally the advantage is with the bootlegger in the war because the Volstead Act is enforced, when enforced at all, in different ways in different places. In some districts there is rigid enforcement, in others lax enforcement. Startling as the statement may be, yet it is the whole truth, in most any community throughout the United States a person who wishes to buy liquor can do so with but little expense as to time and energy, although with great expense as to money, because of the great profit the bootlegger adds to his overhead expense. The situation is its own commentary.

"In many of the states liquor for medicinal purposes may be had upon a physician's prescription, whereas in other states it cannot be legally had at all. In my own state, for instance, no matter how poisonous the reptile that inflicts the wound, not a drop of liquor can be administered without violating the law."

Judge Meekins said in the beginning that in his opinion there is one certain way to win the war and smash the Bootlegger Syndicate—the way of strategy.

"It would help much to win the war," he now added, "to amend the Volstead Act so that the purchaser of liquor would be equally culpable before the law, and subject to the same punishment that confronts the manufacturer and seller under the present provisions of the law.

"As the law now stands the bootlegger finds pleasure and pride in his business—pleasure from the fact that his customers replenish his bank account and pride from the fact that he enjoys their confidence and their moral support, and perhaps their esteem. And, what is more, he knows that his customers know that they run no risk of going to jail by reason of their dealings with him."

When asked if he thought that, in other respects, the Volstead Act should have more teeth put into it and if that would inure to law enforcement, Judge Meekins said: "I think not. I recall at the moment that in England at one time it was a capital offense to smuggle gin from Holland. Later the British Empire, by act of Parliament, found it necessary to repeal the act. In the discussions in Parliament it was pointed out that in case of war the empire could ill afford the loss of so many able-bodied men incident to the enforcement of the act."

When asked the strategic way to win the war against the Bootlegger Syndicate, Judge Meekins said:

"Government manufacture and distribution of pure liquor under rigid regulations and restrictions of the Congress from time to time, at a net profit not to exceed, say, a dollar a gallon and at a total price which would cut off any possible competition of the bootlegger. Startling as this may be to certain people, yet upon analysis there is in it a constructive alternative which, of course, must be thought of only as an alternative of last resort, involving sheer governmental necessity. Personally I am in favor of the way of law enforcement 100 per cent plus, but if we are not to have just that character of enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, then the alternative, if we must

Alice: "Gladys is hopelessly old-fashioned."
Virginia: "Yes; she still thinks an engagement is something which precedes a marriage!"

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come to it, would be a solution, and, in the absence of something better, the only solution. Let us see.

"In the first place, through the alternative, if adopted, the government would derive great revenue on the output, especially when combined with the distribution of light wines and beers based upon profit commensurate with the profit realized from the manufacture and distribution of hard liquor.

"In the second place, through the alternative, if adopted, no hardship would fall on any citizen because there would be no 'taxation without representation.' No one would be compelled to purchase liquor, light wines and beers, and he who did voluntarily purchase either would be contributing to the revenue of the government and at the same time contributing to the financial advantage of the citizen who did not purchase. Neither could complain.

"And in the third place, through the alternative, if adopted, the bootlegger would perish from the face of the earth because he could not compete with the government on a profitable basis. When the bootlegger's profit vanishes the bootlegger ceases to exist. The citizen who could legally obtain from the government a quart of pure whisky at a nominal price would find no inducement to purchase a quart of very questionable liquor from a bootlegger for less.

"The Eighteenth Amendment is subject to liberal interpretation. It provides only 'that the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited.' Authority for the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment is vested concurrently in the United States and the respective states.

"A vast host of sound-thinking and upright citizens in this country think the emergency which confronts us is so great that, if necessary for relief, the Constitution should be amended to meet the situation which such an alternative might involve. Query: Is an amendment necessary?

"It is obviously certain that, under the arrangement suggested, the government would receive much revenue, we would win the war against the syndicate, and we would recover everywhere our old-fashioned respect for the Constitution in its entirety.

"Speaking as a citizen of the United States, I see no other than the way suggested to clean up the Bootlegger Syndicate and win the war. If that way is adopted, the syndicate—the syndicate which has entrenched itself and grown so strong in the fight to date because of the boundless wealth it has amassed out of the vast profits in the sale of liquor at $10 and more a quart, and because the people of the United States do not seem to want to win the war through the costly offensive suggested in the outset—will dissolve of its own motion, for if you take the profits out of bootleggery the end will have come.

"Forced to surrender, the Bootlegger Syndicate will, of course, be removed from American life. I can imagine no other line of criminal activity that ever has had, or that ever can have, the approval, connivance and support of millions of otherwise law-abiding citizens which the Bootlegger Syndicate possesses today.

"I would not be misunderstood.

Love and Loyalty

"I HAVE not been talking about a theory but a condition. I am not speaking of things as I would have them, but as they are. We might as well face the music. If we do not do something, something will be done to us.

"I am not speaking as one who is opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment, but as one who was in favor of its adoption and is for its unequivocal enforcement now. Moreover, as far back as 1908 I canvassed North Carolina for state-wide prohibition, but just the same I know what is going on up the street. Experience is experience, and what experience has proved it is idle to resist.

"The syndicate is like interest: it works while we sleep. It is ever alert, ever active, ever up and doing. The syndicate remembers well the parable of the landowner who slept while his enemy sowed tares in his wheat field.

"I wish you would tell your readers," said Judge Meekins, "that I feel and believe that the noblest aims of the true citizen are to kindle love and loyalty for the great Republic in which we live; to teach obedience to and enforcement of its laws; to ratify, in really representative government, the principles of freedom and justice, of which our forefathers dreamed when they cleared the tall timbers of the young land and built their cabins along its streams."

The Horseshoe Nails

Continued from page 30

wad of bills into her mother's hand.

"Isn't it hell to be poor!" sighed Lucille when at last they reached the street again.

"Never mind, honey," said Tony. "We won't always be poor."

"Like fun we won't," still sighed Lucille.

"Heh," said Tony. "You think I'm always going to be hard up like I am now?"

"I know," said Lucille in a flat little voice. "I used to talk that way to myself."

The sergeant straightened his shoulders and frowned over the heads of the people. At the corner a magnificent limousine with a portly couple in it had stopped for traffic.

"See those birds in that glass cage?" he suddenly asked.

"Yes, I see them."

"Well, that's the way you and I are going to ride some day."

"Some day!" she gently scoffed.

The sergeant almost had a touch of grandeur then—could see, could feel himself plowing through a line of restraining fighters, toppling them right and left, the golden prize of victory safely tucked beneath his arm and no one with the strength or skill to stop him.

"That's all right," he said in his husky voice. "I'll show you whether I'm any good—and it won't be long either!" . . .

ON SUNDAY mornings the four Stags at Mrs. Murcote's generally met in Val's room—a good-sized room at the back of the top floor. The bed was in an alcove, behind a screen, and the quartette had all contributed more or less to the furnishings—the piano, for instance, for which he couldn't find room elsewhere—this had been Fritz's offering—a mellow-toned old instrument which his father had left him, the top generally covered with Fritz's clever magazines. The sporting and martial items—the snowshoes in the corner, the crossed bayonets and helmets on the wall—these had come from the sergeant. Abe had been the last to contribute, but when he finally realized that his position among the Stags was assured, the three old paintings which he had contributed more than made up for the delay. Lately Val had been trying to master the mandolin; and when Abe entered the room on the Sunday morning following the events which have just been described, Fritz was sitting at the piano, and Val was tickling his musical insect. Later the sergeant came in and, at the latter's request, Val told about his experience of the afternoon before—when he had lunched with the girl who had been in the taxi.

"And you don't even know her name yet?" demanded Tony.

"No," said Val rather shortly, and thrummed a quick chord across the wires.

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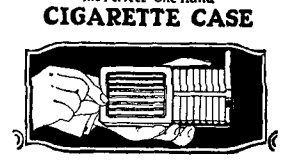

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The Horseshoe Nails

Continued from page 47

"And you didn't make a date to see her again?"

"What's the use?" asked Val, with that gesture of impatience which had been growing upon him lately, more and more. ". . . Lunching at the Langham, and running around in taxis. . . . How long do you suppose I can keep that up on twenty-five a week?"

The sergeant frowned and nodded and, unconsciously or not, quoted from Lucille.

"Isn't it hell to be poor?" said he.

"You'd be surprised," said Abe, "how many people have that same idea."

"I'll give you another instance of it," said Tony. "You've all met Lucille"—and he told them his own experience of the previous afternoon. "And the worst of it is," he concluded, "Lucille's got talent. Real talent. But what can she do—what can anybody do—without money, and an old man like that?"

"How about you, Fritz?" said Abe, looking up with his shrewd-eyed smile. "You had a new striped necktie yesterday morning. Did you see your girl too?"

"What do you think?" asked Fritz, making clever eyebrows as he turned around from the piano. "All this love stuff's hokum—and you know it as well as I do. I may have a girl some day, but when I do you'll know that senile decay's set in. No; I was a Boy Scout last night. I did an act of kindness by taking little Sue Potter to see Three Kept Women—more to watch her reactions than anything else. Little Soupy's down on her luck lately. At the store where she works, the head of her department's been finding a lot of fault with her and she's pretty well broke up about it."

"Perhaps he doesn't like her cough either," said Abe. "Some of the crowd downstairs are beginning to turn their heads every time she springs it."

"It's too darned bad!" said the sergeant, sympathetically scowling. "Soupy isn't strong enough to stand that stuff. You tell her if that jasper at the store gets any worse, I'll come around and beat him up into an eggnog. There's more than one boss in this town who needs a beating—"

"You know what we are?" Val now broke in. "We're four cheap clerks. Four poor fish. Four miserable galley slaves. And you know what our badge is? It's a white collar! I've been thinking it over, and let me tell you, I know what I'm talking about. We're four white mice in a trap, and the only way we can kid ourselves is by telling each other that we're going to grow up into cats! A fat chance! Why, even a hod carrier's assistant—even a deputy garbage collector—"

"Oh, Mr. Willoughby!" interrupted Mrs. Murcote's voice, calling from the floor below.

"Yes?" said Val, impatiently going to the door.

"A young lady wishes to speak to you on the telephone!"

HIS oratory forgotten, Val hurried downstairs; and when he returned to his room a few minutes later his brother Stags had hardly stopped winking at each other.

"Was it the taxi girl?" asked the sergeant.

"Yes?" said Val, going to the door. and turning to the closet for his blue serge, he added—seeing that they were all waiting for him to tell more, "She's going to drive out in the country. And it's such a nice day—she thought I might like to go with her. She'll be here in five minutes, so don't mind me."

At that they all began to help him—partly in fun at first, but gradually becoming more serious.

"You'd better take my gloves," said Abe. "They're nearly new."

"And you can take my stick again if you like," said the sergeant. "There's nothing mean about me, even if you have been calling us dirty names."

"Only don't hit her with the stick," cautioned Fritz, "unless she believes you and thinks you're a mouse."

Abe's room being on the street, they kept dodging in and out to see if the car was coming.

"Maybe this is it—" said Abe at last.

He said this more in humor than seriousness, but they all hurried to the window and looked at a beautiful Penguin Twelve coupé which was slowly rolling to a stop across the street. At first they couldn't see who was at the wheel, but when the car had finally stopped the driver's window was lowered and a girl looked over at Mrs. Murcote's door as though wondering whether she ought to get out and ring the bell.

"THERE she is!" exclaimed Val, and you ought to have seen him as he went charging down the stairs. The others kept watching from Abe's window—especially when Val entered the Penguin Twelve and it slowly rolled off with him.

"Now, what do you think of that?" demanded Abe with rounded eyes.

The sergeant, however, was not sharing this surprise.

"I thought it would be a car like that," he said. "I saw her yesterday at the Langham—and, believe me, she's the goods. . . ."

Meanwhile the Penguin Twelve was headed for Broadway, gliding as silently as a yacht in the river on its way to the open sea. The girl at the wheel was dressed in purple and white—purple coat and hat; and white skirt, shoes and stockings. But Val couldn't have told you this at first. He could have told you, though, how bright her cheeks were and how shyly she smiled at him when he took his place by her side.

"It was such a perfect day," she said, "that I wanted someone to share it with me. And there were so many things that we didn't finish talking about yesterday."

"I'm glad we didn't," he said. And, encouraged by the increasing shyness in her smile, he added, "I was having a beautiful case of blues when you telephoned."

"You were?" she asked, looking at him with those large eyes of wonder which aren't the safest things in the world for a young man to see. "But why?"

"Well," he said, "I was contrasting this morning with yesterday afternoon—"

Which at least wasn't bad for a beginning, and will show you how natural things come. And after they had passed half a dozen florists' shops on Broadway, Val had another inspiration.

"Do you know what I wish?" he suddenly asked, breaking off their chat about the sea of cars around them.

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"No," she said. "Tell me."

"I wish you'd stop at one of these shops, and I'll get you some flowers."

By that time he had noticed her purple hat and coat, and when they stopped at the next shrine to Flora he went in and offered up a dollar and came out with a bunch of lavender sweet peas.

"Oh, adorable," she breathed; and burying her nose in them before she pinned them at her waist, she added, really whispering it to herself as much as to him, "I knew this morning I was going to have a happy day. I woke up singing. . . ."

Which didn't exactly break Val's spirit either.

And indeed they did have a happy day.

"Do you know," said Val once, "you haven't told me your name yet."

"I suppose it's because it's such a funny name," she answered. "It's Rosamond—isn't that dreadful?" And almost apologetically she added, "Rosamond Burgoyne."

Val warmly defended the name; and by the time she seemed at least partly persuaded that it might have been worse, the clock on the Penguin's dashboard reminded him of another important subject.

"When are we going to eat?" he asked.

Again she gave him that shy smile with which she had greeted him in front of Mrs. Murcote's.

"I don't know whether you like picnics," she hesitated—"but I have a basket in the back of the car—"

Did Val like picnics? You ought to have heard him! And after they had lunched in a field by the side of a brook they went on up toward Scarborough, and Rosamond stopped to see an aunt who lived in a stone house overlooking the Hudson. She was a sprightly little lady with wavy gray hair, and after Val had been introduced to her as the hero of Friday night's holdup, he could see that she liked him—could see it just as plainly as he could see that she didn't like Rosamond's father.

They had their dinner there—a dinner of enchantment on a veranda from which they could watch the sun setting over the Palisades—so with one thing and another it was quite dark by the time they reached the Post Road again with its solid stream of cars ahead of them and its solid stream of cars behind. Conversation becoming dangerous once more, Val sat back in his corner of the Penguin and had time to put two and two together—two two's which had been troubling him ever since his introduction to the sprightly little lady with the wavy gray hair.

Rosamond . . . Rosamond Burgoyne. . . . And her aunt was Mrs. Leffingwell . . . the Burgoynes and the Leffingwells—more than once he had read those names together. And then suddenly it began to dawn upon him.

"Do you know Commodore Burgoyne—president of the Consolidated National Trust Company?" he asked.

"I suppose I ought to," she said, giving him a smile even in that traffic. "He's my father, you know."

Val could almost feel him in the car with them—the irascible commodore—the leading client of Trevelyn, Welles & Co., and easily one of the ten richest men in New York.

"Good night! Good night!" he groaned to himself. "I might have known it was too good to last!"

THE next evening Val wasn't the most cheerful company in the world at Mrs. Murcote's, either at the dinner table or later in his room upstairs. The Stags, exchanging quiet glances, seemed to guess at least one of the things that was bothering him, and finally the sergeant took it upon himself to speak.

"You know, Val," he said in his husky voice, "if that girl bothers you, I'd cut her out."

"No," said Val hurriedly. "She doesn't bother me."

"What is it, then?" asked the sergeant. "Anything we could help?"

"No; I'm sick of being poor, I guess," said Val. "That's all. There's an old man at the office who sits across the desk from me—old Goggles. He's got a boy just finishing high school, and he isn't able to send him to college. And today I kept looking across the desk at him—you know: seedy, and faded, and gray hair—and I couldn't get over the idea that I was looking in a mirror at the way I'm going to be myself in another twenty-five years or so. Sick of being poor. Who wouldn't be?"

"It's a common complaint, Val," said Abe, speaking gently too. "I know I often suffer with it."

"Not as common as you might think," said Val quickly. "I walked home tonight, and I was looking at all the buildings I passed. Somebody owns them. And the new skyscrapers going up—somebody owns them. I saw a big Fat-Neck in an imported limousine—a big Fat-Neck with his hair growing down to his eyebrows, and I thought to myself 'Good night! If that bird can make it, I can!' "

Again the other Stags exchanged glances, but this time Val caught them.

"And what I say for myself, it goes for the bunch," he added with sudden testiness. "Do you know what we are up here? We're just four plain boobs, drifting along and getting nowhere, and thinking maybe Santa Claus is coming some day to make us rich!"

The sergeant reddened a little, but none of them spoke—at least none of them spoke directly to Val. Fritz drew a checkerboard from the table drawer, and he and Abe sat down to play. The sergeant lifted Val's mandolin off the wall. "Anybody mind if I tickle this?" he asked in his husky voice.

ALREADY half-ashamed of the sharpness with which he had spoken, Val took the electric iron and ironing board out of his trunk and started pressing his neckties. At one end of the board the iron had once rested too long and left a scorched horseshoe. By this time Val could have kicked himself for the tremor of temper which had crept into his last remark, and hurriedly searching for a general topic of conversation which would show that he had caught his balance, his glance happened to fall on the scorched horseshoe.

"Did you fellows ever hear the story of the horseshoe nails?" he asked.

It would have done you good to see the relief with which they realized that Val was snapping out of his gloom and in a chorus of tenor and bass they encouraged him to tell his story.

"Well, sir," began Val, "a farmer went to a new blacksmith shop and asked the blacksmith how much it would cost to shoe his horse.

" 'Two dollars and fifty cents,' said the blacksmith, 'if you want him shod all the way around.'

"The farmer thought the price was high, so the blacksmith said, 'I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm a new man here, and I'd like your trade. The way your horse is shod, there are twenty-eight nails in four shoes, and I'll give you the shoes for nothing if you'll pay me for the nails: one cent for the first nail, two cents for the next, four cents for the third, and so forth, doubling up on each nail.'

" 'That sounds better!' said the farmer. 'I'll take you up on that.'

"So the horse was shod, and when they figured the bill it amounted to more than a million dollars."

At first the listening members of the gang couldn't believe this.

"More than a million dollars?" repeated Fritz, staring.

"Yes, sir," said Val.

"Beginning at one cent and only doubling for the other twenty-seven?" demanded the sergeant.

"Yes, sir," said Val and felt quite proud of his story.

Meanwhile Abe was figuring it out on the back of an envelope.

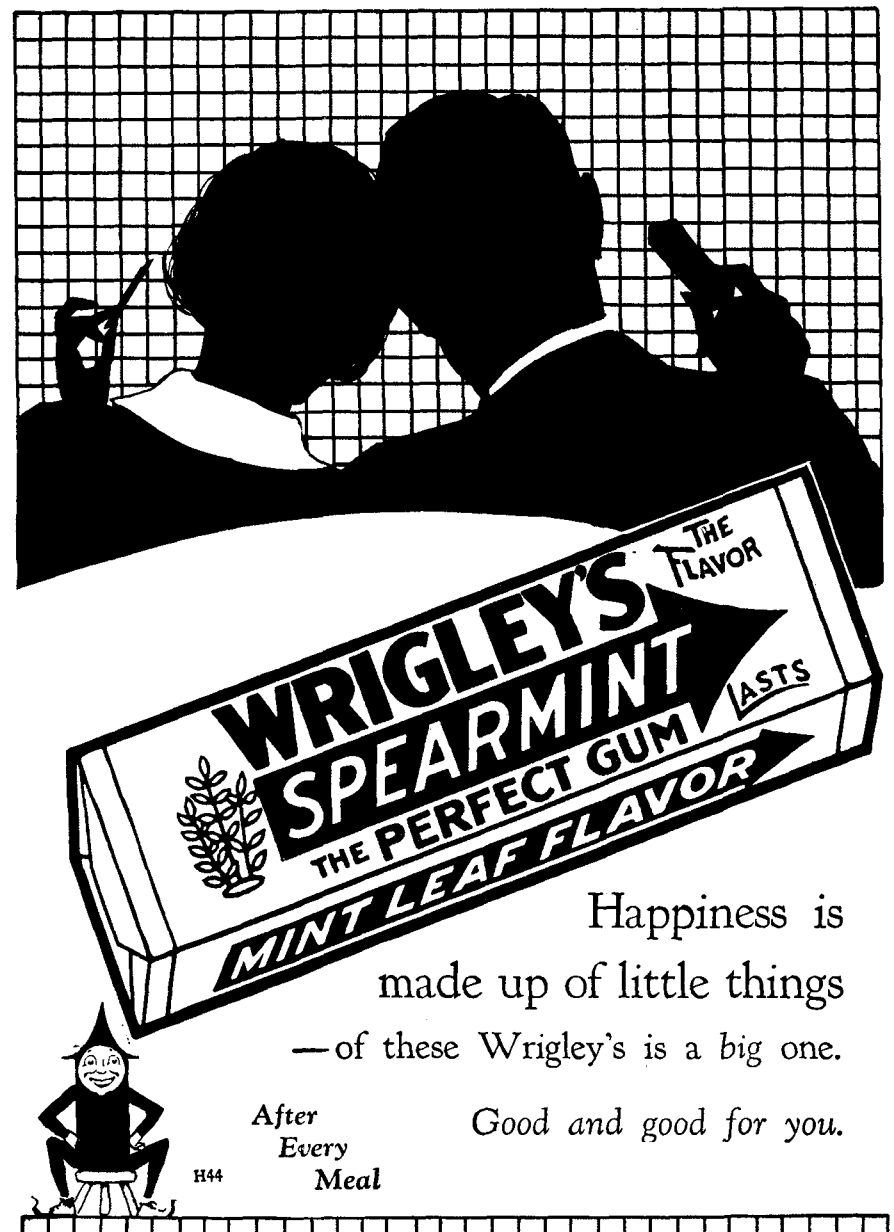
"Listen, fellows," he finally announced in growing amazement, "$2,684,354.55!"

Whereupon Val felt prouder than ever of his story, and then—gradually, vaguely, at first, a deeper thought took hold of him.

If that same doubling process could only be applied to making money. . . .

If instead of starting with a cent, a man could start with a few hundred dollars and knew some way of doubling his capital, he wouldn't have to double very often to be in the millionaire class. . . .

(To be continued next week)



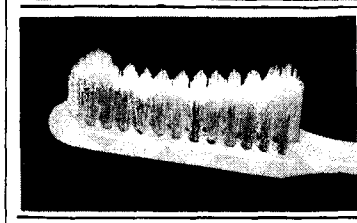
Happiness is made up of little things

—of these Wrigley's is a *big* one.

After Every Meal

Good and good for you.

H44



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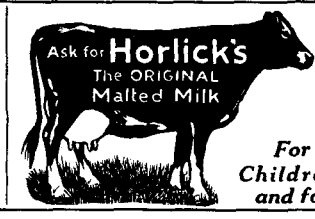

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Collier's EDITORIALS

Freedom Makes Us Rich

HENRY FORD has—or might have had—a billion dollars.

John D. Rockefeller accumulated as much, or more. They are accounted the richest men in the world.

Neither inherited anything except an opportunity to use his native genius in a land which favored the ambitious and the energetic. Yet each in one lifetime built up a fortune larger than any accumulated by kings or nobles of the older countries.

Not only have we produced the first billionaires but also we have become on the average by far the richest of all peoples.

The national wealth of the United States was estimated to be $355,300,000,000 for 1925 by the National Industrial Conference Board.

That sum is greater by far than the total riches of the world a hundred years ago.

The story of this growing prosperity of America is unparalleled in human annals. Within seventy-five years the total wealth of the country has increased fiftyfold. The possessions of the average man have been multiplied by ten during the same period—just one long lifetime.

No other nation has become so prosperous during these relatively few years. All the world has become richer but the United States has moved forward with incomparable rapidity.

What is the explanation? How did it happen that the United States, a newcomer in the family of nations, outstripped the older and richer lands?

You think first about the fertile land and the great natural resources. These were important but they do not tell the story.

Mexico has great natural resources. So has Russia. So, too, has China. Why did not Russia prosper? The land is fertile and the mines are rich and the people are vigorous.

The answer is to be found in ideas. Our ideas pushed us forward. Our country was settled by men and women who wanted the opportunity to better themselves.

Invention making use of scientific research has also been the ferment of our progress.

Being pioneers we have been willing to experiment with new things.

We did not invent the automobiles, but were the first to see that they were not merely the toys of the wealthy.

Labor-saving machinery originated in Europe but we alone accepted it with enthusiasm.

We began to grow rich with increasing speed when we learned that every man, woman and child was entitled to a fair share of the good things of life and that cheap labor was the most expensive labor.

The fact that manufacturers saw in every pedestrian a potential car buyer made the automotive industry. The fact that the telephone and other electrical equipment are almost universally distributed marks the difference between the United States and the rest of the world.

We believe that everybody ought to enjoy the fruits of civilization. So we have millions of buyers and consumers where other nations have their mere thousands. We have more because we use more.

The wealth we have accumulated is material but the government which made possible the accumulation is idealistic.

Although we have become the richest of nations, few Americans seek money for itself. Henry Ford never sought money in that way. Neither did John D. Rockefeller. Count the famous rich men you know. How many were ambitious merely for money?

A man makes something which millions desire and incidentally he becomes rich and the national wealth is augmented. But all the time he is thinking of the service his commodity may render—of the uses to which it can be put.

The prodigious national wealth of the United States is a measure of the opportunities enjoyed by millions of Americans.

The wealth is physical but the opportunity is spiritual.

America is the richest of nations because every mother's son of us is free to put his talents to work, to develop his latent capacities, to express his personality, to live and to live abundantly.

Constitutions Among Friends!

"THE constitution in this state means less and less as time goes by," wrote a South Dakota editor during the recent session of his state's legislature.

He was stirred to wrath by a clear violation of the South Dakota constitutional provision that all bills to be voted on must be read aloud before final consideration. The legislature voided its own constitution by substituting a brief formality for the time-killing provision written into the basic law.

The editor turned to Minnesota to find out how things were done and gave up in despair. He saw both houses of the Minnesota legislature violate their state constitution every day, not only by ignoring a mandatory law that all bills should be read twice in full, but by refusing to carry out the constitutional provision for a decennial census, for overlapping terms of senators, and for publishing the report of the state treasurer with the acts of the legislature.

The spirit and even the letter of nearly every constitution in the country, including the United States Constitution itself, are violated openly and without fear of adverse consequences.

Like laws, constitutions are never stronger than their foundation of public opinion. Lock a constitution above the reach of the people in an emergency, and they will subordinate it to the unwritten law of custom and tradition. To nullify a constitution, however, is to strike at the very foundations of government. There is a better way of amending the law.

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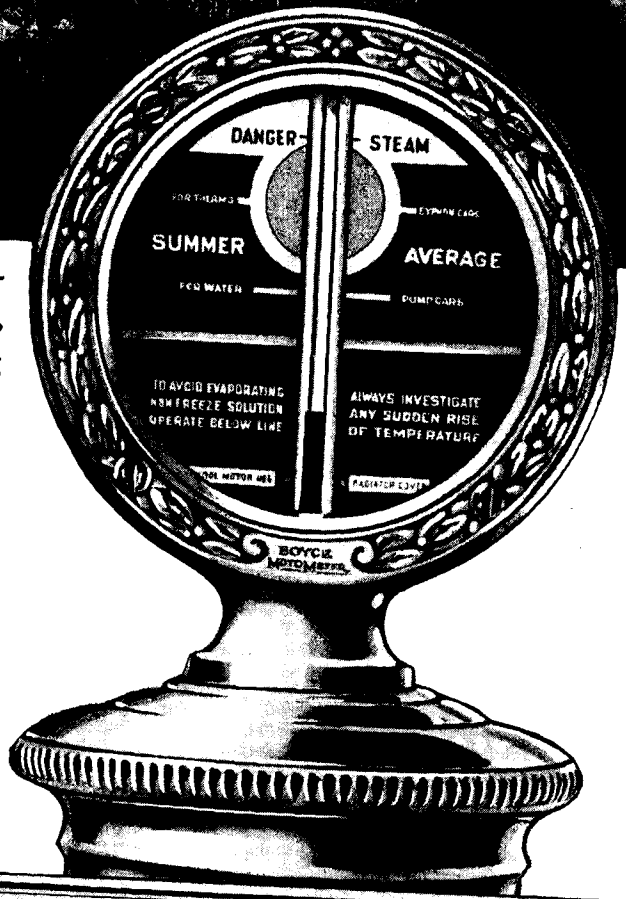

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